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HOW DELAFIELD WON OUT

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THE people in the hotel were divided in their opinions as to what would happen, as soon as it was announced that Betty Lorrimer was coming. Every one knew she would make trouble for some one. It was her way. The ladies on the porch who did fancy work; the ones who bridged; the girls who rode, golfed, and flirted; the men from the club, who knew everything; all prophesied trouble.

Whether it would be for Nate Annesley, who had been offering himself to the knife, as it were, wherever Miss Lorrimer had appeared in the last year; for Porter Beardsley and his various millions, or for Bobby Barringer, who had nothing to recommend him save an admirable seat at polo, was undecided. The queer thing about it was that none of us thought of Delafield at all.

Delafield? It is extremely hard to describe Delafield. A tall chap, not especially handsome, with a square chin, ominous in its significance to anyone who tried to interfere with him; a straight mouth; a quiet grace of movement betokening gentle birth and the right environment; and where women were

concerned a great and profound indifference. They, the women, because of this, as the Southern expression had it, were "crazy about him." He would talk to a girl with a solicitude of manner, an earnest gaze, a deferential bend of the shoulders, and go away with no memory of her whatever. The talk was because he wanted to be kind to her if he could, for he would have been kind to anyone; and the forgetting, because he was truly indifferent. Women's little notes were answered by hasty scrawls regretting other engagements. He played polo, rode, went to the club, and the girls of the hotel and the cottages saw as little of him as he could, with some craftiness, bring to pass.

Added to these already enumerated attractions, was a romantic past in which a beautiful woman had loved and died for him; and wealth accounted great. Two things, besides a magnetic personality, which make it seem strange, indeed, that at the coming of Betty Lorrimer we overlooked Delafield.

It was late in June when she arrived. The first time she appeared was the night of the ball given after the golf tournament. She came down the wide stairway with the Prescotts, pausing a moment at the bottom of the

steps to detach a piece of lace which had gone awry. One might say her eyes were purple, with black lashes; but it would convey nothing of the beauty of her eyes; or that her skin was cream and roses, her nose tip-tilted, her lips mutinous, entreating, inviting—what she willed—but the distinctive charm of all would escape through these distressingly over-worked words. In short, Betty Lorrimer was an entirely unlanguageable person.

This night she wore green, the faintest, palest green, held over the shoulders by roses of pink—a dancing gown devised by some one who knew women and men, especially men.

All this was obvious; but in the days to come one understood the reasons Miss Lorrimer was the toast from Norfolk to New Orleans. Perhaps it was her superb, quiet vitality; her fearlessness of man, and even of woman; her generosity of thought, word, and act; the thoroughbred carriage, the gay, low contralto laugh, the sweet wide eyes; or the changes of her, by which she might pass you with her chin well in the air and a kind far-away smile, to repass a little later with a sad droop to the corners of her lips, and a seeming solicitude for the whole world in her eyes.

It began this night—the night of the Tournament Ball. She was standing with some men around her, at the far end of the ballroom. Nate Annesley was there, and Bobby Barringer, and Porter Beardsley, inarticulate with admiration, insisting upon a second waltz, when Delafield came in. There was no one dancing at the time, which gave him a clear entrance, in stage language, and as he stood alone in the wide doorway, Miss Lorrimer's eyes rested upon him with interest.

He was in evening dress; lazily worn, absolutely correct evening dress. He had an incomparably indifferent manner although looking for some one, and having discovered the object of his quest at some distance from the entrance, Miss Lorrimer had the opportunity of seeing Tom Delafield walk the length of the ballroom. To see Delafield walk was not only an opportunity but a privilege. The poise of his head suggested inherited power. One recalled in it the Delafields of old; the governors; the supreme court judges; the piratical colonial officer who carried off the lady of his choice by force; and any woman who saw between the lines in character reading, would have forgiven Delafield much to have his tenderness.

Betty Lorrimer watched him with approv-

ing eyes as he bent with courtesy over the hand of a girl, unattractive, colorless, spectacted and not for men. It was obviously a duty dance. She saw his presentation of some dancing people to the girl, and noted that he was preparing for an unobserved escape. It was being done in just the unemphasized manner of which Delafield was master. A bow to Mrs. Ravenel; a wave of the hand as though good for the evening to a group of friends from the club; a smiling word with old Mrs. DePuyster; but an eye stealthy and determined for the door.

Miss Lorrimer was plainly interested, and Porter Beardsley, to even scores with Nate Annesley, determined on a sudden move. And so, because the Gods of Chance were playful, the music stopped suddenly, leaving this conversation clear, uncompromisingly clear in the air:

"I should like to present you to Miss Lorrimer," and Tom Delafield's response—

"Awfully good of you, old man, but I think I shall go down to the club to see if I can get up a game of bridge."

Miss Lorrimer heard, she couldn't help hearing, that a man, on the off chance of a scrub game of bridge, had refused to be presented to her. Just for one instant there was a gleam of amusement in her eyes before she waltzed away, her laces floating round her, and jewels gleaming beneath the wistful smile.

But there were those who thought the affair between Miss Lorrimer and Mr. Delafield not entirely closed.

For a week following this event there fell between the two an intense consciousness of each other's presence, and if in passing their eyes met, it was with only a well-feigned indifference.

All this time the Springs, so to speak, was at Miss Lorrimer's feet—all but Delafield. She golfed, or rode, tennised, or danced, with Annesley, Beardsley, Barringer, or some navy men down from Newport News, but Delafield went his way, an unannexed and free man. Once she met him on her way from Sunset Rock, beautiful in her plain black riding dress, with red berries at her horse's ears, but they passed in the sunset light without an eyelid quivering in recognition of each other's presence.

And they met in a strange way.

There was a tennis tournament arranged for the afternoons of the second week in July. On the first day everybody in the hotel was



"She couldn't help bearing that a man had refused to be presented to her."

on the piazzas or grounds, criticising the arrangements which the younger set had had the energy to make, when a hand organ began the old, old song from *Trovatore*. It was miserably played, but the woman who ground out the music could be forgiven for the sake of the patiently dying little baby she had with her. It was piteous to see the mother's eyes filled with tears, brooding over the mite as it lay on the grass beside her, as with dogged determination she ground out—

Non ti scordar' di me!
Non ti scordar' di me!

Miss Trenholm passed with some men on the way to the court, turning her head aside. Dorothy Armour laughed at the broken strains as she stood swinging her racket, talking to a group of nonplayers. The doleful sounds were still going on when Miss Lorrimer, with her usual following, came down the low steps to the lawn. She was in scarlet, with a three-cornered hat, her face glorious with the flush of excitement. Suddenly her eyes rested on the woman and the baby. There was not an instant's hesitation. She

called Nate Annesley to her side, and her father, the old colonel, imbecile in his adoration, and going up to the hand organ motioned the woman away.

In a second the Springs had the sight of Miss Lorrimer, beautiful enough to disarm criticising; daring enough to make even the women a bit afraid of her, grinding "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," with the very best and most conservative folks joining in a ringing chorus.

It was an audacious thing—audaciously done—with just the surety of touch, the gleam of sky-scraping spirits in the eye, the rose flush of excitement in the cheeks; but underneath the sweetness of a woman thinking for another woman in distress.

With her father's hat, Miss Lorrimer went around afterward, making a collection from one laughing group to another, when looking up to the balcony she saw Delafield standing alone regarding her. It was impossible to omit him without making the omission seem an intentional thing. Again there was no hesitation—Miss Lorrimer went lightly up the steps and extended the hat. Perhaps it

was the quiet scrutiny of his keen eyes, or the look in them which told that the daring of her was answered by something in his own nature; but, for a minute, their eyes held each other and the womanhood of the girl illumined her face as she spoke, and there was a little quiver in her voice:

"The baby is so ill."

Delafield put his hand in his pocket and found a roll of bills. It was his chance, and he took it with the spur. Placing the roll, just as it was, in the hat, he took off his cap and stood bareheaded before her.

"It is a privilege," he said with a bow.

That evening he came into the ballroom about ten. There was purpose in his eyes, as he entered and crossed to Nate Annesley. A little after Annesley went over to Colonel Lorrimer, who bowed an acquiescence, and a few seconds later Tom Delafield was bending before the old colonel. The thing was being done properly. It was plainly Delafield's intention not to slur his meeting with Miss Lorrimer in any way. It was to be underlined, so to speak.

When she came back to her father after the dance the presentation followed. There was a swift raising of the eyes, a glimpse of starry blue, a quick fall of the lashes, and the lightest touch of a slender white hand as cool and delicate as a magnolia petal.

Could Mr. Delafield have the next dance? Miss Lorrimer was sorry, but it was taken. And the next? It, too, had been given away. The third? Miss Lorrimer would be delighted. And for the two dances which intervened Tom Delafield stood talking, with charming deference, to Colonel Lorrimer; of Carolina politics, the railroad rebates, the dispensary question, and the growth of cotton mills, sensible questions which an old gentleman liked to discuss and liked a young man better for caring about.

The third dance they glided away together, the white hand on Tom Delafield's shoulder, the starry eyes hidden by the dark lashes, the man doubly distinctive by being himself and Miss Lorrimer's partner. As the music died away, he brought her to her father.

"Have I your permission, Colonel," he asked, "to take Miss Lorrimer on the piazza?" and the colonel gazed after them with approving eyes on Tom's square shoulders and bent head.

They had many dances together that evening, Betty and Tom Delafield, and afterward,

as some widely experienced writer tersely put it: "It was some mornings, most afternoons, and every evening."

In the fortnight following the others stood aside, pushed somewhere ingloriously in the wings while Delafield took the center of the stage. There were horseback rides up the flower-edged mountain roads, and home-comings at the closing-in of day, when they rode straight into the golden glory of the western sky, amid the twilight singing of the children; past the new-lit houses of those who made ready for the night. Long mornings at touch with the dear old masters, under the pines: Wordsworth, and Shelley and Tennyson, so sweet and sound to the core.

One morning on the mountain side, her finger marking the place in the book, she looked down to find him regarding her curiously from under his hat brim as he lay on the pine needles beside her.

"Well?" she said.

"No," he returned, "it is not well. I am thinking I shall be obliged to give up the acquaintance."

"Why?"

"You require too much attention. I find that I have not time for you and anything else." He laughed as he spoke. "There are other serious reasons too. You make trouble for people. There is Nate Annesley."

"Let us leave him out," Miss Lorrimer interrupted.

"Willingly," he responded, with a significant note in his voice.

"And from time to time, judging you by your own utterances, I have been forced to the conclusion that you are not a good citizen of these United States."

"How absurd!" she laughed.

"Not at all." He sat upright, putting his hat on the ground beside him, and turning to her teasingly.

"Who was the greatest general ever lived?"

"Robert E. Lee," she answered without a moment's hesitation.

"Where is the only real society to be found?"

"Between Baltimore and New Orleans; of course leaving Washington out," she answered promptly, her eyes twinkling.

"And the only real dances?"

"The St. Cecilia's, of Charleston——"

"And the National Anthem?"

"Dixie," she smiled, every dimple showing.

"I knew it," he said regretfully, lying back



"It was an audacious thing—audaciously done."

on the ground. "I knew you were not really reconstructed."

"Well, you don't have to know me."

"That's just what isn't true," he returned. "It's gone too far to change. I've acquired the habit and I'm afraid I can't give it up."

Twice during the month her father found her wide-eyed and sleepless, far into the night, looking off into the starry darkness. "No, I am not ill," she said, "only restless, daddy," and the dear old colonel, who in the Long Ago had heard the greatest music in the world, the call of the one for the other, remembered the echoes of it in his own heart and held silence.

Then one day there fell the question of an automobile ride, a thin gown, and the wrong tone of voice. Tom, who with the chauffeur had been wrestling with an uprising of the carburetor, looked up suddenly to find Betty prepared to accompany him in the thinnest of thin gowns.

"You'll have to wear something thicker," he exclaimed, solicitude for her in his heart, a touch of masculine authority in his tone.

"It's so warm," she remonstrated.

"You can't go that way," he returned, firmly but smilingly.

"Then," with a laugh but equal firmness, "I shan't go at all," and the small bunch of perversity disappeared through the door to the office. Tom waited, hoping she would return, but she did not and he went for his drive alone.

Just what made Betty act the way she did on the Friday before her birthday dinner is a thing which only the Maker of girls may know. It may have been Tom's authoritative manner about the wrap; or that Dorothy Armour had inquired in a jocose way, when she met her alone after luncheon, where her shadow was. Betty Lorrimer in an untouchable and funny humor came out on the porch in a frilly, rose-colored gown, a great white hat with roses scrambled Frenchily and expensively over it, carrying a parasol, which was a mass of foolishness and lace.

Tom Delafield, in white flannels and a Panama hat well over his eyes, was smoking

contentedly in one of the great chairs as she came toward him.

He was surprised at this. It was not her way. She generally seated herself at some distance so that he might come to her.

"Mr. Delafield," she began with a smile, and hesitated.

"Yes," smiling down at her in return.

"Mrs. Gresham asked me to invite you over to her cottage this afternoon at four, to play 'Fly-loo.'"

"If she really wants me she knew the way to get me, didn't she?" he answered, looking straight into her eyes as he spoke. There was the faintest deepening of the flush of her cheek at his words. "There is a difficulty, however," he continued. "I don't know 'Fly-loo.'"

"If you should urge me earnestly, I would sit down for a minute and explain it to you," she said with the quick uplifting and dropping of the lids which he had learned to look for.

"It is not really difficult," she began. "In the first place you must, to *really, really* play the game, sit under tall pine trees, the kind that have brown needles under them and just spots of blue sky through the tops."

He nodded. "I know the kind."

"Then you must have a breeze—not a wind—just a breeze, with—honeysuckle in it, faint and far away. Syringa will do, but it's not just the same," she added.

"I know that breeze too," he nodded. "In fact, I begin to think I can learn the game."

"Then," she continued, "you must have a long table and iced things to drink and some negroes with fans—"

"The piece seems to require a great deal of staging, doesn't it?" he interrupted.

She nodded—"and each player must have many silver quarters and a lump of sugar, each lump being as nearly as procurable the same size as every other lump. You understand it so far?" Again the quick uplifting and dropping of the lids and the merry smile.

"It has been a strain, but I have followed," he said.

"Then all the players put a quarter in the middle of the table and at precisely the same second each one places his sugar in front of him. And the one who gets a fly on his sugar first, takes all the quarters. Then you have some iced drinks and begin over again."

"It is, indeed," Delafield said, "an intellectual pursuit. I should judge, however, not unwholesomely exciting."

"It is sometimes accompanied with music. Down on the plantation we used to have the negroes sing to it, 'Meh Ole Kaintucky Home,'—her voice took on a delicious drawl—or 'Swing Low,' and sometimes 'Meh Honey Love Dat Wint Away from Me.'" She paused, her eyes on the mountains. "Well," she said with the wistful look, "what shall I tell Mrs. Gresham?"

"You will tell Mrs. Gresham, if you will be so kind, that I could not stay away."

Now the queer part of this was that Betty Lorrimer had no intention of going to Mrs. Gresham's "Fly-loo"; and more, she knew that Delafield accepted solely because he expected her to be there. That was the Girl of it.

At the Greshams' Tom Delafield waited for Betty to arrive. The game had been going merrily forward for half an hour or more with no mention of her name whatever, when suddenly on the main road there was a ringing "Tally-ho," and a coach with four horses in a breezy trot passed the far end of the lawn.

"It's Annesley," said Porter Beardsley.

"And Betty Lorrimer—and Mrs. Carter—and Neil Severance—or is that Neil Severance?" Mrs. Gresham asked, shading her eyes.

Nate Annesley brought the horses to a full stop just outside the hedge; and Miss Lorrimer, every dimple showing and eyes alight, pointed her parasol at Bobby Barringer from the box seat.

"I came round this way to warn you all about Bobby Barringer. He cheats. The last time he played Fly-loo down at 'Way Home River,' he *wet his sugar with whisky*. The colonel saw him, and of course all the flies came to him."

Amid a shout of laughter the coach was gone, and Delafield heard the voices of the party floating back from the mountain road, in that best of all coaching tunes:

"O, the motion of a wild goose swimming on the ocean
Is a mighty pretty motion, is a mighty pretty motion."

That evening when Delafield was dining, he saw Miss Lorrimer come to the doorway of the dining room still with Annesley; there was a hurried conversation, a bow from the man, and with a curious throb in his throat Delafield saw Mr. Annesley take his seat between Miss Lorrimer and her father.

Later, however, he came across her standing alone, in a far corner of the piazza, her hands clasped before her, looking straight into the purple line of the mountains. She knew his step, although she did not turn toward him.

"You are tired?" he asked with no introductory good evening.

"A little," she answered.

"I have done too much to-day and there are so many things to arrange. A dinner of forty is a formidable affair, isn't it?"

"It would be for me," he returned.

"And the Desmonds are coming up from Atlanta for it; and the Dysarts from Richmond, and I do so want them to have a gay time." She looked at him appealingly. There was a pause before she said in her own quaint way:

"It all does seem so foolish at times."

"It does," he agreed with conviction. "It did this afternoon—" and then, because he had the direct soul of a gentleman, he said:

"Why did you let me in for that 'Fly-loo' this afternoon, little lady?"

"Mrs. Gresham wanted you," she began.

"That's not an explanation. You knew that I thought you were to be there. You knew that nothing short of complete lunacy would have made me accept such an in-

itation if I had not thought I'd be with you."

There was another silence before she answered lightly, remembering the affair of the gown in the meantime:

"Don't you see, Mr. Delafield, it would have required a person much pleased with

herself to say: 'Mrs. Gresham wants you to come to her party, but I am not to be there; so of course you won't go.'"

"It's what I should like to have you say to me. It's what I hope you will say to me some day," he answered. There was no shadow of doubt in his meaning.

She trembled a little at his words and changed the subject abruptly—but prettily as well.

"I've a new cloak. See!"

She stepped from the shadow into the electric light for him to look at it. An odd wrap of palest yellow, and faintest gold and green, hanging straight from the shoulders to the end

of her long gown; wide sleeved and with a great hood which she put up over her dusky hair for him to see.

"Do you like it?" she asked as simply as a child might have done, coming back to him in the shadow of the porch, her lovely face turned to him.

They stood together in silence for a little space before he came near, nearer, taking her



"There were horseback rides up the flower-edged mountain roads."

hands in his and holding them clasped against his breast.

"Ah," he said, and his face was white as he spoke. "Don't you know? Haven't you seen? There is nothing of yours that is not perfect to me. Help me," he went on. His voice dropped almost to a whisper. "Ah, help me! When a great queen is to marry, it is she who must indicate her willingness, for none dare approach her; and you are like that—a great queen, who chooses for herself!"

She leaned toward him; he was ever one to take his own. For an instant she was pressed against his heart.

"Will you?" he asked, his lips on hers.

"Perhaps," she answered, her hand on his cheek; and as a group of people came toward them, she dropped her voice. "I want you to take me into dinner to-morrow night, will you?" She made the request in an intimate, sweet way, but as the dancers joined them she said in her usual tone: "I am so tired, and I'm not going into the ballroom. Good night to you all."

Going down the corridor, her face flushed, her pulses throbbing with excitement, she heard some one calling after her; and, turning, found Dorothy Armour, breathless.

"Oh, Betty," she cried. "If you're going to bed, may I take your cloak? I am nearly frozen; and if I go to our rooms, mother will not let me come down again because she will think it too late. And the dance isn't half over, and I don't want to go to bed yet."

Betty gave the cloak with a smile, entered her room, and changing her dancing dress for a dressing gown, threw herself face downward on her bed in the dark. An hour before she had been too tired to dance; but now, with the blood coursing through her veins, her cheeks scarlet, it seemed as though fatigue could never touch her again. Wordlessly she knew that the greatest thing in life had come to her, had come in a radiant way.

The next morning, alone with her mysterious happiness, she was placing the dinner guests for the evening when her maid brought the mail, a book, a great bunch of posies, and a note. She recognized the clear bold writing across the room. It was like him to write. Opening the letter, with the feeling that her hand was touching his, she read:

DEAR MISS LORRIMER:

You will doubtless read between the lines when I write that it will be impossible for me to dine with you this evening.

Sincerely yours,
THOMAS C. DELAFIELD, JR.

For a minute or two it seemed as though it must be a joke—a horrible mistake—but as she reread it, the rudeness brought the blood to her cheeks. It had been said of him through the South "that he was not a marrying man," and the first thought that came to her was that he had regretted his words of last night.

Her pride, and there were many generations of great pride behind her, took fire. Her first thought was that none must know. Between women it would be food for gossip; and between men, especially if her father or that fighting cousin Culver knew, there would be more than talk. Her heart was aching under the anger and excitement, but there were things to be thought of for the present. She realized that Delafield's absence from the dinner would be noticed, and his vacant place must be filled. Old Governor Ransom, her father's friend and hers, was fortunately coming that day. She would make him the guest of honor. There must be no look of a vulgar retaliation.

It was a very alluring and appealing Betty that entered the dining room that evening with the old Governor. A slender, white-gowned, girlish hostess, with solicitous eyes for her guests' happiness, and—for race tells—a mind collected, resourceful, and "at attention."

While the orchestra was still playing the inevitable "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," she heard the inquiry which she knew must come.

"Delafield. Where is Delafield?"

"Oh, isn't it too bad? But you know how punctilious he is. Another engagement. He was afraid he couldn't get here in time," she said with a smile down the table.

Nate Annesley looked at her quickly and drew a conclusion with elation of spirits. She had refused Delafield, and was explaining his absence for him—like the *gentleman* she was.

The first toasts had been drunk and the fish course over with when, at exactly his usual hour for dining, Delafield came in. There was no shadow of consciousness. He was incomparably calm. There was just the



"She stepped from the shadow for him to look at it."

right look in his face of scrutiny of the great table when he entered, as one might say—

"A dinner party. I wonder whose?"

Betty noted that he carried the New York paper with which he dined every evening, and ordered his dinner with interest, even giving it a bit more attention than he was accustomed to bestow.

Later, when the ladies had their coffee and liqueurs on the veranda, he was smoking with two other men who were cutting cards at a small table; and she heard him laugh, a genuinely amused laugh, as one of them up-braided Fate for his luck.

She was angry as she had never been in her life; as she had not believed it possible for her to be; but her sense of humor was strong and she admired appreciatively the way the thing was carried off. A man of less knowledge would have found some very pret-

ty girl and devoted himself conspicuously to her for the evening, but Tom Delafield was different; a brute, of course, but different.

The next day Miss Lorrimer, walking alone along the south porch to the tennis court, encountered Mr. Delafield, also alone, coming from the opposite direction. Their eyes met. In his, if she were any judge of character, Betty Lorrimer read no indifference; but anger—healthy, dare-devil anger. It showed in a sudden pallor; and the set of the mouth in which the lips were brought together in a straight line. She bowed with no shadow of a smile, and he saluted her as an acquaintance whom he remembered indistinctly and unpleasantly.

After this he drifted back to his old ways, and Betty to hers. He played more polo, more golf, more bridge—always with men. He avoided meeting her no more than he

avoided meeting any other woman, but returning to his former idols, seemed unperturbed, preoccupied, and suave.

For nearly a fortnight things remained thus, and it was not till the night of the Griffiths' dance that Delafield discovered his mistake. Sitting in the big bow of the porch, intensely conscious that Betty Lorrimer was in the midst of a laughing group beside him, he heard Dorothy Armour cry—

"Why, Betty Lorrimer, you will catch your death in that thin gown;" and then, "How dreadful of me! I have had your yellow cloak ever since I borrowed it the night before your dinner."

At almost the first words of Dorothy Armour, Tom Delafield rose and came direct toward Miss Lorrimer. He knew she could not refuse to allow him to speak to her without making an awkward situation for others.

"Miss Lorrimer," he said, "will you grant me a few words with you?"

Her manner was quite perfect in response. A little surprise, the willing acquiescence of an amiable acquaintance as they turned away, but by the time they had reached the end of the piazza she had achieved the remoteness of the Chinese.

His directness was a thing to reckon with in every situation, however.

"Forgive me," he said, and the real humility in his voice might have touched a far

harder heart than Betty Lorrimer's. "Oh! forgive me," he cried, reaching his hand to her.

"About the dinner?" she asked, for pretense of any kind was as far from her code as from his own.

"The dinner—yes. Or rather what led up to my acting the way I did about the dinner."

"I have never known what the trouble was.

I, of course, realized that a gentleman must have taken very grave offense to act in the way you did. But," nodding lightly in the direction of the others, as though anxious to rejoin them, "I forgive you." She smiled at him as impersonally as though he had been one of the bell-boys.

"For my own sake you will permit me to explain, will you not? That night, the last night I talked to you, the night you said 'Perhaps,' I felt you loved me. It scarcely seemed possible it could be true, but I felt you did, for, Perfect Little Soul! you would never let any man kiss

you whom you didn't love. And so, when you left me that night at the stairs, you seemed as much my wife as though the vows had been spoken before the whole world. I couldn't sleep. I was too happy. Griffith was going off the next day and I chatted with him till nearly three. As I passed through the hall, I looked down to your rooms; and as I did so I saw Annesley and a lady come in through the long win-



W. H. R. F. A. N. T.

"It was a very alluring Betty that entered the dining room with the old Governor."

dow from the second-floor porch. She wore your cloak. I knew it. You had just shown it to me. The two figures stopped by your door. I went down the side stairs, not wanting to meet him—I might honestly say, not daring to meet him—in the mood I was in. You had told me you were too tired to stay with me, and yet I thought you had spent the time until three o'clock in the morning with him. I am so jealous of you. I didn't know that I had a jealous thought until I knew you. And now—well, I have spent the last fortnight in a burning hell of jealousy—and doubt—and love."

He had spoken squarely, humbly as well.

"Ah!" he said, both hands reached toward her this time. "Forgive me, and let me have another chance."

"I forgive you entirely," Betty answered with a little laugh. "We are gusty people, we of the South, and should practice forgiving each other, shouldn't we?"

"But—" He stood manlike to his guns. "You say you forgive me, but you don't seem the same."

"I don't feel the same, Mr. Delafield. It seems to me I should have tried not to think"—she hesitated for a word—"a friend of mine capable of such a thing on such insufficient evidence. Eyes play strange tricks. Every novel is full of them."

She was calm, judicial, maddeningly impersonal, and Delafield's temper was never one of the best.

"I was in no mood for reviewing fiction," he said, in the quick way he would have spoken to a man. "It was not *one* thing which caused me to blunder, but several. The girl wore your cloak—"

"Which meant nothing at all—" she interrupted.

"And stood at your bedroom door—"

She made no reply to this whatever.

"—at three o'clock in the morning, with the man to whom you have given at least one-half of your time ever since you have been at the Springs!"

There was old and pent-up annoyance in his tone and it was an ill time for him to show it.

"Well!" she said, her chin in the air, "it's over anyhow, and done with. I forgive you. I forgive you everything. But you may perhaps understand that a man cannot insult a woman in the way you did and suspect her of—" She spread her hands far apart with

a comprehensive gesture—"and expect her to remain very devoted to him."

"Insult you?" he cried indignantly. "I had no intention of insulting you. It was simply impossible for me to be your guest, to accept your hospitality, feeling toward you as I did that night."

"You used a method of breaking the engagement fortunately rare in civilized society. To set all those people talking as they did—all the girls and the women; I, of course, heard nothing, but I know."

"But what could they say? It was no affair of theirs," he interrupted with the masculine outlook.

"They could say anything, and probably did, and as for its not being their affair—that—" with fine scorn—"would of course keep them quiet." She turned her face toward him. "So you see there is no longer any 'perhaps.' There's not even a possibility."

Delafield bowed, white to the lips.

"May I take you back to your friends?"

"Certainly," said Miss Lorrimer. "It would look a little abrupt, even for you, to leave me down here alone."

He left her at the ball-room entrance and she danced till after midnight with Annesley, after which she cried herself to sleep; while Delafield played bridge at the club until the sun was rising, and, haggard and drawn, walked back to his rooms in the morning twilight, wondering if his own pride and obstinacy would let him sail for—somewhere—the following Saturday.

But it seemed that his pride and obstinacy would not acknowledge defeat; neither would hers. And so they remained at the Springs, miserable, but seemingly indifferent.

Late in August, Colonel Lorrimer went off to Mexico to inspect some mines, leaving Betty in charge of that old cockatoo, Mrs. Ormsby, who never took interest in anybody save herself. And the girl, who was miserable before, grew lonesome and finally, after five days of continued headache, came down with old-fashioned intermittent fever, fought it out, and announced her intention of going abroad as soon as she was able to travel.

All this time Dr. Laurence watched Tom Delafield. He had heard of him, riding like one possessed, bringing his horse home at all hours, as old Tim said, "gormed up su'thin' fearful," and he had not been giving headache remedies to Betty, alternated by head-

ache remedies to Delafield, without illumination. Having ushered Delafield into this world of trouble, on the length of his acquaintance he was accustomed to act interferingly if it suited him. So the doctor spoke.

"If I were you, Tom," he said after he had changed his medicine for the fourth time, peering at Delafield's pale face over the top of his glasses, "I wouldn't let any woman play the deuce with me the way Betty Lorrimers done with you. If I wanted a woman as much as you seem to want her, I'd get her."

Tom looked down into the keen and kindly face with a smile.

"Doctor," he said, "if I thought she loved me, neither should I. I don't believe a man has any right to allow a woman to make *herself* miserable, leaving *himself* quite out of the question. He should protect her from that mistake just as he would from any other. But, doctor"—a flush came to his face, for Delafield, in spite of his aboriginal ideas concerning dinners, was a very fine gentleman—"but, doctor, a man can't take it for granted a woman loves him, especially when she says she doesn't."

The doctor hesitated.

"You see," he began, "Betty is my god-child, and any confidence from her, you understand, is sacred."

Delafield nodded.

"But I think I might tell you that her pride is killing her."

"You think she loves me?"

"As a gentleman who wouldn't betray a confidence," the doctor returned with a twinkle, "I may say, *as my medical opinion*, you understand, that she adores you."

"Then why—" Delafield began.

"She is a woman," the doctor explained succinctly.

Delafield went to the club and sat for two hours, motionless, staring into vacancy and weighing matters.

Betty ill and alone was one thing; Betty ill and alone and proud and loving him; Betty going away as soon as she was able, out of his life forever, was another. And he sat and thought, and thought, with a bit of family history recurring to him, disjointedly at first, then over and over, clearly, the high-handed misdoings of that old colonial pirate, Nicholas Delafield.

"It was said of him, this Nicholas" (the family book had it) "that a neighbor's daughter, one Cimarona D'Hauteville, having

played fast and loose with his affection until he could no longer stand the strain of her conduct, he met her by accident alone on horseback and took her to his residence and married her that night, and that" (the book went on), "she proved a devoted and loving wife to him ever after."

A smile came to his lips at first remembrance of this, but with further contemplation his eye took a steadier gleam, and the set of his chin became a thing goodly to see.

That night Miss Lorrimers, by the wide window of her little sitting room, was quite alone in the big chair, looking through the dancing jasmine blossoms, up to the yellow moon. No one was allowed in this little place save the doctor and her maid, and for the past week she had seen no one else. It was the doctor's visiting hour; and when a gentle rap came to the door, she called, "Come in." It opened, closed softly, and Delafield stood before her. Weakened by illness, she regarded him in silence, putting her head back on her pillows while a great tear welled from under each eyelid. Delafield, his heart yearning over her, leaned down and kissed them away.

"Ah!" she said with a quick gesture of one small, ringless hand, "go away. Please go away."

"I am never going away."

He said it quite quietly, sitting on the arm of her great chair, taking her in his arms.

"Never again, so long as we two live."

She began to cry softly, her head on his shoulder.

"Oh!" she said at length, "you are so dreadful!"

"And you've not seen yet what I can be," he returned calmly. "You've made me love you until I'm jealous of everything and everybody. I loathe Annesley, suspect Beardsley, and may end by murdering that little Barringer chap. Life is so short, Mine, so short, and you have stolen—by your unforgiving spirit to a man who was crazy—you have stolen over a month of our two lives. There will be no more stealing though. Look!"

He drew her closer to him and held a paper toward the light for her to see.

MARRIAGE LICENSE

Thomas Carteret Delafield, Jr.
Elizabeth DeHaven Lorrimers

She pushed him from her and rose, a glorious flush on her face.



"She regarded him in silence while a great tear welled from under each eyelid."

"Tom Delafield——"

"Betty—" He took both of her hands in his, the compelling sincerity in his voice which had always touched her— "We are no children. As for the conventions of the world, if we didn't know their little worth, we could not love each other as we do. You are ill and need some one; and, oh, my dearest, the ways I need you I can never tell. Marry me."

She drew herself from him.

"Let me think," she said.

In a minute his arms were around her again.

"It is just what I don't want you to do. It's no time for thought," he stated hotly, as he put his finger on the bell.

"Cave man," she said, "what do you want?"

"The Rev. Dr. Stafford."

"He is in the hotel?"

"I told him I'd shoot him if he left. We will have Dr. Laurence and your maid as witnesses."

"It's disgraceful," she sobbed, her face hidden in his coat.

"You have driven me to it."

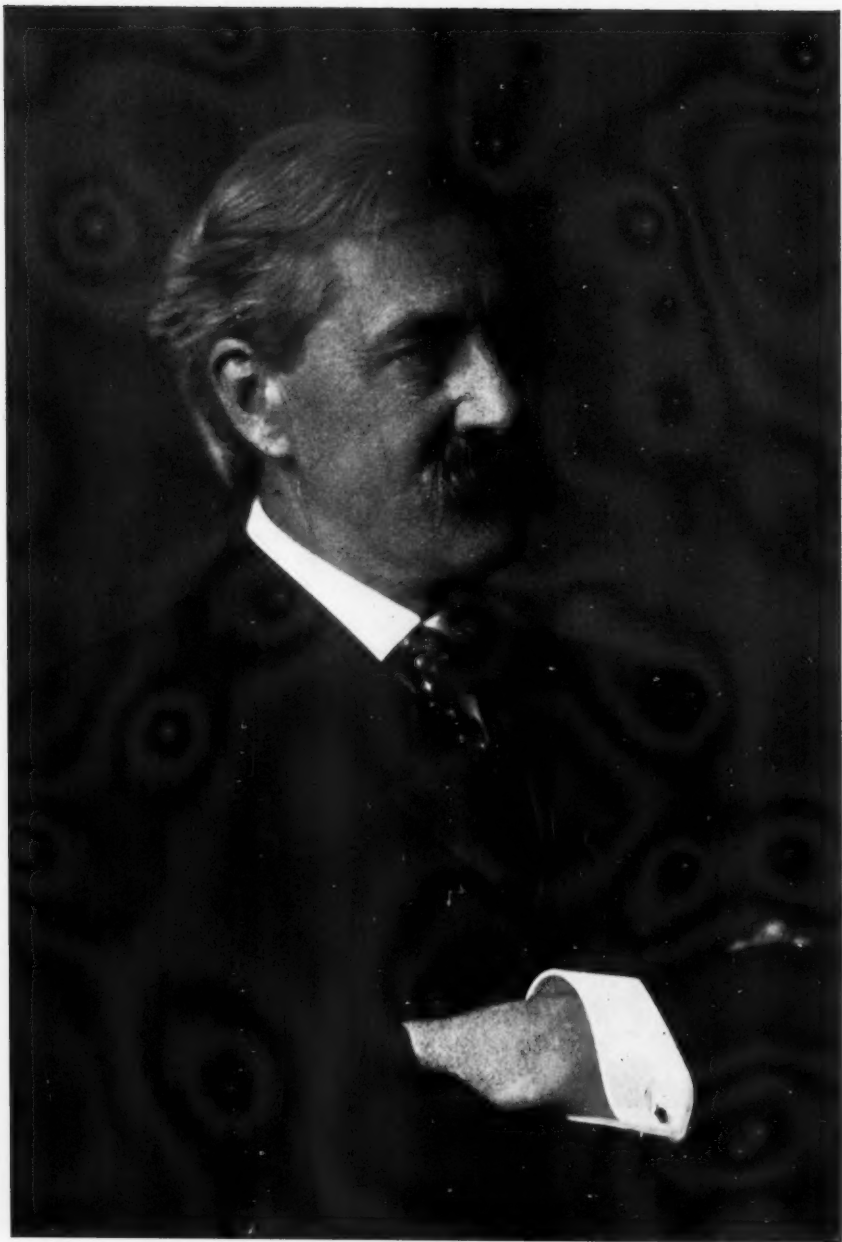
"And you've never once asked me to forgive you."

"I am going to spend the rest of my life doing that," he said softly.

So, half in the moonlight, with the stars looking in through the wind-blown jasmine, Betty Lorrimer, in the quaintest of white house gowns, and Tom Delafield, became one, in the suddenest marriage the Springs had ever known to them. Standing together afterwards, words unneeded, and the world a forgotten thing, a bell boy, astounded to see Mr. Delafield open Miss Lorrimer's door, brought a card which Tom read aloud:

"Mr. Annesley presents his compliments and would like to inquire how Miss Lorrimer is?"

"Tell Mr. Annesley," he said, "that Mr. Delafield returns his compliments, and that Mrs. Delafield is much better."



ALBERT B. CUMMINS
Governor of Iowa.

A WESTERN REPUBLICAN'S VIEW OF THE ISSUES OF 1908

BY ALBERT B. CUMMINS

Governor of Iowa



THE subject upon which I am asked to write seems to imply that there is a Western view of public questions that distinguishes this region from other parts of the country, and that there may be an essential difference of opinion between the members of the Republican Party who live in the West and the members of the party who live in the East. I cannot, even by silence, appear to confirm the assumption. That the voice of the West is not in harmony with the voice of the East may be true, but if there is discord it is because the great body of the people are speaking here, while they have not yet found their tongues on the shores of the Atlantic.

To describe the situation correctly, it must be said that the differences which make themselves felt are not sectional, but factional. They are not even partisan. One of the remarkable characteristics of the present time is the substantial disappearance of issues between political organizations. At the present moment there is no real distinction in the beliefs of men that can be traced by a party line. There is a platform distinction which seems to be preserved by the force of tradition, but it does not affect the opinions of individuals. For years the Democratic Party has proclaimed in its platforms its adherence to the policy or principle, whichever it may be called, of "free trade," or its economic equivalent—import duties levied for revenue only. I venture the assertion that ninety-nine Democrats in every hundred believe firmly in the policy of protection, and yet, year after year, the party continues to an-

nounce an obsolete doctrine, abandoned by all the civilized nations of the earth save one, which effectually deprives it of the confidence of an industrial people whose growth and prosperity depend to some degree upon the maintenance of discriminating duties.

It is true that the Republican Party, having adopted an economic policy, sound, as tested by both experience and reason, and having expressed it in accurate and defensible phrase, has maintained a tariff in which many of the duties are not only higher than are necessary to secure full and complete protection, but are, in some instances, grievously oppressive, and lend efficient aid to the unlawful designs of modern combination and monopoly; yet when the people are called upon to choose between two parties, one of which threatens free trade, and the other merely persists in excessive duties, they will favor the latter, and they ought to favor it, simply because it is better to endure the evils of over-protection than to confront the perils of no protection. It is to be said, also, that without regard to varying standards of party faith, the people believe that a Republican administration has more continuity of thought and fixedness of purpose than a Democratic administration; that fewer vagaries will be exploited in the former than in the latter.

I do not intend to make this article a discussion of the merits of parties, but these suggestions seem to be required because I have it in mind to look forward a little and hazard a judgment upon the future leadership of the country, and what I have written indicates that the Democratic Party may be eliminated as a factor in the situation, unless the Republican Party is basely untrue to the imperative

obligations of the hour. If, unfortunately, it fails to interpret patriotically the signs of the times, if it refuses to grasp the opportunities before it, or if it declines to be the minister of justice in one of the most vital controversies that civilization has ever known, then it also will cease to be a force in the national life, and a successor will take up the imperative work of the present and the future.

I repeat that there is nothing sectional in the fight. I have been a close observer, with probably as good a chance to feel impulses and to note expressions as anyone in the country, and I am sure that, with the same classes of the people, the view is uniform, East, West, North, and South. It is common, I know, to divide the people the other way, in so far as their attitude toward public matters is concerned, but it is a superficial conclusion. The classification I have in mind is instinctively recognized by every thoughtful man, and yet it is very difficult to describe. The line which separates these classes does not run between wealth and poverty, between corporations and natural persons, between learning and ignorance, or between vice and virtue. On the one side of it are, first, the men who have some peculiar interest in laws which create the profits of the enterprises in which they are engaged; second, the men who have founded their fortunes in unfair practices, and who are protected by either the absence or inefficiency of law; third, the men whose ventures are so uncertain that they fear any change in existing conditions; fourth, the men who have all they want and more than they deserve, and who therefore love the *status quo*; fifth, the retainers, dependents and followers of all these classes. Taking them all together, no name has been yet discovered more fitting or comprehensive than "standpatters."

On the other side of the line are the men who, whether rich or poor, whether in corporations or out of them, whether learned or ignorant—who understand that, in the end, their fortunes will be most secure, their prosperity most enduring, the welfare of their fellow men most permanent, the more nearly we approach the standard of absolute justice. They recognize that they have a heavy stake in the laws of their country, but they know that their ultimate safety depends upon supplying the inadequacies of government as rapidly as they are discovered, whether in the

moral, industrial, or commercial world. They have gradually come to be known as "progressives."

It is to be distinctly understood that I am not dealing at this time with individual motives. There are a great many worthy people in both these divisions, just as there are a great many unworthy people in them. I am separating them wholly with reference to their influence upon the problems we are attempting to solve. In a broad way, the men of the first division are doing all they can do to induce the Government to let them alone. In the same broad way, the men of the second division are doing everything they can do to adjust the laws of the country to meet, not only a new, but a most complex condition. It is not to be doubted that the men who insist on going forward will make some mistakes; that they will inflict blows that will leave scars behind them. The real question, however, is whether action, with its possible wrongs, is not better than inaction, with its certain wrongs. There are some men who try hard to belong to both divisions, but they are miserable failures. Abstractly, they proclaim the principles of justice, but they do nothing. They agree that there are things that ought to be done, but that next month or next year is the time to do them. Some of these men are mere cowards, who think that the voice and the vote are counterbalances which will hold them safe; but the most of them are constitutionally incapable of entering a path unless it has been trodden by the feet of thousands.

It is worth while to review, briefly, the struggle in which we are engaged, which has brought about the division, not only among the people generally, but in the Republican Party, which I have attempted to define, for it is unique in the history of nations, and we have only the fundamental precepts of right and wrong to guide us.

From the dawn of creation, men fought for liberty, and after centuries of infinite toil and indescribable suffering, after oceans of blood were poured from the veins of patriots, after six thousand years had borne their innumerable victims into oblivion, the world at last came to know what they were fighting for. The issue was free thought, free speech, personal liberty and representative government. Our own land furnished the battlefields for the final wars which crystallized these essential human rights into customs, constitutions, and laws. Thus, for our country at least,

the mightiest problem of humanity was solved. No longer is there fear that a man may not think as he pleases, say what he thinks, be secure in his person, and cast his vote to determine what the laws of his country shall be, and who shall administer them. No longer is there danger that, by the sword, either property will be taken or freedom invaded. With these fundamental rights forever settled, we entered upon a period of material development such as the world has never seen. With ambition and energy filling the hearts of our people, with immeasurable resources given into our hands, we astonished not only the world, but ourselves, in the ease and rapidity with which we enlarged production and accumulated wealth. A half century ago it was not dreamed that the governments, either state or federal, would be compelled seriously to regulate, commanding here and prohibiting there, the operations of business and commerce. About twenty-five years ago, however, it became clearly apparent that the superior prowess which in the olden time had, through arms, made some men masters and some men slaves, had simply been transferred to the peaceful arena of industry, and that if the Government did not take on new functions and protect the weak against the strong in the struggle for wealth and commercial supremacy, our vaunted equalities and liberties would be but meaningless phrases.

The business of the country is based, primarily, upon our system of transportation. There was a time when the distribution of commodities was largely local, and the producer had some power to protect himself. It has now become country-wide, and any considerable enterprise must distribute its products over so large a portion of the United States that, in so far as it competes with any other of like character, it is absolutely dependent not only upon the efficiency of the service of the common carrier, but upon the fairness of the service as well. Experience has abundantly shown that the shipper, whether he be producer or distributor, can no more defend himself against unreasonable charges or unjust discriminations of the carrier than could the peaceful money changer or husbandman of the former day defend himself against the invasion of the armed robber.

Competition as an effective force in transportation, in securing fair rates, absolutely or comparatively, long ago disappeared. This condition brought into activity a dormant

function of the Government, and there is no other more vital at the present time.

What I have said is not only elemental, but universally accepted, and it would be unpardonable to restate the fact if it were not to fasten upon ourselves the consciousness that we have a sure corner stone upon which to found the structure that is rising, slowly but surely, out of the chaos of opinion and experiment. I state it for the further reason that it forms one of the issues between the classes I have already mentioned, for no man ought to be, and I hope no man will be, promoted to high office in our party who is not willing to deal vigorously and persistently with this problem. There are some hysterical persons among the standpatters who are bewailing what has already been done, and who are wringing their hands in either real or assumed fear of the consequences of the action already taken by Congress and by the legislatures of various States, and who insist that we have already done much more than is wise or just. To these persons, the men whose views I am endeavoring to express reply that we have as yet barely begun the work, and it may be—probably will be—years before we reach the solution of the problem now disclosed to us.

It is obvious that when we attempt to determine—no matter what tribunal or tribunals are intrusted with the power—what is a reasonable charge for the service of a common carrier, it must be known—not only known but definitely established—upon what capital the carrier is entitled to a return. This is due to the carrier not less than to the customer. If we do injustice to the former, the service will be inefficient, and will not expand to meet the increasing demand of a growing country. If we do injustice to the latter, the function that the Government has attempted to perform is of no value. Therefore it is necessary not only to review the present capitalization, but to make such provision for future capitalization as will insure soundness in the organization of transportation companies. Personally, I believe that in order to accomplish this end, it will be found necessary to amend the Constitution of the United States so that all transportation corporations carrying interstate traffic shall be organized under a law of Congress. I know that there are people who would rather break the Constitution than better it, but I am not one of them. I am unalterably opposed to the spirit which insists that the

courts shall make our Constitution mean what the necessities of the time require, without regard to the written grants and prohibitions of organic authority. The amendment suggested is in exact harmony with the real thought of the authors of the Constitution. It would, in this respect, accomplish no more than to nationalize in terms what the development of business has already nationalized. I am not an advocate of the destruction or invasion of State authority. With corporations so created, the States must still regulate intrastate business. When a national tribunal has fixed interstate rates upon a proper basis, it will not be difficult for State tribunals to coordinate their local rates.

It is one thing to stand for the transfer of rights of the States to the General Government, and it is quite another thing to stand for a grant of power to the general government which no State can exercise, but which must exist, if we are to settle these questions with fairness to both sides of the controversy.

When it is known what fair rates are, another duty of the Government instantly arises. It will be granted, theoretically, that all patrons of common carriers similarly situated are entitled to the same rates for like service; not only so, but inasmuch as there is competition, and always will be, it is hoped, between communities as well as persons of the same community, all communities are entitled to just comparative rates. I will at once agree that if, in the past, common carriers had indicated by their practices an inclination to observe these fundamental rules, they would be in position to make the adjustment much more easily and much more perfectly than the Government can make it for them. If, however, the history of transportation in this country establishes any one fact, it is that the carriers have recklessly violated these fundamental maxims of public duty, and therefore the Government has undertaken to perform, and must continue to perform, what I regard as the most difficult task which it has yet assumed. I think that upon this subject the law of Congress, as well as the law of most of the States, fairly announces the rights of both carriers and those whom they serve, but these laws will be of little value unless the administration is thoroughly in sympathy with them, and will infuse into those officers to whom immediate enforcement is committed a zealous interest in the welfare of the millions who are powerless even

to initiate the proceedings necessary to secure their rights. Not only so, but there must be a persistent disposition to strengthen these laws as rapidly as keen, critical, and technical minds discover weaknesses in them.

This condition presents a further issue in the policy of the party, and in the selection of public officers, both legislative and executive. It renders ineligible for these places the man who, through intimate association, unconsciously views the subject from the standpoint of the corporations to be regulated, and the man also who prostitutes his trust because it is profitable to do so. There are fair and honest men in the country who recognize the needs of the people who are to buy transportation, and the rights of the common carriers who are to sell it, who know that to injure the former is a betrayal of duty, and to cripple the latter is treason to good government. These are the men we want, both to make our laws and to administer them. There never was a more vital struggle within the ranks of any political party than is now in progress among Republicans, with respect to the division from which its candidates shall be taken, and we shall soon discover which force is in the ascendancy.

There has been much said recently about the uninformed and indefensible legislation of the Western States, passed during the last winter, with respect to the regulation of railways, and it has been suggested more than once that the platform adopted by the coming Republican convention, and the candidates who are to be nominated, should be a condemnation of these alleged hasty and ill-advised enactments. I venture the prophecy that those who are hoping for this result will be disappointed, and I venture another—that if the platform should attempt this office, and the candidates be in harmony with it, the former would never be a guide to an administration, and the latter would be permitted to enjoy the pleasures of private life. Iowa was probably as complete in her reform as any State in the West, and she stands ready to defend what she has done. She forbade political contributions, in any guise, from railway corporations or any other corporations. Who doubts the wisdom of the law? She prohibited passes or free transportation in any form, except to employees constantly employed in the service. Who challenges the propriety of the prohibition? She made absolute provision against over-

capitalization. Who advocates watered stock or baseless bonds? She authorized joint local rates, so that intrastate traffic might enjoy the privilege of interstate traffic. Who will accuse her of injustice in so doing? She made it the duty of her Board of Railroad Commissioners to institute and carry on proceedings before the Interstate Commerce Commission in behalf of the people, should their rights be denied them. Is there anything unfair in so providing? She established a passenger rate of two cents per mile upon her Class "A" railways, and I assume it is largely by reason of this regulation that she, with other States, has been upbraided for inconsiderate and ignorant action.

I take this opportunity to say a word respecting the law so bitterly and so unjustly attacked. The critics of the legislation have iterated and reiterated the statement that the passage of the law was not preceded by adequate investigation and sufficient information. These critics exhibit not only a profound but lamentable ignorance of the situation. During two sessions of the General Assembly, full and protracted hearings were held, and every fact material to the subject was laid before the members, both in speech and in printed showings and arguments. The railway companies disclosed all they had to disclose, and if we were not prepared last winter to reach a conclusion, we never could have been prepared. It was found impossible here, as it will be found impossible everywhere, to separate the passenger business from the freight business in order to ascertain the cost of the one as compared with the other. We knew the alleged value of the railways in this State, and for the purposes of the statute we accepted the value as claimed by the railway companies. We knew the earnings of the railways in the State, and knew what part of these earnings were expended in maintenance and operation. We knew that the net amount applicable to dividends upon stock warranted the reduction in revenue which, it was asserted by the railway companies, would ensue if the passenger rate were fixed at two cents per mile. We knew that according to the disclosures made by the representatives of railway companies, the average rate received for passenger service in the State, taking the railways as a whole, was not more than two cents per mile. We knew that about seventy-five per cent of the travel was being carried for two cents, either upon mile-

age books or credentials. We knew that many people were traveling for nothing, on passes, and that many others were being carried for less than two cents under various forms of excursions. Inasmuch, therefore, as the railway companies themselves had established a rate of substantially two cents per mile, we simply abolished the discrimination which had long been forbidden in the freight service, and which was no longer tolerable in the passenger service. There never was a law more firmly grounded in justice, or more completely vindicated by reason, than the law which fixed this rate; and those who are assailing it as a measure of confiscation, or hiding behind a demand for further investigation, may as well understand that it has come to stay. Nor should it be forgotten, as we are looking forward for leaders in the next campaign, that the nomination of men whose selection would be an implied rebuke to the States which have taken this action, would be a fatal mistake.

If the commercial issues of the future related only to the regulation of public corporations, they would still be difficult and intricate enough to tax all the wisdom of our people in their satisfactory settlement, but as I view the field of commerce, which includes both production and distribution, there are questions touching the duties and powers of the Government in the regulation of industrial commerce which equal in their importance, and greatly exceed in their complexity, any questions which involve the supervision of our common carriers. Hitherto, we have depended upon the force of competition to fix all the prices of private industry. I do not doubt the opinion held by most political economists, that it is a wasteful, expensive and sometimes ruinous force, but, after all that can be said against it is fully considered, we are impelled to one of three conclusions: prices must be fixed either by competition working out its results in the old-fashioned way; by a single producer or seller, which is the monopolistic way; or by the Government in its organized capacity, which is the socialistic way. The monopoly is intolerable, socialism would drive out the spirit of progress, and therefore it seems to me that the only path open for a justice-loving country is the preservation of fair and reasonable competition. There is no more serious problem in the hands of the American people than the one here suggested. Within certain limits

the enlargement or concentration of a particular business is praiseworthy. The reduction in the cost of producing and marketing a useful commodity, through expansion, ought to be encouraged instead of being condemned. This is true, however, only so long as the benefits of decreased cost are shared by the producer, seller, buyer and user.

The strong tendency of recent times has been not only to enlarge a particular business to the extent necessary to secure all the advantages of lessened cost of production and sale, but to enlarge it sufficiently to dominate the field, and to fix, absolutely, the price at which the commodity is to be sold. I agree that there are some forms of combination or concert which are helpful, rather than oppressive, but they must always stop upon the hither side of either actual or potential monopoly. I cannot believe that the people of this country look with any complacency upon a condition that will make it necessary for the Government to fix the prices which shall prevail in all kinds of business, in the same manner that it establishes maximum rates for public service companies; and yet, if we are not successful in restoring and preserving that degree of competition which will, through natural laws, maintain in reasonable prices, it is just as certain that the Government will undertake this herculean task as that free institutions will endure. Therefore, the Republican Party must be steady and persevering in the work upon which it has already entered.

I am quite willing to admit that the Sherman Act contains some provisions which might well be omitted; but with that admission must go the assertion that our experience has shown that there are many things which ought to be included in the Congressional enactment which are now wanting. The solicitude of the Government should be to give every man and every business a fair opportunity to win. It ought to be true, in a country like ours, with the immensity of its accumulated capital, that a buyer, when he desires to make a purchase, shall have the chance, at least, to seek two sellers who will act independently of each other. It is obvious that the subject is not an easy one to deal with. We may expect many unsuccessful attempts, and we should not be disheartened or discouraged if years elapse before the final decree is recorded. Our insistence now is that the men overloaded with ill-gotten gains and full of misdirected genius in creating and

fostering the combinations and consolidations which they hope will annihilate competition, shall not be influential in selecting the officers who are to wrestle with the problem.

Closely allied with the efforts to suppress monopolies, or that degree of dominance which destroys competition, is the constantly growing demand that there should be a revision of our tariff schedules. I yield to no man in my conviction that the protective policy is sound, both in theory and practice. It would be fatal to the industrial interests of the republic to abandon it, or to abate one jot or tittle of its requirements. The policy, however, is brought into disrepute when it is used to shield extortionate profit, instead of giving fair and adequate protection. Whenever the duty upon a competitive commodity exceeds the difference between the cost of producing the commodity here and in competing countries, and when domestic competition ceases upon the commodity, the producer can and will raise the price to the full limit of the duty. It is impossible to assign a reason worthy of consideration for the maintenance of excessive duties. Personally, I believe that when a wrong exists, the time to right it is at the moment at which it first appears; but whatever may be the action or inaction of the next Congress upon this subject, the progressives of the West will do what they can to make the platform clear and unequivocal for an immediate examination and revision.

It is my earnest hope that our next convention will respond to the almost universal conviction that United States senators ought to be elected by direct vote, instead of by secondary agencies. The Government will not be represented in its best and highest sense until the intermediary bodies which now select our senators are removed. I do not impeach the wisdom of the forefathers, and need not remind the student of history of the circumstances and conditions under which this provision of the Constitution was adopted. The insensate fear which filled many of the brightest minds in 1787 has gone forever, and the imperious voice of the people is everywhere demanding that their senators shall be answerable directly to them.

I know that there are some very good men who are longing for peace and quiet; but they forget that national life is a march, not a camp, and that so long as we advance there will be turmoil and discord. Right will always be fighting against wrong.

THE RAID ON PROSPERITY

BY JAMES R. DAY

Chancellor of Syracuse University



MANUFACTURE and commerce are tremendous instruments of civilization. And the accumulation of wealth is the multiplication of man's powers of noble conquest. It is the measure of possibilities in subduing the lands and seas, in the institutions of the State, in education and the Church, in the development of the earth's resources and the application of them to the varied demands of mankind.

The first movements of migration and trade were inspired by physical consideration exclusively. It was to get pasturage for flocks and to find food more abundant. But now civilization is the great goal of manufacture and trade. All forms of business volunteer their offerings to discovery, to science, to the State. We have a new concept, broad, worthy, in which no man is to live for himself. We are to discover not trade alone but duty and opportunity and the signs of God that shall indicate our place and part in the mighty struggle to emancipate this world and give it in every part liberty.

That this tremendous mission of the United States has been in preparation is seen in the magnitudes of commercial thought and enterprise which, while filling some with dismay and affording the demagogues a text and an opportunity, are nevertheless the calm and cool logic of events. It perhaps has been the only land where these great problems could be worked out successfully. Business has been taking on gigantic proportions. Individuals have joined together brains and moneys and formed themselves into corporations because they could make more for themselves and save more for the people, and serve more the mighty interests of their country.

I wonder if any one of those men who opposed these mighty proportions when they first appeared has a proud and boasting grandson in these days who boldly declaims that his grandfather was the clear-visioned seer who predicted the appalling evil of the modern railway and tried to prevent it. There were men who smashed Arkwright's loom and Whitney's cotton gin into kindling wood. I wonder if any one is boasting in these days that his grandfather was the man who did it. When half of the next century is gone, you cannot find on this continent any man who will admit that he is a descendant of the pygmies who sought to destroy these mighty movements of manufacture and trade, logically proportionate to the tremendous age—who tried to reach up and turn the shadow back on the dial.

But we are told that there is no disposition to destroy the great forms of corporate business but just an attempt to regulate them.

We do not want to destroy the present forms of corporate business but we will discredit them and embarrass them by every law we can invent; we will make a public sentiment that will encourage every man who attempts to mulct them; we will sow dragons' teeth of hate in every corporation plant, among the workingmen; we will brand every aggregation of capital and corporate wealth as an octopus or a criminal corporation; we will talk of "predatory wealth" a silly jingle of words; we will urge upon careless-thinking people that wealth is grinding them and that cooperation is synonymous with tyranny, oppression, and gigantic theft—thrift and theft meaning the same thing; and then we will smite upon our breasts pharisaically and say: "Ah, no, we do not oppose the natural and proportionate methods of the

twentieth century. We want to regulate them only!"

The reason given for attacks upon corporate business is that it crushes out the individual and makes it impossible for smaller forms of business to flourish. In this statement it is assumed that this is an evil. But we contend that it may be and for the most part is a positive good. The big ship swallows up the little ships and the dangers and discomforts of the sea; the big trunk line absorbs the little railways and tickets you through. Twenty little shops fighting each other at a loss appear in a great factory with profits.

Men are incorporated and the man of a small business becomes the superintendent or manager of millions of invested capital. The contention that "individuals are being wiped out" is a strange one in view of the hosts of men who reach successes which, if of a subordinate character, are immeasurably beyond anything they would have attained alone.

This new doctrine, that you can legislate unsuccessful men into success by legislating successful men out of success, is a piece of imbecility that does injustice to our twentieth century. The man who whines that he hasn't got a fair chance because other men have the trade cannot be helped by law.

When a new Cunarder is built we do not begin to protest and investigate because she is too big for the channel of our harbor, or she will bring the passengers of five great ships across the seas and make tramps of the old-time greyhounds and restrain their trade. We dig our channel deeper and build our docks longer and say, "Come on! We will dig as deep water as you can draw and we will float you lengthwise of the North River before we will surrender to anything that man can put upon the ocean!"

This is a time prolific in odious phrases and titles. We have the "Octopus," the "Predatory Wealth," the "Swollen Fortune," the "Monopolist," the "Reactionist," and others.

The reactionist is a term applied to those who take issue with what they believe to be an abuse of the Constitution, or an arbitrary invasion of personal rights. Why it is given such an application I do not understand.

The real reactionists are the men who advocate "stretching the Constitution," who officially rebuke judges of the courts, who usurp legislation by dictatorial messages from the executive office, who attempt to force receiverships as instruments of prosecution;

who prosecute men in defiance of the *ex post facto* provision of the Constitution; who condemn men and prejudice them as undesirable citizens when their lives are in the judicial balances; who arraign men as criminals and then set in motion against them the machinery of the Federal Courts and prosecuting department; who insist upon branding men as guilty who never have been even indicted in the cases alleged—as notoriously characterized a Federal Court within the past summer in a great corporation case; who sentence men for alleged military offenses without evidence and without hearing; who investigate great business interests for alleged offenses and with a blare of trumpets condemn them—the innocent and the guilty alike—in the markets of the world; who by enforcing an impracticable law which the President has admitted would reduce business to chaos—a law which had lain dormant since its enactment because unjust, a law forbidding combination in business that has been the practice of the country for a generation—upon such a law send business men of unquestioned integrity to jail; who threaten to interpret the Constitution so as to evade the reserved rights of the States and to establish paternal government by the subterfuge of post-roads; who by agitation in speech and the public press disturb values and depreciate the properties and investments of millions of our people, both the rich and the poor—these are the real reactionists.

To say that men who protest and raise a warning voice against these monstrous violations of constitutional rights are reactionists is characteristic of the whole high-handed procedure. It is of a piece with the cry of the "Millionaires' Conspiracy," invented to silence the just protest of men who are being harassed and whose business is being ruined under the cry of "predatory wealth."

The falsely called reactionists are the hope of the country, and their numbers are hopelessly increasing. They warn those now in command that compromise with the enemies of constitutional government or with those who would bend it to their theories, that the encouragement of class agitation and the hatred of the rich and of the great utilities is far removed from common prudence, is lacking in every element of sound statesmanship.

To plead for it that such a course was necessary to pacify the increasing socialism of the hour, that but for the persecution of the rich

and the assaults upon corporate business we should soon have been in the hands of the socialists, is as untrue to historic facts as it is puerile in both reasoning and courage. Must we make terms with the socialist? Are we to be degraded by being told in the cowardly sophistry of certain editorials that we must "stretch the Constitution," that we must anticipate him in assailing our institutions, that we must pacify him by putting our business men into jail or fining them for too successfully competing in the business enterprises of the twentieth century?

It is such a pleasant thing to see the world's wrongs being righted when we are not the sinners! And then it is a novel way of regenerating a people that we have fallen upon, and we are a great people to try novelties. It used to be thought that you must get at a man's motives and ideals and in that way lift by a great ethical force the common sentiment of honesty, but here comes a new doctrine that depravity is in corporate forms and subject to railroad rates—a fact that has been strangely overlooked by moral philosophers until this administration.

Now you take a country full of business of infinite variety and amazing prosperity and a government that proposes to take care of all the moral aberrations and adjust all of the variant conditions and the nations of the earth and the people of our land are not going to be sensitive to the violation of constitutional prerogatives. It is easy to answer all of that by saying, "Well, it ought to be lawful if it is not." Of course that is the doctrine of a mob that hangs a man. And that is what a people becomes when it disregards the constitutional order of government and substitutes personal leadership.

For many months we have been under a monarchy in everything but the name. How long will the country continue to be so absorbed in its selfish indifference that having eyes it will not see? The change of the presidential prerogatives is going on. How much farther could it go and retain a semblance of what the Constitution provided it should be?

One of these changes involves our judicial rights and personal liberties. Recall an example or two. The President of the United States, for political purposes, arraigns a great business of the country by message, without jury, without indictment or any processes of law except an *ex-parte* report of an inexpe-

rienced commissioner, with no opportunity upon the part of the accused to be heard. The men of this business are branded as dishonest and their business is outlawed. Was ever such a thing known in this country? Was there ever anything more despotic in this country? That message was a notice to every Federal Judge in the country that the merits of his decision in this case would be noted in the White House. Every jurymen in the country has been told how the verdict should be made up.

The enginery of prosecution was set in motion. A test case is to be heard. Two days before the hearing the Bureau of Corporations, one of the President's big sticks, makes a report of a startlingly damaging character, much of which was subsequently proved untrue. Was this a coincidence? The accused and condemned (by message) corporation is dragged fifteen hundred miles from its incorporated headquarters, away from its books, documents and witnesses, into a State which has always been notoriously hostile to its interests. Was this a mere incident without unfair and dishonorable intent? Was it the famous "square deal"?

It will be said by some in justification of the mighty change that we get better laws and their better enforcement. That impeachment of the great past will not stand. But if it would stand, it is a dangerous bit of reasoning, for it will not always be that we shall have one man who is wiser than all men. Our next President may be simply an ordinary man.

President Wilson tells us that the President is a leader of the people. Who made him a leader of the people? There may properly be a leader of a party and leaders of the people, but it never was intended that a President should lead the people. That is an office in which the incumbent must be the servant of the people and take his commands from the people and go no faster than the people have declared their purpose to go. Even the terms upon which he can advise them are prescribed. He cannot rule them. It never was contemplated that he should use the rewards or threats of his office to enforce his advice upon Congress, or his rebukes to intimidate courts. He is to execute the will of the people declared in constitutional and statutory forms. The arena for a leader of the whole people or any party of them is in the Congress or the forum.

It is not possible for a President of the

United States to put his thousandfold reënforced personality into the determination of causes, into investigations of suspected evils of forms of business and into condemnatory utterances upon private affairs without doing great injustice, often precluding the possibility of fair and judicial procedures. He is the one man of the country who should remain silent upon questions to be adjudicated by the courts—as much so as the Chief Justice. The change which has taken our chief magistrate into the work of a chief detective with gigantic bureaus of information and a corps of special prosecutors is as amazing as it is unconstitutional.

It is a startling change that has furnished our Presidency with these subcabinets for the purpose of discovering commercial wickedness—caves of Adullam for every unsuccessful competitor, retainers of every political brigand who makes his foray upon the constitutional order of things and rides into power with a blazonry of reform. There can be no certain values nor secure properties; there can be no prosperous business and bold enterprise in a nation where governmental paternalism is permitted to command special and crude laws of commerce and menace with investigations and prosecutions the changing conditions of manufacture and trade. Values hitherto have been down on some secure and appreciable foundation. Now every day they are blown about by a new story of investigation from the White House.

It was bad enough when the counter reports of bulls and bears in Wall Street moved stocks up and down the tape. People are not looking now to Wall Street. What is the last interview with the President by one of his commissioners or secretaries? Railroad men, manufacturers, shippers, merchants, bankers, investors, all stand about anxiously waiting for the last bulletin from the White House and inquiring as to which commission is in the field to-day!

It requires only the most superficial study to convince one that the individual is not equal to the mighty enterprises of an age like this and that he must join with other individuals and form with them a great company or corporation in order to secure sufficient capital and ability for the purposes of our railroads, steamships, trolley lines, telegraphs and telephones and other common utilities.

Such a corporation will have the characteristics of a person. It will not be strange if it

makes a person's mistakes, if it becomes selfish and grasping, if sometimes it must be restrained by law as individuals are. But it is not an octopus nor a monster. It is not necessarily a criminal nor does it reckon as an asset its power to grind the poor. All of that talk is the cheapest demagoguery.

We shall after a time recognize the corporation as a natural and indispensable feature of our economy. The adjustments will have been made in all particulars as they are now in some. There is no longer any competition between a stage route and a railway that disturbs the people. The steamboat has drafted off the Mississippi with as little friction as its fogs disappear. There is no clash between the hand looms and the power looms. The brick and mortar lifts are not cursed by the hod-carriers. The machines that in about every instance have been opposed are recognized and used as invaluable adjuncts to labor. It is all plain, men have become as big as a loom and a railroad.

It is my opinion that the multitudes of our intelligent people are not responsive to attacks upon railways which are enlarging their markets and bringing them into connection with all the earth, nor to the violent assaults upon corporate business which has made the most inland farm to have and enjoy those things which a few decades ago were the exclusive luxury of the rich. It would be interesting to poll a community and ask each man on every street: "Have you consciously suffered by a railroad, have you been ground down by a trust, is your life less prosperous or happy than that of your boyhood or your father's or grandfather's lives? How came you in this comfortable home with a business that supports your home so luxuriously if everything is going to pile up 'predatory wealth out of the pockets of the common people,' and how happens it that the conditions of the neighborhood have been improving for a generation and are now improving? How did you, a mechanic, get this cottage and this green lawn and your savings bank account, with your daily wage? Whom do you get it all from and what is the kind of business that gives it to you?"

The most gigantic piece of impertinence that ever has been thrust into the faces of the American people is the hourly and daily talk of their being ground down by trusts and robbed by capital and run over and run down by railways and other so-called utilities.

It is a singular fact that those minds which have undertaken to regulate this new order of human affairs in commerce and trade, and to preserve the independent and individual forms that are inadequate and insufficient, are the very men who are violating every tradition of the country in government and contending for greater elasticity in the Constitution with an impatience that cannot wait to submit amendments to the people!

The one thing that is fixed in this country is government. It is by law, explicit and clearly defined and not subject to discretion either in quantity or application. The one thing that is not fixed and limited, that cannot be set with bounds and held within narrow confines, is trade, invention, discovery, and the extension of commerce.

The men who are using the machinery of government to regulate competition, to tell what its rights and proportions shall be and to guard against "the restraint of trade" and to dissolve the combined endeavors of American citizens whose genius has given our commerce its mighty and amazing proportions, will pass into history with the learned doctors of Nuremberg who declared profoundly that a close fence should be placed between the railroad track and the pedestrians lest the speed of the train at fifteen miles an hour should give them *delirium furiosum*!

The foundation of every permanent government is justice. Whatever it may secure to people in resources of wealth, whatever of wage-earning labor, whatever of liberty of franchise, if injustice can be done its citizens by insufficient law or too much law or by perversion of law by the arbitrary acts of administrators and the judges of courts, the Government cannot endure. It is sure to perish if it cannot be reformed.

One source of serious evil is in the appointment of judges of courts by persons who are likely to have a political interest in the verdicts of those judges.

That the President may come to feel that he is not only responsible for the selection of judges but their opinions as well appears in the notable case of Judge Humphrey, whose recent opinion was displeasing to the President and who received a presidential rebuke for it; who was told, as the whole country was, that it probably would not be sustained by other judges! The emphasis of the incident is upon the assumption of a President of the United States that he had

the right and privilege of meddling with the Judicial Department as though it represented him, and that he could discredit by public utterance the verdict of a court. What are courts worth if this is tolerated? Why then may not judges give the weight of their criticism against executive acts? Was there anything which our founders sought to guard more sacredly than the independence of the coordinate departments of our Government? If an appeal is to be taken from a court, it is not to be taken to the President but to a higher court. If a court is corrupt, impeachment is possible; if in error, an appeal can be taken—executive rebuke never.

Other incidents point to abuse of justice in the use of courts for cases in which the President is interested, if they have any meaning whatever. If that is not the meaning of such incidents, they are unfortunate coincidents.

How unevenly are the balances of justice weighted when a President of the United States becomes the prosecutor! Can anyone doubt the influence upon his judges and upon jurors? Under what provision of the Constitution shall the President become the prosecuting officer of the land? Is this the way the Constitution intended that he should see that the laws are enforced? It may be popular with a certain prejudiced and excited class. But is it safe? Is it law? Is it justice? How long since the American people put themselves in the attitude by which their respective businesses or their persons may be held up to execration before the civilized world by the President of the United States? Does the *ex-parte* report of a commission justify such a course? Then it is an emphatic reason why there should be no such commissions. Are cases to be known in this country as President's cases, brought to him by his commissions to vindicate some hasty and ill-considered utterance? If so, how will such cases stand in the courts?

We have just had an example of a man acquitted against such tremendous influence. In what light does it place the Chief Executive, who condemned him before he was tried? Suppose he had been convicted, as it is remarkable that he was not with such influence against him, how would it leave the case? There would ever rest upon it a doubt of the justice of the verdict because of influences from the head of the Government.

A wave seems to be sweeping over the times which bears down law and order and con-

stitutions and substitutes the personality of man and makes opinions law. If the old law will not do it, make a law that will do it. If a Constitution is in the way, it is easy to show that there has been that in the Constitution which our founders did not see nor dream that they had put there. What they thought the States were to be compelled to do, it is easy to show that the States are not to be permitted to do—because “they are unequal to it!” The interpretation of what reservations are left to the State will be determined by the Government at Washington—what is good for them to do and what is harmful for them to do; things that were once questions for the courts to decide will be arranged by new statutes framed by the Chief Executive and his Cabinet and consented to by an obedient Congress. The States have their proper place in this new theory as the several departments of government to carry out the prescient wisdom of the ruler of the Nation and his champions of the new government by commission. We have a new doctrine of States rights. We are told by the President that “the States rights should be preserved when they mean the people’s rights but not when they mean the people’s wrongs.” Now if those words had not been said by the President, I would say that they sound like the words of a politician and not a statesman. They are made of such stuff as is thrown to the galleries. Who is to be the judge of the quality in the case, as to which are the people’s rights or the people’s wrongs? Heretofore the courts have decided that question, and the courts uninfluenced by Executive interference. How are the rights to be preserved and how are the wrongs to be removed? In the old-fashioned way through constitutional revision by amendments by both the Congress and the States. The new fashion to which you are asked to subscribe is to read into the Constitution new interpretations, or if you are in a hurry, make a new statute to be operated by one of the new commissions by which the country is to be governed for the good of the people.

The age is peculiarly liable to exaggerated notions of the wrongs, the tyranny, and the corruption of men. We take a paper at breakfast and focus the world’s iniquity into one house at one hour as into a camera obscura. We scrape it all off the pages of one little paper into our plate and look at it and say: “The world has gone to the devil

bodily.” But you scatter it all back whence it all came and there isn’t enough of it to refract one ray of the sun of our glorious civilization.

The remedy? Talk of nothing for a year but the great and glorious things of America. Talk of the thousand varieties of handy and cheap forms into which meats and fruits and vegetables, all edibles, are being put for men in all places and pursuits, from the day laborer to the North-Pole explorer. Talk of the difference between kerosene at fifteen or twenty cents a gallon and kerosene at one dollar a gallon, and every gallon at that time might blow you into kingdom come. Talk of the by-products once in the dump heaps that are adding hundreds of millions annually to our country’s wealth and the comforts of the rich to the homes of the poor. Talk of unnumbered forms of manufacture, those most active agents of civilization, which must be credited up to our great land. Talk of the railways which, from opposition in their inception to persecution throughout their history, have pushed on, opening up States, filling the Nation with teeming millions, transporting us for a fraction of the cost of conveying ourselves in all directions, hurling our papers and letters off at every wayside village at a mile a minute, and taking to the tide waters for the markets of the world the products of our fields and the work of our shops and factories. Talk about these great things a year and see how few things there will be to complain about.

We cannot consent as a country to have our laws made and our pace set in these awful times by men of small and unworthy concepts. We must have thinkers everywhere, from the dinner pail to the pulpit, clear-visioned, practical thinkers; men who have something to think with as well as to think about.

The greatest Nation of the earth demands the greatest intellectual force, the purest morals and truest patriotism to be found among men for its lawmakers and executives. We are at the outer threshold of our mission and opportunity as a Nation and we must have men constructive and not destructive, to control and shape our destiny. Ours must be men of steady, calm confidence and deep-rooted, safe convictions. It is no time for Dryden’s Duke of Buckingham,

“A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one but all mankind’s epitome,
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Everything by turns and nothing long.”



A CURTAIN CALL FOR THE "AUTHOR"

GEORGE ADE

BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY THE AUTHOR



the Corn Belt who started Nor' by Nor'west in Search of a Swollen Fortune," etc.

In this diagnosis, however, the capitals will be used only at the North End of each sentence and in the names of proper persons.

Mr. Ade, or Georgie, as he was then called, was born on February 9, 1866, at Kentland, Indiana, and is thirty-nine years old, not counting the two years in the patent-medicine business. Kentland is a little town of a thousand people. It lies in the heart of the corn belt, where the highest hill is hardly ten feet above datum in the Kent Irrigating Ditch.

Forty years ago, John Ade, George's father, planted the trees that now make the broad, cool streets of the town look like the campus

of a venerable university. It is a pretty town, far from the madding rush of modern civilization except where the Panhandle trains pass through on their way from points east to points west, and *vice versa*.

On the east side of the courthouse square is the little frame house which some day will be pointed out to "Seeing Kentland" pilgrims as the place of Mr. Ade's birth.

The first years of his life were spent in Kentland with occasional trips to Morocco (Indiana) and Delphi (Indiana). In the daytime he demonstrated his unfitness for an agricultural career, and in the evening he sat with the local savants in front of Pat Keefe's grocery store helping settle affairs of state. Mr. Keefe, Jack Ryan, Will Kent, and Mr. Harnish, the genial photographer, were among the speakers at those evening debates. Occasionally Bluford Light, "Blu" for short, Bill Hartsock, and Ory Six would happen along to give new angles to the viewpoint of the subject under discussion.

The nights he spent at home. That is, all but one night. That was the night of the lecture at the church, and George attended. He occupied a seat in the rear, for, being a modest boy, he did not wish to make an ostentatious display of the fact that he was barefooted. The lecture was about the transmigration of souls or some kindred topic not full of human interest for a boy of eight, so Georgie went to sleep on a bench. How long



REAR ELEVATION OF HAZELDEN AND MR. ADE

With latter's favorite collies, Pluto and Stubby. Formal garden in left foreground.

he slept he never knew, but along about three A.M. he awoke with the sudden start usual when one falls off a church bench at three o'clock in the morning.

He was first bewildered and then scared plumb to death—nearly. He didn't say "Where am I?" (passing hand across forehead—biz of being dazed, etc.). He merely groped his way frantically for the nearest window, which, being a church window, was unlocked, and leaped eight feet to the ground.

Immediately after alighting, the sound of bare feet pattering busily on the board walk rang out on the still night air and a streak of embryotic genius flashed down the street, homeward bound. Georgie arrived home just in time to head off a search party of prominent citizens.

It is not fair to dismiss the boyhood of Mr. Ade without dwelling on the fact that he was a hero. He helped to save his little nephew from a watery grave in a cistern. Charles Warren Fairbanks shall not be allowed to have an exclusive right to Indiana heroism! The boy was lost and the relatives were in a frantic state of agony. They searched all around and finally decided to probe the cistern for news of the absent one. George was appointed a committee to go down and make a few submarine investigations in the cistern.

The water was about eight feet deep and

the weather was bitter cold. But George went down, and by holding his breath submerged himself and felt around with his feet along the bottom. Ever and anon he would come up gasping and in a hollow unnatural voice, such as is heard in cisterns, would issue bulletins on his progress. He was nearly frozen.

In the meantime the boy had been found under a bed, where he had crawled and had gone to sleep. The relatives swarmed in to rejoice upon his neck. They spent an hour in felicitations. They talked so fast they telescoped their words.

All this time a frozen hero was coming up and going down in the cistern without encouragement from the loved ones at home, until finally some one remembered, and he was rescued.

Thus Mr. Ade passed through boyhood and prepared for college. Pessimists around Kentland predicted that he would grow up and edit the local paper. He graduated from High School and was sent to Purdue University at Lafayette.

A local historian who was hanging around the depot when the train arrived says that his attention was first attracted by a tall youth wearing a narrow-rimmed hat with a strap around it. The mysterious stranger carried a grip and chartered an express wagon to convey it to the college. In order to insure

its safe delivery, the young man rode over with it. It was an inspiring sight. Just picture the setting. A railway platform with crowd grouped up stage; a young man sitting on a grip sack in the middle of an express wagon, an interested throng of villagers, citizens, policemen, etc. Lady Godiva going through the streets of Coventry was dull compared with the stately ride of Mr. Ade through the streets of Lafayette.

He entered the freshman class in 1883. At that time he was a tall, slender boy with a face as refined as a girl's and as clear cut as the proverbial cameo that figures in the heart-interest literature of the later Victorian period. His hair was very dark but not black. Since then there have appeared streaks of gray, the large one on the right side coming from "The Bad Samaritan" and the one on the left from Mr. Savage. A long head with an unusual development fore and aft, and ears of generous size standing well out from the side elevations. A small, sensitive nose, slightly aquiline, a strong mouth, and an unusual sweep of eyebrows over bluish-gray eyes, sometimes keen and twinkling, at other times vague and indefinite. Long, slender hands, long, slender legs, and long, slender arms. Height, 5 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches with his hair cut, and weight about 135.

In appearance then he was what might be called "delikit." He wore a blue suit.

During the first two years at Purdue he was a hard student—using the word in a complimentary sense—and always stood first in his classes. His companions during these two years were chiefly his books. He built up a reputation for studiousness that carried him far along into the last two years at college, when he stood first in his class only alphabetically.

He joined a fraternity and began to see life from the inside. He formed friendships that helped dispel the illusion that the world was bounded on the north by a blackboard, on the south by books, and on all other directions by work. He lost some of his shyness and occasionally convoyed young ladies to the

various college festivities. The gregarious instinct began to assert itself.

His tastes were literary. He was hopeless in mathematics, a circumstance which encourages many others to regard like delinquency as an indication of genius.

In the affairs of the college he gravitated naturally and by tacit consent to a position of leadership. He became the president of his literary club, the presiding officer of his fraternity, the editor-in-chief of the college monthly and the pivot of any movement that required more brain than brawn. His room in the dormitory was the refuge and retreat of all who wished to forget work or dull care. In the restricted field of college life he rose without effort or intent to the same eminence that he has since attained in the broader field of life. His college mates remember him as a boy of exceptional promise and unusual ability who was predestined to succeed.

His instinct as a writer seemed inherent rather than acquired. Even his earliest contributions to the college paper bore no trace of an amateurish touch, and the highly artificial work of the Sophomore stylist was never found in his work. At the annual entertainment of his literary club, his essay was certain to achieve the signal distinction of the evening. In addition to his university work he occasionally attended night classes for the study of the drama at the local opera house. "The Mikado" as presented by the Bennett & Moulton Opera Company with Charlie Bigelow as *Koko*, was his favorite piece.

In June, 1887, with seven classmates, Mr. Ade delivered his graduating oration. It was entitled "The Future of Letters in the West," but it was not prophetic of the great part he himself was to play in that future. When he stepped down from the platform with his diploma, he could not foresee that within twenty years he was to come back as the most distinguished alumnus of his alma mater; that he was to enjoy the keenest gratification that a human being can feel.

In the heart of every young boy is the



MR. ADE IN THE CITY



ATTENDING A FIRST-NIGHT PERFORMANCE OF ONE OF HIS PLAYS

dream that he may go away and make his future, then to return in a carriage drawn by white horses and be greeted with admiring acclaim by his old townsmen. The fulfilment of this dream is pure, concentrated happiness, 100 per cent fine.

In 1902 George Ade returned to his college town and was carried on the shoulders of several hundred Purdue students, with a brass band in front and with the streets of Lafayette resounding with the query "What's the matter with George Ade?" "He's all right!" "Who's all right?" "George Ade!" When he goes back to Commencement, these days, the four or five hundred seniors turn to look after him and whisper in hushed admiration, "That's George Ade."

After graduation, he went back to Kentland to corroborate his belief that he was not cut out for a future in the old home town. Literature—as typified by a job on a local newspaper, and Law—as embodied in an opportunity to study with a prominent firm in Lafayette—were each beckoning to him.

He selected the Law. Why—has never been explained. He nodded over Blackstone for six weeks and then took a job as city editor on a newly established Republican organ in Lafayette. The organ played its

swan song after a brief existence, and he switched to an afternoon daily that held out a golden promise of six per week, rain or shine. Here he worked hard for some time, constantly confronted by the grim fact that the bare cost of living was overlapping his salary. If he had continued in that position, he would now be nearly \$40,000 in debt.

He quit journalism at six per and embarked in a patent medicine business, where he did the literary and press work of a remedy guaranteed to cure the tobacco habit if you followed directions. The first direction was to cease the use of tobacco. His chief work was to edit testimonials and act as press agent for people who had been cured of the dread habit. It was a pleasant sight to see the youthful author, with his feet on a table, writing of the invaluable benefits conferred on humanity by the tobacco cure, for he smoked incessantly to stimulate his imagination.

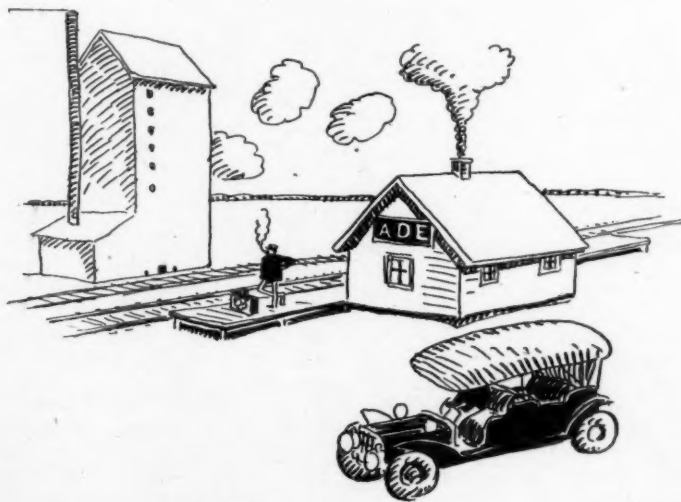
In 1890 Ade went to Chicago armed with the following equipment: A wonderful memory, an X-ray insight into motives and men, a highly developed power of keen observation and the benefit of four years of literary work in college and three years in professional fields. He had lived in the country and had

retained, as on a photographic plate, the most comprehensive impressions of country life. He knew the types, the vernacular, and the point of view of the country people from the inside. He had lived in a small town and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the types and the customs of this phase of life. He had learned college life after four years of observation and had learned the life of the medium-sized town. With a memory that retained his observations of these four distinct elements of life, and an intelligence great enough to use this knowledge, he was ready to learn what a great city could teach.

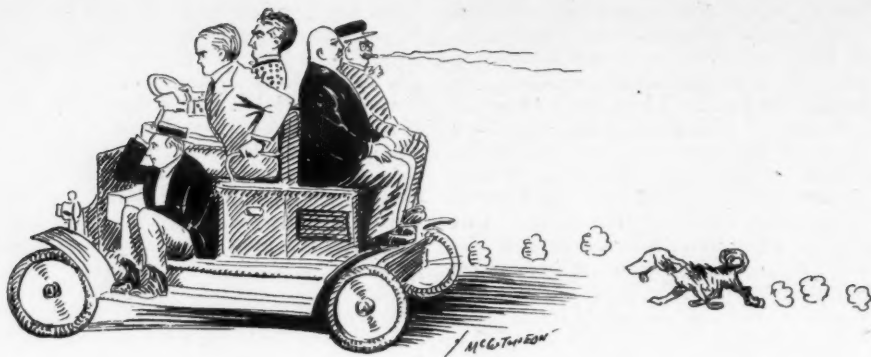
He went to work on the *Morning News* at \$12 a week. He was the cub reporter, to whom fell the lowly duty of describing the daily weather. The weather news soon became one of the bright spots in the paper. One night a steamboat boiler exploded down in the river; all the big reporters were out on big assignments and in feverish despair the cub reporter was hustled down to cover the story. He made an enormous hit. People around the office breathlessly asked who wrote the "story," and from that day on his position was assured. He swiftly gained the distinction of being the "star" reporter. All the big assignments fell to him. He covered every phase of news possible in a great city.

When anything happened outside of the city he was hurried to the "trouble zone." The Homestead strike, the Sullivan-Corbett fight, and many other assignments of major magnitude fell to his lot. For a time he did politics in the City Hall, then a series of political letters in Indiana during the 1892 Presidential campaign. Next he covered political headquarters in New York during the last week of that memorable fight, and afterwards "Labor," "Dramatics," "Pugilism," and special feature writing.

During the World's Fair he wrote a daily feature of two columns about the Exposition, and after that he began a department called "Stories of the Streets and of the Town." For six days in every week he wrote from 1,200 to 2,000 words for this department, and continued it for years. It was a roving assignment—he got his material from the four corners of the city. One day a story about the Ghetto, the next day one about a police court, the next day a little fiction story, and so on. It is doubtful whether any other American newspaper man has had equal opportunities for studying every class of people in a big city. At times he drew upon his intimate knowledge of country life, or small town life, or college life, or newspaper life, and in each story there was a freshness and



TOWN OF ADE, WITH AUTHOR'S AUTO IN FOREGROUND



MR. ADE ENTERTAINING FRIENDS IN HIS FIRST AUTO, "ROLLING PEANUT"

charm that compelled the expectant interest of thousands of readers. He had the faculty of making an interesting story of anything, whether it was a ride in a street car or a dissertation on the probabilities of rain.

If one were to analyze the secret of Mr. Ade's genius, it would seem but natural to point to the wide scope of his experience in real life, supported by tireless industry, an honest pride in his work, and with the groundwork of a marvelous gift of intelligent and retained observation.

With Brand Whitlock the "star" man on another Chicago daily, and Ade on the *Morning News*, the standard of reportorial excellence advanced immeasurably in Chicago. To Ade was largely due the distinction gained by the *Chicago Morning News*—afterward the *Record*—of being as bright and entertaining as the *New York Sun*.

During this time—a salary of \$35 a week, a hall bedroom, the old Olympic Theater once a week, pool at Tom Foley's, and the day's work with its toll on his energy and its tribute to his constantly broadening genius.

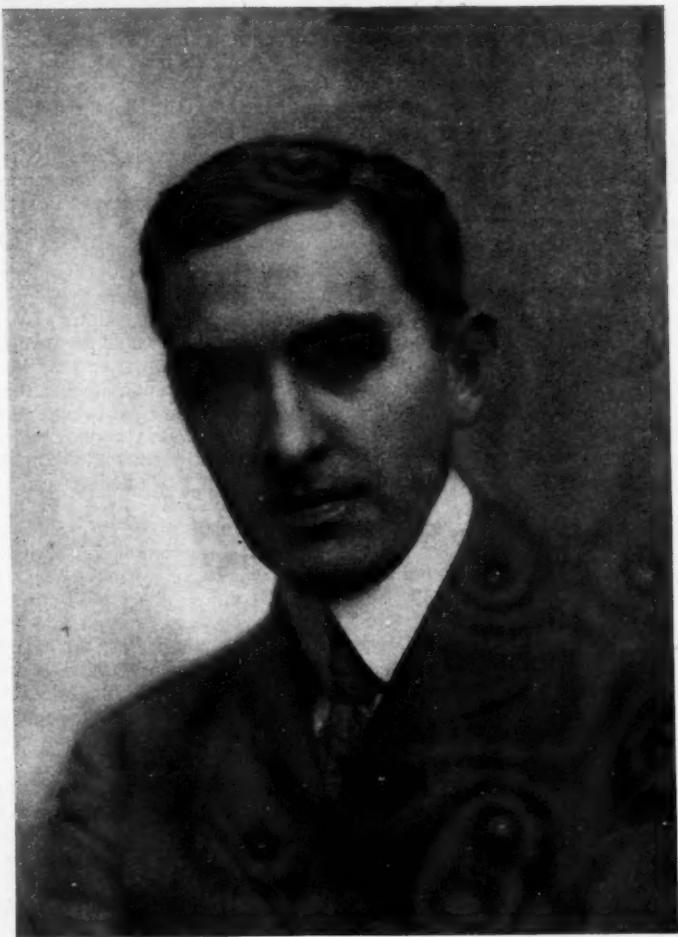
In 1895, with two companions, he went to Europe. Eight hundred dollars paid the expenses of a four months' tour that embraced practically the whole habitable part of Europe. Two articles a week went back to the home paper and the explorations progressed as merrily as though he were not coming back broke, to begin, at twenty-nine, the fortune hunt at the very bottom again.

Luckily, it was true that the acquisition of money was a mere incident to the day's work.

The work was first, the money merely incidental. He took up the old daily two-column stunt on the editorial page, and one day early in '96 there appeared the first of the "Artie" stories. The next week the second "Artie" story appeared. The public liked them. It was the first attempt to run a serial in his department, and the public at last had something tangible on which to fasten its sustained approval.

Ade's first book appeared in 1896. It was called "Circus Day," and was printed as a small children's book, barely two inches square. He received \$40 for it. But the "Artie" series of stories was the first to endow him with a definite entity in the minds of the readers of the *Record*. These stories were not signed, but his identity as the author sifted out, and spread, and then swept throughout the middle West. It was the beginning of his rise. Previous to this time, he had been undergoing the long, hard discipline that has since borne such rich and merited reward. An excess of prosperity in those early days when he was "finding himself" might have been fatal to later efforts, and it is doubtless true that he looks back to the years of grind on the old *Record* as the foundation of his later astounding success.

"Artie" appeared in book form in the latter part of '96. It was successful, and the publishers, H. S. Stone & Co., contracted for a book a year to follow it. "Pink Marsh," a series of fascinating stories about a negro boot-black, told in the dialect of the Northern negro as distinguished from that of the Southern



George Ade.

darky, appeared in '97. And in '98 "Doc Horne," a most lovable old gentleman liar of the old school, came out to greet a welcoming public. The stories appeared first in the *Record*, afterward being collected in book form. They ran once a week, the other five days being filled in with the usual variety of literary miscellany.

One day he wrote a story in the style of a fable. Months passed. He dropped the department and went on a special detail to the Balkans and Constantinople. When he returned his publishers were clamoring for his yearly book. He told them of an idea for a long story. It was to be about a college widow. The publishers announced the book, and it was listed long before a word had been written. It was then discovered that the author could not possibly deflect his energies from the daily work to write a book and everybody was in despair. As a final solution of the difficulty, he harked back to the fable about the two sisters, as he remembered that people had liked it. Why not write several more, use them in his newspaper columns and afterwards round them up in book form? This was done. The golden wand of his good fairy was getting ready to descend upon him.

Then began that amazing rise to world-wide fame and a swollen fortune. The fables were syndicated. Every paper in the country was struggling for them and his income leaped and leaped. The golden flood poured in upon him in a way that staggered one accustomed to compressing his wants within \$60 a week. He became known as the High Priest of American slang. When he registered at a strange hotel, the reporters came to interview him, and no matter what he said, the interview appeared with a dizzy string of slang *en brochette*, in imitation of his fable style. All this, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Ade seldom uses slang in his own conversation.

The whole bewildering success illustrated the triumph of an Idea. The fable style afforded a vehicle in which he could parade the accumulated store of human knowledge that had been absorbed in a life of eventful experience. The country characters appeared true to life, with their foibles exposed in a maze of home-made verbiage. The small town paid its toll, the college characters, the stage, the prize ring, the political field—all were drawn upon from the phenomenal memory where they had been stored for future use.

The sequel of this widespread fame is ob-

vious. The theatrical field with its golden promise was laid before him. Mr. Savage wanted a comic opera. The Call of the Gold was strong. So Mr. Ade gave up literature and began writing librettos. "The Sultan of Sulu" made its bow and has become a historic success. Everybody learned from it that "the cocktail follows the flag" and that "the Filipinos should be allowed their independence on Thursdays and Saturdays by way of compromise." "Peggy from Paris" followed to instant favor, and then "The County Chairman."

"The County Chairman" was an epitome of political life in a small community, but the methods it exposed were those of the whole political fabric of the country. All the characters were people whose prototypes Ade had known in real life. It was a great success. And its success lay, doubtless, in the fact that he was working in a field that he knew from the ground up. He was on familiar territory and was merely putting into dramatic form a phase of life of which he had been a part. A man who had never lived in a small town could never have written "The County Chairman." It was a compilation of years of life in a country town, reinforced by years of work in national politics.

"The Sho-Gun," a musical comedy, exploiting the method of an American promoter of the frenzied finance school, then was ushered into publicity. Mr. Ade considers it his best piece of dramatic writing, although it did not rise to the popular favor achieved by others of his plays.

"The things that have seemed the best to me have not gone as well as some of the other things," he says. "In the old *Record* work, for instance, a series of sketches about 'The Frisbie Literary Club' and some stories I wrote on 'Benevolent Assimilation' about the Philippines were not very successful, although I consider them the best work I have done."

All of which illustrates that the writer cannot tell what is going to strike the popular fancy.

"The College Widow" was the play that most people perhaps would consider his best. It was exuberant with the fresh happiness of youth. It was wholesome and joyous. And it, too, like "The County Chairman," was drawn directly from a field which he knew well through long experience—the small inland college. He wrote and finished the play in three weeks. There was almost no revising



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GEORGE ADE

to be done. He merely talked it off, and when it appeared in New York in its first performance its success was unprecedented. The author was proclaimed the premier of American playwrights and his place as a master of clean, homely comedy was secured. In a short time there were two or three "Widow" companies on the road and Broadway seemed lonesome unless one or two Ade plays were fixtures in its theaters.

The phenomenal success of "The College Widow" drew theatrical managers in a frenzied storm about him. The pressure became so strong that he agreed to write two plays for production in the fall of 1905. And then old Mr. Nature began to rebel. His health became threatened, a prerogative of prosperity, and a little trip to the West Indies was arranged. When he arrived there, he decided to go on to Mexico. As the going was good, he prolonged his trip to California, then to

Honolulu, then on to Japan, and down to Hong Kong. By this time the little trip to the West Indies had become quite a jaunt.

When he landed again in America he found two managers waiting on the dock and saying, "How about that play?" The plays were written simultaneously, and, as might have been expected, failed to reach the high altitude of the "Chairman" or the "Widow."

"The Bad Samaritan" failed because the author violated his strictest creed in writing it.

"I am always fighting to get quiet effects from everyday incidents, rather than depend upon emotional or highly theatrical effects." "The Bad Samaritan" violated this code in that noise and pretty girls were dragged in bodily, to the detriment of the quiet humor wherein lies his chief power.

In the meantime he was becoming the proprietor of a landed estate down in Indiana, near his old home. Brother Bill Ade began



CIDER-MAKING AT HAZELDEN

Mr. Ade at the lever.

to direct the investment of those swollen emoluments that rushed in. He bought farms and George paid for them. It kept the playwright working overtime to make land payments. Bill's idea was to buy up all the farms that adjoined. His brother Joe was established as the manager of the farms. Farm after farm was acquired and one day the author-playwright-farmer decided to put up a little cottage to which he could retire for rest and quiet. The cottage developed like the trip to the West Indies. It became a house and then a splendid country home. A landscape gardener cleaned out the underbrush in a grove of stately oaks and a broad lawn with drives and flowerbeds appeared as if by magic. An ice plant, an electric light plant, and all the other plants known to luxury and botany were installed. People came miles to see the place. Because it was built in the old English beam and plaster style, his farmer neighbors wondered when he intended putting on the clapboards. To them it never seemed finished.

To-day Mr. Ade has 1,700 acres of the best corn land in the middle West. He calls it Hazelden, the family name of his grandmother, and it has become one of the most

beautiful and finished country homes in the West. Here he rests and entertains his friends. His chief happiness lies in sharing his prosperity with others. There is tennis, boating, automobiling, baseball, clambakes, Fourth of July celebrations for the whole district, and diversions of every kind possible in the country. He is an Indian first and foremost, and has succeeded in living down the story that once threatened to destroy him in the hearts of his fellow statesmen.

You have doubtless heard this story.

"It's remarkable how many bright men come from Indiana," some one remarked.

"Yes, and the brighter they are the quicker they come," said Mr. Ade thoughtlessly. It has taken years to square himself for that simple remark, not a word of which he meant.

In the summer George goes down to the farm and writes his plays. At six in the morning he is up, and a little later is busy dictating to his secretary. From then until noon he works, and in the afternoon he plays. Nearly every Saturday sees the arrival of guests, and when a guest goes visiting at Hazelden, he has a busy time.

Mr. Ade is a restless restler. When he decides to rest he sits down on the curve of his

back and then gets up and dashes out to do something else. After twenty years of most eventful experiences he is now as fresh in his interests and enthusiasms as he was before the world began to unfold its wonders to him. He is deeply interested in nearly everything that comes his way. Instead of becoming bored with life, he has managed some way to preserve a marvelous interest in things in general. If he is playing golf he is absorbed in it. If he is running an automobile, he is obsessed, and will tinker away at a piece of bum mechanism as though it were the most fascinating job in the world.

Many men lose their enthusiasm after several years of hard going. But Ade is now as deeply interested in the old college affairs, the events in his old home town, the doings of old Chicago associates, and in the world in general, as though he had not a multitude of other things to occupy his mind. He keeps up to date in every possible respect, whether it be the new chimney in the schoolhouse, the new calf born over at Brother Bill's, or the kind of gloves that are being worn in Paris.

He is usually the first to bring a new story to town. People feel certain that they cannot spring a new one on him, and invariably hedge before beginning on one. He hears a story and then tells it better than the original. And the wonderful part of it is that he remembers all that he hears. He is what is called a "raconteur" in certain circles. In consequence he becomes the central figure in most gatherings.

It is doubtful whether anyone gets more out of life than he. His capacity for enjoyment is boundless and his field extends from

China to Cairo. With the time and the means to gratify every craving for new experiences, he is in a good position to indulge himself. And whenever it is possible, he picks out those enjoyments which he can have his friends enjoy with him. His instinct of generosity is one of his strongest traits. He enjoys himself most when he produces enjoyment for others. As a host he works his head off to insure a good time for his guests. There is never a dull moment in a house party at Hazelden. If it isn't tennis, it is automobiling, or baseball, or croquet, or day

fireworks, or cards, or dominoes, or roulette. He has every game that's been invented, and has originated several new ones himself. There are hammocks everywhere, but not time to use them. If things become dull, he sets off some Japanese day fireworks. One might imagine a farm down in the corn belt to be an uneventful spot, but it certainly is not down on the banks of the Iroquois.

In his work, both as a writer and a play builder, he is a realist rather than a theatrical nature faker. He believes that the quiet treatment of human nature as it really exists is good enough, without distorting it by the use of unnatural theatricals or mawkish sentiment. He tries to make people talk and act as they would be likely to do in every-day life, and it has undoubtedly been this creed that has given him such power in his work.

"The County Chairman," "The College Widow," "Marse Covington," and "Artie" are all plays that illustrate the working of this creed, and all of them have been most successful. It is when he departs from this creed that his less successful work has been done.



FARMER ADE AT REST IN THE HARVEST FIELD



HAZELDEN IN MIDWINTER

The great success of his fables was due to the fact that he took his themes from every-day life, and in each one hit off some foible of humankind with an incisiveness that startled.

Mr. Ade's sartorial development has been apace with his intellectual and financial growth. When he went to college he was considered a conservative dresser. In his senior year, the class, by a referendum vote, adopted a silk hat as its class emblem. So for a time there was a noticeable splendor in his garb. But when he went to Chicago and was working for twelve dollars a week, he modestly resumed his old conservatism in dress, and would not have attracted attention from those who admire the elegant and the fastidious.

When his good fairy, who had been afiel for some years, tapped him with a golden wand and opened up the floodgates of fortune he quickly caught up with all that was going on in matters of dress. When he went to London he bought all kinds of clothes. Later he added a great stock of Japanese clothes done in Chang Chow's best style. Tailors in New York and Chicago have worked for him with such zeal that now Mr. Ade can justly be called an extremely well-dressed man.

His habits in the main are good. They

would be graded "good" in New York, "fair" in Chicago, and "medium" in towns of less than 10,000. He has the theater habit, which is a most excellent one, and keeps abreast of the movement in the theatrical world. Just as many people are baseball fans, he might be called a theatrical fan without being theatrical himself. He knows the curtain-call record of nearly everyone in stage life, and can tell who played *Koko* in the Bennett & Moulton Opera Company twenty years ago, and who played left end in the chorus of "1492." When a new song comes out he knows it. When a new actor makes a hit, he knows why and how. In his early Chicago newspaper days he was an honored patron of the old Olympic "varieties" and did several years of dramatic criticism. From the front of the curtain he has studied stage life as much as anyone of his size in America.

For one who has had such facilities for acquiring bad habits, he has escaped wonderfully.

In the fall he goes to Chicago and New York to superintend the staging of his play or plays. Later in the winter he takes a long trip either to Japan, California, Europe, or Egypt. It is not a very hard life to lead. He has had a cigar and a town named after him.

He has made thousands of friends and has lost none. The men who were his friends in the twelve dollars a week days are still his friends, and there has been no sign that success or opulence has changed a disposition naturally generous and thoughtful. He remains as close to nature and as simple in his manner as he ever was. And there is none who grudges him his abundant prosperity.

Time has treated George Ade gently.

He is now a smooth-faced man six feet tall, weighing 165 pounds, with broad shoulders, somewhat round with student's stoop. Strongly marked eyebrows describing two angular arches above a pair of kindly gray eyes often lighted up by a quizzical twinkle of good humor. A thin, sensitive nose with an aquiline trend, and a strong mouth, which, when extended in laughter, attains a generous size. Hair, once very dark without being black, but now tinged with a very perceptible silver alloy. A head remarkable for its pronounced development behind, where it projects and overhangs a fulcrum-like neck. The whole combination, taken in the aggregate, producing a pleasing effect as much for its distinctiveness as for its suggestion of exceptional intelligence. One would be quick to observe him in a crowd, and would guess that he was a man of considerable heft in some field or other. His beard is so meager that he escapes an unshaven look even after days from a razor.

Mr. Ade is unmarried, although he has been reported engaged many times. Whenever the theatrical season is dull, some enterprising press agent announces his engagement to the leading lady, but except for these little flyers in near-matrimony he has deftly side-stepped a dual alliance. Once a nature faker reported him engaged to a New York heiress of the first magnitude, but as the man who originated the news was not authorized by anything except custom to print this pro-

digious inaccuracy nothing further was heard of it.

One day a friend who was visiting at Hazelden turned to Mr. Ade and voiced the thought of everyone who sees the beautiful country place and its bachelor master:

"George, why in thunder don't you get married?"

George gazed off across the smooth lawn at the great oaks, at the pretty house buried in swaying trees, at the cool oasis in the great desert of waving corn, and remarked with a smile:

"You see I am getting my bait ready."

Mr. Ade, as he is called by the grown-up people in Brook, or George, as he is called by every small boy, has always been devoted to his parents. His father came to America from England in 1840, aged eleven years. In 1851 he was married to Adeline Bush at Cheviot, Ohio. In 1853 Mr. and Mrs. Ade came to Morocco, Indiana, being among the first settlers of Newton County. They traveled by wagon across the unbroken prairies. In 1860 they moved to Kentland, where they celebrated their golden wedding in 1901. John Ade is now seventy-eight years old, beloved by everybody who knows him, and for over thirty years has been at his desk in Ade & McCray's "Discount and Deposit Bank."

There are six children and a great number of grandchildren. In 1906 Mrs. Ade died after fifty-five years of happy married life.

Last winter Mr. Ade went to California with his son George. One day they were out visiting an ostrich farm. The man in charge was explaining the habits of the birds.

"As soon as they reach maturity," he said, "each male ostrich selects its mate, and they become companions during the rest of their lives."

"They have more sense than some people I know," was Mr. Ade's comment, and George felt his ears burn.

KOUSNA AND THE HIATUS

BY BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST SPAENKUCH



IF the porter of the Pullman could be found and got to tell his story he would probably say that as the long through train on its way from St. Louis to the City of Mexico pulled out of the Kansas town "clingin' to de map wif de help-a dat black mud," the first glimpse was caught of the unparalleled hiatus that befell the great Kousna.

He would say that the slight young foreigner in F of the observation suddenly dropped the music scores in which he had been absorbed all day, looked out in the wet night, and fumbled wildly among his outlandish velvet and fur-cape coats, his glittering violin cases, and his cluttered papers, to find the little red vest-pocket vocabulary from which he had thus far delivered his English requests, much as a signal message is wigwagged at sea. He found the book and, after glancing desperately at the jewel-incrusted watch lying carelessly in a music case, began nervously turning the pages of queer Slavic characters set opposite the simple-appearing English. This was the slow product:

"To send—where—one—telegram next—fast."

By this time the porter knew better than to give verbal reply. He brought a book of telegram blanks and wrote on a sheet:

"Next stop. In forty minutes."

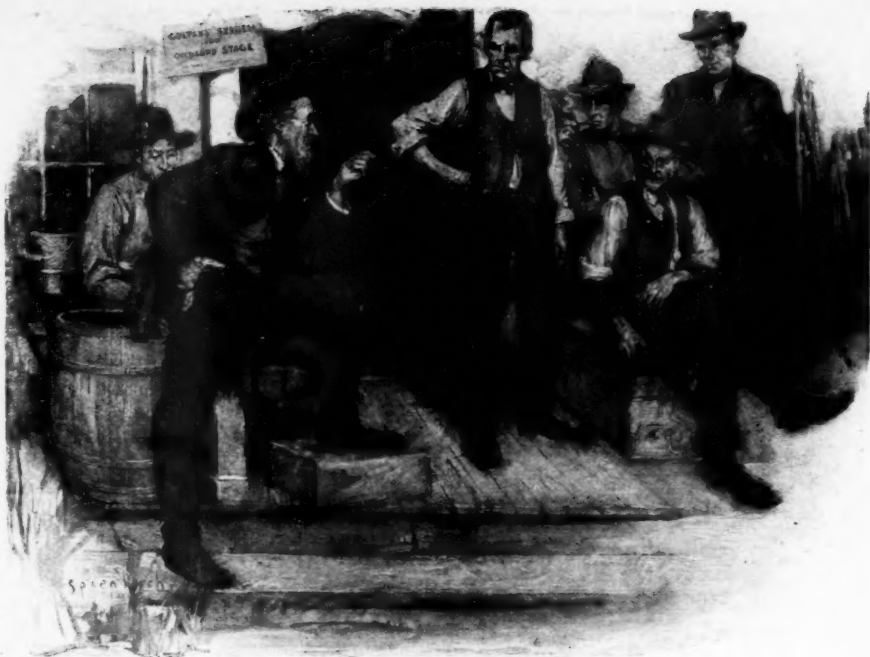
Then he finished making up the bed while the wonderful Kousna, running his long white fingers that were insured for \$50,000 through his lank oily black hair till he looked like a Moro chieftain, laboriously copied the words written on a card which he drew from his purse, tossing that gold- and note-crammed article heedlessly among the mass of his belongings.

The next morning when the porter made the positive discovery of the beginning of the hiatus, and was packing up the property of Kousna to deliver into the hand of the D. A. U. P. at Dallas, he found on the floor the card from which Kousna had been copying. It had been written out in English by his manager doubtless to be sent days before.

Harking back to the beginning of the hiatus it should be said that if the porter had been infallible he would have known that the next actual stop of the train instead of being the town which was forty minutes away was the automatic water tank only twenty minutes distant, and if instead of thinking the great Kousna had gone to bed the porter had hurried to the step at the stop, for he should *then* have remembered Kousna's telegram, he would have seen a bewildered young man, with a wind-blown telegram in his hand, in flopping black clothes and with flying rain-wet black hair, struggling madly for one brief moment, terror written on his white face, to catch the final polished brass rail of the observation car before it was engulfed in the stormy darkness. The train left him standing in the middle of the track where the muddy road crossed the right of way, wound around the corner of the deserted tankhouse and crept off across the inky prairie to the nearest land claimer's dwelling miles away.

"Yes, siree Bob," said old Sam Pitcher as he looked at the mud that had accumulated on the bay and the buckboard in the twelve-mile drive to the post office at Bulger's. "He's the durndest, queerest, crankiest greaser I ever seen. I'm glad you hearn tell about him, Bijé, for I 'lowed mebbe you wouldn't b'lieve me when I told you."

"Well, *is* he crazy, Sam?" inquired Bijé



"'He's all-fired smart, I tell ye, but he jest can't seem to work.'"

Bulger, the postmaster and storekeeper, while the two or three loafers eager to listen slid to seats on nearer boxes and barrels.

"Naw, not by a durn sight. He's all-fired smart, I tell ye, but he jest can't seem to work," answered Pitcher, lighting his weekly luxury, a "Tim Meakin's Best" five-cent cigar.

"I heard Sim Turnbull tellin' Mis' New-houser he was a runaway dago from that dago col'ny settlement the Rock Island started down at Barshear's Lake," volunteered one of the listeners.

"Naw, he ain't no Eyetalian dago, for Blake's got a Eyetalian dago hired girl over to his place which he brung from New Orleans and she can't fushstay any of *his* lingo. He's a runaway all right, for he didn't have a cent, not a red, no dockymints of no kind nor nothin'; don't 'pear to know whur he come from ner whur he's goin' to, but he's been hell at the table ever sence he got his appetite back after I put 'im to work."

"Well, see here, Sam, you ain't told me the straight of how you got him," broke in Bulger.

"How I got him! Dog-gone it, I didn' git him. He come. I'd have driv him away the first day only I knowed somebody else along the road would haf to look after him. Then I kinda s'posed he might make a half hand on the place, and you know help is goin' to be durn skurse this summer. Ye see, Monday mornin', two weeks day after ter-morrer, I went down to the barn 'bout five o'clock to feed. It was jest gettin' day and comin' up the road was somethin' a-moanin' and a-groanin' and howlin' now 'n then to beat the Dutch. If they'd 'a' been any 'sylums in this end of the Turritory I'd 'a' said one of the loonys had 'scaped. Anyhow I laid hand on a pitchfork and went out to see. It was him. He musta had on his black Sunday suit when he started from whur he come from, but he had tore it to smash on barb wire and bushes and he had wallered it in

mud till he looked like he'd been diggin' a well and got caved in. I thought he's starved, he's so thin, and rustled him up to the house, with him a-jabberin' away tryin' to tell me all about it. I knowed he'd been out all night in the rain, so I had the old woman put him to bed and got him dried out and fixed up, but, by heck, eatin' hain't filled him out none. He's jest nachelly skinny. He kept tryin' to tell us things all the time, but I knowed they wuz only lies about his runnin' away and we couldn' understand none of it nohow. He acted mighty nice about everything up till then, but when I give him an old suit of Bud's overalls and a hickory shirt to put on I thought he'd have a connip-tion on the spot. You'd 'a' thought they wuz pizin. Says I:

"See here, you durn little skunk, you come here of your own choosin', now you can go of my choosin', and I dumps him out the front door on his ear, but he give one look around the prary. It ain't so thick with settlers yit as to be sociable-lookin'. He come back beggin' so pitiful that ma says to me:

"Sam, don't be crool. The pore boy 'pears kind a weak-minded; s'pose we keep him a little while anyways."

"All right, ma," says I, "but he's gotta arn his salt. Jes' let him lay round the

house to-day and we'll see about him ter-morrer."

"Bud and me was puttin' in corn over on the tuther side the crick, and when we left the house he was still actin' loony, tryin' to talk and makin' signs and pointin' to hisself. When we come in to dinner he had ma and Luce and Mimey all worked up. He'd got my chalk and a piece of paper and made music on it and was tryin' to tell somethin' about it. He 'peared to be just itchin' to git away and yit a-skeered to go. He wouldn't let 'em rest a minnit follerin' 'em around from the milk-house to feedin' the calves and botherin' them till ma took him by the neck and shuck him good and set him down on the front porch in a chur."

"There he set all afternoon, runnin' his skinny white hands through his hair, moanin' and groanin' and lookin' off crost the land Uncle Sam give us year 'fore last."

"That evenin' I put in durn near an hour tryin' to talk to him and make somethin' out of his signs, for, by heck, he made motions from his knee jint's up and couldn' keep his hands still when his mouth was open, any more'n Doll can hold her tail still in fly time. Ma said mebbe he had St. Vituses dance, but I'd seen dagos and greasers talk before and I says it's jest their way of livin'."



"Ma took him and set him down on the front porch in a chur."



"Can you sing?" asked Fred."

"He slept and et all right and next mornin' I gits him up at daylight, makes him put on the everyday duds I'd give him, and took him down to the barn and give him a dung fork to clean out the stalls. And him, he purtended he'd never seen no sech thing before, 'deed he did, boys, and when I made him start in he dropped the fork, begun kissin' his own hands and cryin', and then run out of the barn. I jing, I took down a blacksnake and went after him, but I met him comin' back. He'd seen the mud in the road, I reckon. Down he went on his knees huggin' my legs and almighty prayin' for me not to make him work, I s'pose. I took a good hold on the blacksnake and pint's first to the barn and then to the road. He kinda thought a minnit, then he stood up straight, and durned if he wasn't purt near as big as me, and he walks right into that barn like a little man.

"When I come in to dinner, dog-goned if he hadn' cleaned up them stalls spick and span, and Luce said he was bound to wash

them and the mangers too, with soft-soap suds, but she'd stopped him. When he got through he'd made a stagger fer the chur on the front porch and dropped down like he's goin' to die. His hands was blistered kinda bad and he was plumb wore out. Jest from slingin' that fork, what d'ye think of that? I seen he's willin' from that time on, but he is wuthless and weak as a kitten, though they hain't no denyin' he's smart in some ways like larnin' the names of things. Ma and the girls larnt him a lot in one day startin' in with 'cat' and 'dog' and 'broom' and the like. So I been lettin' him take it easy, only workin' him nine or ten hours a day round the place, fixin' up the barn, mendin' the gate, makin' the garden, and helpin' the girls, but I'm goin' to take him out with me and Bud tomorrow. Reckon I been sayin' that most every day.

"He kinda give up tryin' to tell me any lies and didn' do any more cryin', only jest settin' round lookin' sorrowful when he was

tired and lookin' at his hands when he thought nobody was watchin' and shakin' his head.

"Couple nights after he come Dan Spence and his folks driv down and Buck Blake and his folks come over. They was all crazy to see him and they all tried to talk to him, but, great shakes, it was like tryin' to teach a grown baby to walk and laffin' yourself sick at him. Him a standin' up straight and bowin' and smilin' so perlite as you never see.

"Yes, siree, Bob, I've guessed myself to sleep every night tryin' to make him out. Dan Spence's gal got him to try to tell about hisself, and when he begun makin' some of them same motions like stretchin' out his left arm and workin' the fingers, his head leaned on one side and motionin' crost ways of his left arm with his right hand, May Spence says:

"'Why, Sam, he's a fiddler.'

"'Lawsee, that's it. I thought I knowed that move,' says ma.

"'I tell you what we'll do,' says May Spence when we'd said 'fiddle' and 'dance' and everything like that to him without his 'pearin' to git the drift; 'we'll git up a square dance, Pop and Josey, Luce and Ed, Mimey and Jim Burt, and you and me. Bud kin whistle "Old Dan Tucker." Then he'll understand mebbe if *that's* it.'

"By Kraminy we was blame fools enough to do it and danced to beat the rebs with him a-watchin' and rubbin' his hands through that hair of hisn. By ginger, I'm goin' to fetch him to town and have you put the hoss clip-pers on that head of hisn', Bijé. Anyhow, when we was clean winded he didn' see yit what we was drivin' at.

"'Reckon I was wrong,' says May. 'He don't give no signs. *He's no fiddler.*'

"'Maybe he only hankers after fiddle music,' says Jim Burt.

"'Well, he'll jest have to hanker,' says I right peart.

"They hain't no fiddle in this county I knows of and I ain't goin' to send him off on no jants to find one. If he wants music I reckon he'll have to wait till I go up to town month after next. I hear tell Mike Wakely's got a pianner in his s'loon. I'll take him round there 'fore we come home.

"I jing, I purt near forgot, he's writ a letter a few days ago and when he seen Bud come with the mail the tuther day he 'peared to jest trimble with some kind of feelin'. He's so full of feelin's, we can't never tell

which one's which; anyhow he writ this letter and give it to me. He borried the makin's of it from Mimey, who writes back to my old place in Indianner on foolscap to that feller Hargis. He didn' seal it and I reckon I kin spar the two cents to put on a stamp."

Bulger took the letter gingerly, turned it over and over, and pulled out the closely written sheets.

"Why, Sam, these ain't nothin' but chicken tracks."

"I knowed you'd say that. He-hee-haw! All I kin make out is a couple of figgers and one J in the whole business," answered Pitcher, greatly pleased at Bulger's bewilderment. All the group gathered around to puzzle out the Slavic script.

"Honest Injun, Sam, I can't send *this* for I can't make out where to send it *to*. Don't know whether to put it in the West sack or the East sack."

"Now, ain't that too bad. He seemed so set on it. Mebbe it's to his mother," said Pitcher gravely.

"I tell you what I'll do," replied Bulger; "I'll keep it here. They is a Jew traveling man that talks Dutch coming Thursday, two weeks; mebbe he can make it out. And so that your dago won't fret about his letter, you purtend you sent it."

When Sam Pitcher drove toward home in the buckboard that evening and was still quite two miles from the house he found, sitting by the roadside, the incomparable Kousna in his overalls, waiting patiently with a light of expectancy in his eyes and a new color in his white face. Pitcher nodded his head and smiled in response to the eager question of which he could not understand the words, and the questioner was so overjoyed he could hardly settle himself into the seat on the buckboard that Pitcher moved over to make.

After that he seemed happier and more contented. It was plain he was growing stronger, was filling out, and he seemed to be waiting for something with ill-contained eagerness. Also he was picking up many phrases of speech, yet whenever he attempted to tell anything concerning himself English words failed him utterly.

However, the weekly trips for the mail brought Kousna nothing and Sam Pitcher's conscience troubled him sorely about the letter; also Mrs. Sam Pitcher, who was more in sympathy with their "new hand" than any

of the others, had become convinced that he was hankerin' for "fiddle music" and she made her declaration one day:

"Sam, I won't be cool to nobody. You just got-ta take him up and let him hear that pianner feller at Mike Wake-ly's play some chunes."

A full week before he intended so to do Sam hitched up the buckboard, and with Mrs. Sam in a freshly starched blue calico at his side and the great Kousna, slight but now stalwart, in his patched and brushed "black Sunday suit," sitting down in the back, his feet dangling above the dust of the road, drove into the little town that had sprung up in the rush to the reservation opened two years before. It was nearly noon when they got there over the frightful roads and it was four o'clock before Sam Pitcher had finished his selling and buying and his crop talk. Then while the weary Mrs. Sam sat outside

dozing in the buckboard, Sam took the Kousna, with all his day's pent-up uncertainty, expectation, and eagerness, in to see "the pianner feller in Wakely's."

That apathetic personage—they called him Fred, never more, never less—sat thumping on the old square piano the interior of which had

been so often flooded with spilled beer and was still so littered with ashes and cigar straps that its timbre was like unto that of a wash boiler. Fred paused, lit a fresh cigarette from which the sickly odor of opium curled

up oppressively, and then began afresh his monotonous refrain about the good old summer time.

Kousna had clasped his hands in intense agitation at the sound of the piano as the buckboard drew up in front of the place, but when he entered the barnlike room and saw and heard fully he sank down on a chair by the door and buried his head in his hands. Pitcher with kindly tolerance stood by looking from the piano player to Kousna, rejoicing in the good deed he had done, for he really thought Kousna was greatly affected by the music. In that he was right.

After a space of ten minutes in which the piano had said good-bye to Sue and

told the sad story of the lad in the suit of blue, Fred stopped, and going out to the bar drew himself a schooner of beer.

"This feller here's purty good on music—I reckon," observed Pitcher, pointing with his thumb to the wretched Kousna as Fred returned and took his seat.



"Out through the soft silence sped a sweet simple air of his own valley."



"Sam Pitcher read the text accompanying it."

"Yes?" sighed Fred.

"He's workin' for me. He's some kind of a dago."

"Ah-ha," yawned Fred.

There were many visitors to Wakely's who were "musicians" and Fred was accustomed to them.

"Does he sing any?" he asked with an effort.

"Never heard him, mebbe he kin," said Pitcher, hopefully taking Kousna by the shoulder and leading him over to the piano.

"Can you sing?" asked Fred, shutting the eye against the smoke on the side of his face from which the cigarette drooped and casually surveying Kousna from head to foot with the other, as he played chords with a little flourish in the right hand. This was Fred's best show in technic.

Kousna, if he understood, signified he could not sing.

"Play?" Fred swept his hand generously toward the split and yellowed ivory keys.

Kousna shook his head violently at the prospect and protested with his hands.

"Reckon he ain't *much* on music," said Fred out of the side of his mouth to Pitcher, who looked deeply embarrassed. "Do you know the 'Last Rose of Summer'?"

"No know," said Kousna.

"'Mississippi Rag' or 'Hussar's March'?"

Kousna did not.

"'Sailing, Sailing'? 'Banks of the Wash'-bash'? 'My Old Kentucky Home'?"

The mention of these did not waken a response in the strained face. Fred thought a minute. He must try something foreign since Kousna was a dago.

"How about the 'Mar-sails'?"

Kousna deprecated.

"Mister Pitcher, your dago musician is a

jake," said Fred with as much emphasis as he ever used.

"Reckon he is," assented Pitcher sheepishly. Then after a moment he added: "S'pose you ain't a-skeerd to stay here with him while I go back to James & Tuggers for some ile I left behind?"

"Nope," said Fred, and Pitcher went out. Kousna watched the door close behind the farmer, and when after a moment Fred went in to the bar to draw himself more beer, he shot a quick glance around the empty room, darted to the piano, and throwing on the soft pedal touched the keys with his stiffened hands. It was only a little study he had learned to play years before, when his masters did not know that he had in him the material for one of the world's greatest violinists.

Despite the jangle of the old piano, it sounded like the harmony of the angels to his hungry ears. He had fully abandoned himself and forgotten where he was when he was shocked by the crash of falling glass and the splatter of spilled brew. Fred stood in the doorway, his eyes wide and staring.

Kousna flung himself away from the seat, plunged out the door, and startled the drowsy Mrs. Pitcher by clambering into the back of the buckboard and bowing his head between his knees, sobbing as if his heart would break. Sam Pitcher appeared at that moment, gave the huddled figure one contemptuous look, and soon the buckboard was rousing the thick dust to float in the late afternoon sun above the long road home to the farm.

It may be that the artistic spark glimmered into tiny flame in the breast of Fred in the little bit of time that he listened to the old piano speaking as he had never heard it speak before. Yes, it must be that and the haunting picture of the man who had played, weeping from his soul's depths as the buckboard went down the street. At least it is known that when Spence was in town a week later and at Wakely's, Fred asked many, many questions about the dago and ended by saying, "I been thinkin' an awful lot about him lately."

Back at the farm any glamour he might have possessed for the family or neighbors now had fallen from Kousna. He was driven in the harvest season early and late and, as Sam Pitcher admitted, "He put *near* arned his board and clothes."

He was very silent and held aloof from all with a pride they could not understand. The

only moment of enthusiasm in his routine was in the arrival of the weekly mail, and it was followed by a corresponding depression.

Whether he realized that he was about to be engulfed by circumstances I cannot say, and the world does not know; in fact this is the first that the world has ever heard about this actual happening.

Exhausted, he dragged himself to his make-shift bed at night and wearily he rose in the morning to stagger through another day. Soon the farm event, thrashing day, drew on, and from dawn he had tossed sheaves with the men of the region gathered to help Sam Pitcher. The slow dark of a summer night was closing down when the hum of the engine ceased and the roar of the thrasher sounded not again. The women were laughing about the house preparing the final "snack," and by the pump under the windmill the weary men were washing off the clinging dust of the wheat. Far away across the prairie appeared a cloud of dun on the line of the road and it came nearer and nearer. At last from the center of it emerged the outline of an old white horse and a spring wagon.

"Tain't nobody coming *here*. No rig I know," said Lucy Pitcher, pausing an instant.

But the white horse and spring wagon turned in at the gate and an abashed man dressed in a shoddy best climbed down and came toward the house. Under his arm was a parcel wrapped in red calico.

"I jing!" roared Spence. "If it hain't Fred. What in damnation you doin' way down here, Fred?"

The other men were coming around the house and the women were grouping on the porch.

Fred seemed at a loss for a moment, but said:

"Oh, I just come down to see Sam Pitcher."

"Durn glad to see you. Come right in and git your legs under the table," said Pitcher heartily as he came forward wiping his hands. "Wish you had your pianner in your pocket."

"I wanta see that dago of yourn a minnit first, Sam," said Fred, uncomfortable at being the center of gaze of forty pairs of eyes. Bud Pitcher urged Kousna forward.

"Howdy, mister," said Fred, his eyes on the ground. "I been thinkin' a lot 'bout you lately and I went down to town last Sunday and borried *this* for you for a week."

Kousna's hands felt what was beneath the cloth. He tore off the covering with a wild cry of joy. An old and sadly worn violin!

Like lightning the fingers, calloused with toil, touched the pegs and tuned the strings. Then he threw the heel under his chin and drew the bow. Out through the soft silence of the summer night, in harmony with the choir of his little folks of the grass, sped a sweet simple air of his own valley beneath the shadow of the Carpathians. Cumbersome as were the hands that had done Sam Pitcher's bidding for months, they moved like flame as in another moment he swept into a triumphal improvisation that dazzled the crude minds of those who heard. But they listened and still they listened.

At last the bow paused and Kousna, bowing his head, encompassed the instrument in his arms.

Sam Pitcher stepped forward and raised his face so that the last light of the west struck it fairly. Said he:

"Boys, I been a durn fool. I reckon we *all* been gol-blame ijits. Pass the hat."

The eminent critics in the boxes were uneasy and exchanged furtive glances with each other at the opening concert of the New York season of the great Kousna. If he played with a new vitality and human understanding,

there was also a woful depreciation in finish. Also, strange as it seemed, his manager had no new photographs taken of his hands for the Sunday newspapers. But, with time, everything that was lost came back and Kousna was greater than ever.

Furthermore, the good Herr Herkemeyer, director of the orchestra in Omaha, was greatly astounded when on a visit to New York long after, he having proposed to Kousna to give just one concert in Omaha, the genius shouted:

"Omaha! That is beyond St. Louis. Go away! Leave me! Get out! Go! Go! Go!" and seemed to be gravely frightened.

Out on the prairie the ripples Kousna had raised subsided after the day Sam Pitcher put him aboard the train in his brushed and mended black suit which had seen only Sunday service. There was never anything after that save Spence once saw a big picture of a shock-headed, dreamy youth in a Chicago newspaper that strayed his way, and when Sam Pitcher read the text accompanying it all he could say was:

"Well, by Gosh Amighty!"

"Fer the lan's sake!" said Mrs. Pitcher.

The yellowed print, framed by Sam's own hands, hangs to-day in the Pitchers' parlor.

INDIAN SUMMER

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHEN Eve grew old,
How many a time she must have dreamed and dreamed
Of her lost Eden with gardens all of gold,
And Springtide winds that whispered low, and streamed
Quietly through the dim, hushed afternoon,
And, gray and sad, wept for her vanished June,
Until some thought of her lost paradise
Lighted her old, old eyes.

So now the Year,
Banished from her young Joy and fragrant hours,
Grown feeble with much longing, sad and sere,
Dreams once again of gardens white with flowers;
And as she turns to brood upon the past,
Weary, autumnal now and old at last,
Upon her face there shines the golden glow
Of June lost long ago.

BELOW PAR

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX



THE great man glanced at the card his secretary handed him, with instant recognition. "Show him in," he said, and, letting the card fall, smiled, looking down through his window at the city and the river, far beneath.

High in his office, under the roof of the skyscraper, like an eagle in his eyrie, there were more points of resemblance between the king of birds and Causabon than the mere situation of stronghold. There was the beaklike nose, the ruddy folds of flesh beneath the chin, and, above all, the trick of cocking his eye downward, with a seeking, considering gaze. But he looked up sharply enough as the door opened and the visitor stepped hesitatingly into the office.

If Fate had consciously selected him as such, the clergyman could not have looked more the opposite of the financier. He was pale, scholarly, provincial. He was narrow where Causabon was broad—head, neck, shoulders, and middle—and broad where Causabon was narrow, that is to say, between the eyes. He held his head down, and looked up with an intense, eager, half-defiant glance; and the great man, with chin lifted, surveyed him leisurely.

"Mr. Menken, I believe," he said, nodding. "Have a chair." The visitor sat down, his silk hat carefully balanced upon his knees.

"Well, sir," said Causabon, "what can I do for you?"

Perplexity and resentment showed in the visitor's face. "I think you understand that, from my letter. You answered it by sending for me. I supposed you had something to say to me."

"Quite so," said Causabon. He looked

surprised, but appreciative at the acuteness with which the conversation had been put where it belonged. "I have your letter here." He took up an open sheet of paper which lay upon the table and waved it lightly to and fro between his large finger and thumb. "I turn down upward of a thousand such letters a year," he said, in his pleasant conversational tone. "I've been doing it, or the office has for me, for the last twenty years. Your letter, Mr. Menken, isn't different at all from the rest of them, except that most, when they want money from me, for what they call charity, don't call me names. Yet I confess these letters, for the last year or two, have rather aroused my curiosity. I've been thinking about them a good deal. And when yours came in, the other day, I thought I'd have you in, to get the point of view, so to speak, of one of the thousand. What I want to know is this: Why, when all of you feel, what you have expressed so frankly—that I'm such a sinner, and my money made by such damnable methods—do you want to have anything to do with it?"

"Money!" said the minister quickly, as if he had got the answer by heart, "money is a mere medium of exchange, a force, like electricity; it's potential power. It's the purposes for which it is spent that make it good or evil. I don't see how it can, in itself, be contaminated. In my hands, some of that which has been taken from the poor of the world who earned it, will be returned to them."

"I see," said Causabon slowly, his large mobile lips apart, as if drinking in the statement; "that's why you're at liberty to call me down so loud and long, and yet, at the same time, strike me for charity, eh?"

"I'm not a hypocrite, Mr. Causabon," said the clergyman calmly. "I can't help

saying what's true, and the man that has led the life you have ought to thank God for the opportunity of giving to God's people."

"I see," said Mr. Causabon again. "I begin to get your point of view. Now perhaps you'll do me the honor of hearing mine." Sitting back in his swivel chair, he fixed his eyes on the man before him with the calm glare of an animal regarding its prey. "I believe that every man has a right to what he can earn, no more, no less; and for that reason I have never given to charity to salve my conscience—and I'm not going to do it now."

Mr. Menken stared with surprise and disappointment. Causabon scarcely repressed a smile.

"But I'll tell you what I am going to do," he added, and his slow, smooth tone betrayed no trace of cynicism; "I'm going to make you a proposition." He tapped the arms of his chair with a click of finger nails that sounded like the whetting of claws. "I'll give you the chance to make money for your own charity. I'll give you a tip on the market."

The clergyman sat bolt upright and gripped his chair tensely.

"Mr. Causabon—!" he began.

"Why, it's a simple enough proposition," said the financier pleasantly.

"But do you mean to say that you would expect me to gamble for money—me?"

"Why not?" said Causabon. "According to your own words, it doesn't matter how the money comes, so long as it goes in the right direction."

"Mr. Causabon," the other cried, in a high, excited voice, "you maliciously misquote me. What I said was that the actual coin remained untainted."

"You said," replied Causabon, checking off on his fingers, "that it was the purpose for which the money was spent that made it good or evil. Can you imagine a better purpose than the one you have in mind?" He watched his man. The clergyman's lips opened and closed. His eyes drooped. Causabon followed him up.

"There's a good old maxim of the church," he remarked casually, "that the end justifies the means."

Mr. Menken stared fixedly at the financier for a few seconds, then suddenly arose and walked to the window, where he stood for several minutes looking off at the distance. Then he turned to Causabon.

"Suppose," he said slowly, with a dry

tongue, "suppose I didn't accept the tip, as you call it. Would some one else put in the money and win—what I might?"

Causabon did not smile. "A good thing like this doesn't go a-begging very long," he replied.

"There doesn't seem to be much difference, then, between that and taking your money."

"Not much," said Causabon, biting his lip.

"You put in the money and you'll keep on gambling. But I—" He hesitated.

"You," said Causabon, "you'll put it into charity."

"But I can't afford to risk the money," Mr. Menken said faintly.

"I'll guarantee that you won't lose by it. You'll be safe! As for what you may make"—Causabon peered with a dry smile at the other's eager, half-frightened face—"well, that we never know." He waited, disinterestedly, as if to leave his visitor perfect freedom of choice.

The clergyman looked into his silk hat as if, like a well, he hoped to find truth at the bottom of it, then at Causabon. "How much would it take?" he asked.

"As much as you care to put up. The more you invest, the more you make. You needn't have it out for more than a week. What do you say? Take it or leave it! But that's all I can do for charity."

"I'll take it."

"Good!" Causabon's hand reached for an electric button on his desk, then paused. "Wait a minute," he said. "There's one more thing on your side of the bargain. I'm giving you confidential information. You understand it's not to be mentioned to anyone. You will be sure of that?"

"Oh, quite sure!" the other gasped.

"Ah! All right." Causabon touched the bell.

II

THE Rev. Mr. Menken reached his home in Hackensack that evening through a drizzling rain. He had turned his back on the great and gleaming city, but the excitement of the adventure he had just undertaken there had left its reflection upon his face. Even the aspect of factory chimneys, seen through a medium of cold, gray mist, failed to dampen his elation. He looked with a smile at the familiar, ugly streets and houses, at the signs of poverty and sordid struggle for existence,



"I'll give you the chance to make money for your own charity."

as if they were an illusion which he could cause to disappear with a wave of his hand. Even the chilly front of the parsonage did not daunt him.

His wife met him in the narrow, ill-lit entrance hall. Her dark eyes, usually so placidly patient, traveled over him with a wondering, half-startled look. "Is anything the matter, Henry?" she asked.

"Matter? Not that I know of."

"You look as if something had happened." The little woman anxiously took hold of his arm. "I hope it isn't anything disagreeable in the church!"

"What makes you suppose it is disagreeable?" he demanded uneasily. "It was quite the contrary—very excellent, in fact." A smile of retrospective satisfaction pursed his lips.

"What is it?" said his wife eagerly.

He looked at her with a start, as if he had just realized how near he had come to telling. "Oh, nothing, nothing," he said hastily.

Her face showed increasing perplexity and

wonder. "But you said that something was most excellent!"

"Nothing of practical importance, I mean," said Mr. Menken desperately. "I went—to the musical service—at St. Bardolph's—this afternoon. It was most inspiring."

"Oh!" said his wife, with a falling inflection.

"You should have heard it, dear," said Mr. Menken nervously. He enlarged upon his theme, as he followed her into the dining room. In point of fact he had been an auditor at the service, and he seized upon this explanation as a legitimate means of allaying her curiosity. But, when they were opposite each other at table, he saw she was not listening to his words; she was studying his face—she was watching his gestures, which were random and restless. He tried to subdue himself to his wonted demeanor; tried to screen himself behind a flow of talk, asking her questions of the parish news of that day. But his feverish buoyancy kept breaking out at inopportune moments in spite of himself.

"Henry," she said, at last, laying down her puddling spoon, "you know you are keeping something from me."

Mr. Menken regarded his wife with such alarm as the saints might have shown in the face of their tempters. "Mary!" he remonstrated.

"You're not yourself!" she insisted; "you can't deceive me."

"Deceive you!" the Rev. Mr. Menken echoed, his alarm giving place to indignation. "Because I come home in an unusually happy frame of mind, you conclude that something disagreeable has happened; and when I can't immediately unfold to you what is in my thought, you accuse me of deceiving you! Is it reasonable? Is it kind?" And, leaving his wife crushed by this circumstantial statement of the case, he rose abruptly from the table.

Mrs. Menken called after him to detain him as he went out into the hall, but he replied that he had an engagement upon some church matters, and hurried out of the house. It was the second subterfuge he had resorted to within the hour, and yet he seemed to have been forced into both.

He hastened along the street with an excitement that did not abate as he proceeded, as if he were trying to escape not only from his wife, but from himself, trying to walk off and leave behind him the bursting consciousness of his secret. But in spite of the rain and the darkness and long solitary walking, it seemed only to increase. It looked out of his eyes and showed in every line of his enlivened face, as if his brain were not large enough to contain it all—his great daring in the name of the church, the transaction in the city, and the thrilling possibilities that might follow. He began to look wistfully at the lighted windows of houses he knew, and, presently, though he had seemed to follow streets at random, and turn corners haphazard, he found himself walking down the street upon which stood the house of his great friend, Samuel Strout, the chief pillar of the church.

He hesitated at the gate; then, with an effort, went resolutely on, walking slowly round the block. The second time he did not falter, but, with the compressed lips of a man who feels that he has finally mastered himself, went up the steps and rang the bell.

He found Strout in the library, his large body luxuriously relaxed in an armchair, his

stockinged feet to the fire. His expansive presence was a genial relief to Mr. Menken's overstrung nerves and the coffee which was presently brought in stimulated him with a sense of power and importance. The conversation turned comfortably upon the weather, then on Strout's new setter pup that lay between them on the rug, then on through the reform movement in local politics to the influence of the church in their community. From this it was only a step to the needs of the church. Strout took it.

"How did things go in New York?" he inquired. "Get any subscriptions?"

Mr. Menken fidgeted. "N-no," he said.

The other leaned sharply at his excited face and the tense pose of his angular figure. "Hope nothing went wrong over there," he observed.

"Wrong?" Mr. Menken rapped out irritably. "Do I look as if something was wrong?"

"Well, not in the sense of sin," his friend replied, with a fat chuckle, "but you do look upset, for a fact. Don't recollect ever to have seen you look more worried!"

Mr. Menken looked forward abruptly. "What would you think," he said slowly and impressively, "if I should tell you it was something good?"

Strout's eyes widened with curiosity.

"Something for a good end," Mr. Menken went on, with increasing excitement, "for an end that is sacred, but something in itself so extraordinary that I had never dreamed of doing such a thing in my life!"

Strout sat upright. "Menken," he said ponderously, "this sounds serious. I'm glad you came to me so quickly for advice."

Mr. Menken looked awkward. "But, Strout," he said weakly, "you know I esteem your advice upon every point, but this particular case is a piece of secular business, and the fact is, I can't tell you."

Strout's mouth opened slightly in astonishment. "Not tell," he echoed, "not tell me! Why— But—" He gathered himself together with an effort. "Why, Menken, I may say I never heard that from you before. It hurts me a good deal."

"But I have promised not to tell anyone," Mr. Menken protested, "and I can't break my promise."

Strout looked at the minister with all the injury of balked curiosity. "Well, don't if you don't want to," he declared. "I ain't

the man to pry into other folks' secrets, and if you think you can't trust me——"

"It isn't that," Mr. Menken wretchedly explained, "but I have what they call inside information, and it's a point of honor among business men"—he broke off horrified to find that he had half told his secret already.

on by these arguments. Perhaps he only used them as an excuse for the passion of revelation that consumed him. However that might be, in the course of a few minutes their chairs were drawn close together, and his transaction in the market passed from his lips to the astonished ears of his friend.



"It looks like tempting the devil."

"Oh, if that's it"—Strout caught at it eagerly—"that's a good rule among business men, but what has it got to do with us? I ain't a business man. I ain't in a position to take advantage of information or to be interested one way or another. What would be the harm in telling me? You've almost told me already."

Perhaps the Rev. Mr. Menken was led

That good man was honestly shocked. "But it's gambling," he cried, and with a sudden turn of thought he added, "Suppose you should lose it?"

"It's perfectly safe in this case," Mr. Menken explained. "He guaranteed that the stock is safe, and he must know. He may have something to do with it himself."

Strout looked in a measure impressed by

the importance of Causabon's name as an adviser, but still he shook his head. "It looks dangerous to me, Menken. It looks like tempting the devil."

"But," Mr. Menken argued, "if I had not, some other man with an unworthy end in view would have bought what stock I now hold. It is only rescuing a little money from a bad purpose for a good one. And think of how much we need it. Think of the church!"

A sharp rap at the door startled them apart guiltily, like conspirators. It was Mrs. Strout who entered. She was a thin, long-waisted woman with a narrow, abutting chin, and cold gray eyes set close together. She looked sharply at the two men, greeted the minister in a penetrating voice, and carried out the coffee tray with one backward glance at her husband.

The two men looked at each other a little constrainedly. "There is something in what you say," Strout remarked, taking up the conversation again with an effort. "Yet it is a perilous undertaking, and I can't say that I think it's right for a minister. What would the congregation think?"

"But you won't mention it to anyone, not even the elders," Mr. Menken reminded him anxiously, as he rose to go.

"Make yourself comfortable," the other reassured him. "I agree with you that, for fear of misapprehension of motive, it should go no farther."

As the clergyman passed through the hall on his way out he thought he caught a glimpse of a woman's head peering over the banisters.

The following morning Mr. Strout stopped Mr. Menken on his way to the guild meeting. "By the way, what was the name of the stock you invested in?" he inquired. His ponderous manner had a trace of embarrassment.

Mr. Menken told him.

"I see by the paper that it's rising," said the other cautiously. "I trust all will turn out for the best."

That afternoon the sewing circle met at the Menkens'. On such occasions Mrs. Strout was at her best. Her compressed and angular figure, her high-bridged nose and bristling curls eclipsed Mrs. Menken's mild plumpness and made her if not the official, at least the actual queen of the occasion. Her eyes had a gleam of extra sharpness as she sat down beside Mrs. Willing, who was as harmless a creature as woman can be, and be inquisitive. Conversations at the sewing circle were sel-

dom so long or so evidently interesting as the one these two enjoyed that day, sitting together on the edge of the sofa, now and then covertly glancing at their hostess. When at last they separated and mingled with other conversations, something of their interest gradually became diffused through the room, and Mrs. Menken became a center for looks, some shocked, some amused, all of them curious. She was unaware of them. She seemed to have a preoccupation of her own. A wrinkle was between her gentle brows. She was less attentive to her guests than usual, and her manner was discussed among them, together with something else in much lower voices, after the sewing circle had broken up, and in groups of twos and threes they were hurrying down the street.

Mrs. Willing left them at the corner of Main Street, to drop into her husband's office on her way uptown; and Miss Jones changed her mind about going home to tea with Mrs. Strout, and crossed the street to call on Myra Billing, who had been absent from the sewing circle on account of a heavy cold.

The members of Mr. Menken's congregation were not unusually supplied with any more entertaining subjects for conversation than the rest of the town, but all at once they seemed to have acquired a special interest in what was going on about them. Items that seemed trivial to outsiders were remarked with interest—that Mr. Menken had gone to New York that morning; that Mrs. Menken had had red eyes when she came to the Helping Hand Guild that afternoon; that yesterday the minister had spent the evening at the Strouts'; and then, in lowered voices, stray sentences were repeated that had inexplicably reached Mrs. Strout's ears, though she had not been in the library; and finally, that Mr. Menken had gone to New York again.

They watched him, some with disapproval, some with sympathy, some with admiration, but all with keenest interest. As the week advanced, Mr. Menken's high elation had declined to nervous expectancy, and his congregation in their turn reflected his change of mood. Never had his movements excited so much interest, nor his word been so attentively listened to, and once he was obliged to extricate himself from a conversation with Mr. Willing which had drifted toward the subject of stocks and Wall Street.

The Sunday following his transaction in the Street, the attendance at church was full.



"That afternoon the sewing circle met."

His parishioners nodded, and glanced meaningfully at one another as if to say, "How appropriate!" when the clergyman gave out the text. He spoke on the beauty of giving rather than receiving. He spoke with unusual energy and conviction, his face flushed, his thin hair tossed on his forehead, and the congregation listened with rapt attention as if he had been a visiting divine of renown. Congratulations were plenty when he came down after the service. Strout observed that the discourse seemed to have reached a responsive chord in the entire parish.

Only the clergyman's wife did not share in the general enthusiasm. She had not questioned her husband since that first evening, nor had he nor any other given her any information, and her eyes still kept their perplexed anxiety.

"The sermon was a triumph," she said, as she and her husband were walking home from church, "and now it is over, I hope you'll be easier in your mind. It isn't the address you

have to make before the convention, to-morrow, that's troubling you, is it?"

Mr. Menken looked up in startled recollection, as if far from troubling him, the Brooklyn convention had entirely slipped his mind. It would keep him away all of Monday.

"Nothing is troubling me," he said, but he dropped his high exultation and was irritable and moody all that evening.

He had to leave on an early train, but in spite of his haste, he found time, before he went, to instruct his wife that if any telegrams should come, she was immediately to telephone to him in Brooklyn; and when he reached home again, that evening, his first words were to inquire if any message had been received. There had been none. Mr. Menken seemed both relieved and disappointed. He looked so worn that his wife did not wake him at the usual time on Tuesday morning, and he was still asleep at the unheard-of hour of ten, when the servant came upstairs, to say

that Mr. Strout was in the library waiting to see the minister.

Mr. Menken hurried into his clothes with anxious haste, and, but half awake, hastened to the library. Strout was walking up and down the room with rapid steps, his tie was under one ear, his frock coat was unbuttoned and flapping, and the newspaper he held in his hand was so tightly clinched that it was crushed into a wisp in his fist.

He whirled about as the minister came into the room, and Mr. Menken stopped in dis-

Mr. Menken read. He read it twice before the figures brought any meaning to his mind.

"Why—why!" he stammered in piteous bewilderment.

"Yes!" Strout roared, "the bottom's dropped out of it!"

"But it's impossible! He said it was safe—safe!" Mr. Menken's voice rose to a wail of despair.

"Then he lied!" Strout brought his fist down on the table. "Five hundred dollars—every damned cent I put in, I've lost!"



"What figures they cut, they were too distracted to care."

may at the sight of his colleague's face. It was pale, and set in forbidding lines, under wild, upstanding tufts of gray hair. The sight of Mr. Menken for a moment seemed to deprive him of speech. Then, "You—you—you!" he stammered, "tell me what this means!" and advanced upon the clergyman, shaking the newspaper.

"Brother Strout!" Mr. Menken expostulated, involuntarily stepping back.

"Don't brother me!" the other shouted. "Look at that! Read that!" His fat forefinger pointed to a column, to a number.

"Every cent you put in!" Mr. Menken cried; "what were you doing in it?"

"I guess I'd as much right in it as you!" the other man retorted furiously. "What harm could it have done to me? What harm could it have done to any of us, if it hadn't been a crooked deal!"

"Any of us?" Mr. Menken echoed, with a sharp movement toward his elder. "What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what he means," said a husky voice behind them.

Turning, the clergyman saw the burly form



"I am not defending my husband."

of Mr. Willing in the doorway. His face was dark red and his little blue eyes were snapping.

"He means me," Willing said, "and he means Peters, the drug clerk, and he means old Miss Jones, who has put all her income in, not a penny spared, and the Billings with six kids to keep—God knows how they'll get through the winter! You, our minister! You—our shepherd! You've deceived us and led us all astray!"

Mr. Menken, white as paper, turned to Strout. "Did you tell him?" he said, pointing a trembling finger at Willing.

Strout's mouth opened and shut, but no sound escaped him.

"His wife told my wife," Willing spoke up roughly. Shame and humiliation were in his eye, but he brazened it out. "If you didn't want anyone to know, what business had you to tell yourself in the first place?"

"My God!" said Mr. Menken. He put his hand to his forehead.

"Henry!" his wife called, in a horrified voice. She pushed past Mr. Willing, and ran to where her husband stood. "Oh, Henry! Are you ill?"

He shook her hand off his arm. "It isn't true! It can't be! There's some mistake!" he said wildly. "Get my hat, Mary! Get my coat!" And still clutching the newspaper in his nerveless hand, he felt rather than saw his way out into the hall. To his wife's entreaties that he would lie down, that he would tell her what had happened, he answered in the same high, excited voice, "I must go to New York! I'm going to New York!"

"I shall go with you, then," she insisted.

But he paid no attention, neither remonstrance nor acceptance, and, seizing his hat and coat, hurried headlong out of the house. She followed him, pinning her hat on as she went.

What figures they cut, as they hurried through the town, they were too distracted to care. On the way over, on the car and the ferry, she got the story out of him, in incoherent sentences. After her first exclamation she did not speak nor offer any comment, though at every fresh step in recital she grew paler, and amazement, incredulity, and anguish were in her eyes. But she only tried to quiet his hysterical excitement, urging him to command himself, to speak lower, until

the elevator let them out at Causabon's eyrie under the roof.

They waited but a few minutes before the person who had received the card Mrs. Menken had handed him returned to ask them to step into Mr. Causabon's office. Mrs. Menken followed in her husband's wake as quiet as a small gray shadow.

Causabon sat tipped back in his chair, his large, smooth-shaven face clear in the full light of the plate-glass windows. His drooping lids lifted slightly with surprise, first at sight of the clergyman's dishevelment, and then at the woman who had followed him. He bent his head in acknowledgment of her presence, but before he could offer her a chair she had drawn one up to the window apart from the two men as if she wanted them to understand that she left them alone.

"Well," said Causabon, turning courteous to the minister.

Mr. Menken was agitated, and hardly coherent. "Mr. Causabon," he said, "I don't understand. I should like to know what this means?" and with shaking finger pointed to a column and a figure in the paper he held in his hand.

Causabon cocked his eye down upon it. "H'm—yes! Below par! I'm afraid the bottom has dropped out of it," he said coolly.

"But you said I shouldn't lose!" the minister cried accusingly.

"Why, so I did," Causabon agreed, "and you're not going to. I always keep my word." He reached for his check book, filled out a blank to the amount of four hundred, tore it off, and held it out to Menken. "That squares you, doesn't it?" he asked, smiling.

The clergyman's face flashed from pure amazement to horrified incredulity at the realization of what was meant.

"But you said—the stock was safe!"

"I said nothing of the sort." Causabon was calm. "I didn't mention the stock. I said I'd guarantee you lost no money."

"But you let me think it was safe—you deceived me!" The minister was working himself into a white rage.

"Well, and what difference does it make which I meant, since you've your money back again? I protected you, and since you're the only one that's in it, what's your kick, eh?"

Mr. Menken looked at the check, started to speak, looked at Causabon, and swallowed convulsively.

"But he is not the only person in it!" said

Mrs. Menken, in her quiet voice, getting up from the chair she had occupied in the window. She came forward and stood beside her miserable husband. "There are the poor people who put their money into it without knowing! Many of them have lost their all!"

Causabon's eyebrows shot up to a peak of sarcasm and astonishment. "So that's it!" he exclaimed. "He did tell!" and the wretched clergyman flinched before the financier's amused scorn. "My dear madam," said Causabon, turning to Mrs. Menken, "your husband gave me his word not to repeat that information. Can you hold me responsible?"

"I am not defending my husband," she said, fixing her dark eyes dauntlessly upon Causabon's face. "He did a very wrong thing when he broke his word, and he did a very wrong thing when he accepted your tip. There is no excuse for him. But he is weak, as you probably saw, and you are strong. He came here asking you to give to the church because you are very rich. You refused, but instead of simply sending him away as you ought to have done, you tempted him."

Causabon's brow shot up again. "I? Tempted? But, my dear madam—!"

"You tempted him," she repeated steadily; "you can deny it, but in your heart you know it as well as I. I know he would never have thought of such a thing if you had not put it into his head. You dare not shift the whole responsibility to his shoulders. You dare not deny the misery of all those people is on your shoulders, as well."

Causabon had risen; his disclaiming expression had disappeared. He was listening attentively, admitting her accusation, by his demeanor accepting it; yet there was a shade of satire in his face.

When she had ceased: "I won't say you're all wrong. Say I tempted your husband. Say I gave him a chance to show that he is like other men, and his congregation suffer for it. Call me the more guilty, and say what you want me to do about it." There was a sly smile in his eyes, as if he guessed what it would be, and his hand moved toward his check book.

But she did not see the motion. "What can you do about it?" Her eyes were fixed upon him in astonishment. "Can you make matters right between those people and their consciences for what they have done? Can you make it right with my husband's soul? Can you take away his shame, or make it

possible for anyone to forget that he broke his word? It's far beyond any of us, now. No one can set that right but God!"

Causabon's hand dropped from the table. A faint red spot appeared upon his forehead.

"As for this," she said, putting her finger on the four-hundred-dollar check left upon the table, "do you think my husband would take that?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Causabon brusquely; "it was in the bargain."

"Even so," she said, "we haven't kept it."

Menken mechanically pushed the check across the table toward the financier.

"Mrs. Menken," Causabon said quickly, "you make it too hard for me!" He stood a

moment, frowning at her—then, as if with a fresh thought, filled out another check and held it toward her.

She read the four figures on the slip of paper, and drew back.

"Oh, no! That is worse! That is more than all of us lost together!"

"It is not for you," he said, smiling, "nor for your husband, nor to square the others. You're to take it in trust, and see that nobody suffers." Then, as she hesitated, looking doubtfully at him: "And it isn't to square my conscience, either, Mrs. Menken," he said. "If it makes you feel any better to know it, nothing can square that with me now, except"—he controlled the twitch of humor on his lips, and ended—"except God."

THE DESERT

By GERTRUDE KING

I AM the pure proud land that hath hearkened to no man's wooing;

I am the virgin land vowed sole to the service of God;

The silence that broods on my hills is my answer to human suing,

And there is the peace on my plains that marks where the Lord hath trod.

I and my sister the Sea, we fret at your insolent creeping:

She decks with a light foam wreath the place of a strong man's rest,

And the dry skull, bleached to silver, where the sated wolf is sleeping

Is a trivial gaud scarce worthy to lie on my proud white breast.

Love you your fat green valleys, the riches of man's long labor?

Love you the foulness of cities, dark with the age's grime?

Find you your gladness warm in the smile and the grasp of your neighbor?

Bide you there with your kin, the plaything of men and of time.

But when kisses have cooled on your lips and your eyes have grown weary of weeping,

When your pitiful loves slink down to the clasp of the eager earth,

Come you and taste of the peace that the guard of my hills is keeping,

Come and learn you the sweetness of silence, the mother of God's own mirth.

He is throned on my crimson hills in a purple meet for His passion;

The hot bright flame of His patience plays over the leper-white plains.

The wonderful sun is His herald, and speaks Him in kingly fashion,

And the golden splendor of midnight is the veil that His glory deigns.

Leave you the joys of green valleys to faint hearts that wait on their sating,

Here in the sweet fresh air the soul is cleansed from its fears,—

Can you bargain with Age the Despoiler—will Time not grow weary of waiting?

But here in the Desert is God, the End and the Crown of the years.

THE FLASH AGE OF NEW YORK

BY JAMES L. FORD



THAT we are traveling just now at a swift, feverish pace, living more extravagantly and luxuriously, gambling more recklessly and for higher stakes, and making history—social, commercial, aggressive, and acquisitive—more rapidly and engraving it in deeper lines than ever before in the history of the country, no one will attempt to dispute. So great, indeed, is our apparent prosperity, so busy are we with our money-making, so eager and lavish in our spending, so luxurious in our tastes, so sure of ourselves, so buoyant of spirit and so complacent over our material progress that we literally have not time to ask, as we go swinging along through the first decade of this new century, when and where this extraordinary period of luxury and avarice, money-getting and money-spending, self-advertisement and hysteria is going to end.

There are a few grizzled and experienced New Yorkers who, even while profiting by and enjoying to the full everything that the present day has to offer, look back now and then with grave thought to another age of speculation, extravagance, and rapid living that preceded this one by about forty years, surpassed in its characteristics anything that the town had previously known, and may be truthfully called the "Flash Age of New York." Like the age in which we live, and which began with the sudden loosening of purse strings that followed the quick and easy victories of the Spanish War, the Flash Age had its inception in carnage, for it was the Civil War, with its attendant curse of inflated money, and the great rise in real and speculative values incidental to both, that gave it birth. But, to treat the subject with the rigid accuracy which it deserves, the Flash Age really began in 1867, at a time when an over-

abundant greenback currency was giving a false and baneful impetus to speculative commerce, when the fortunes easily made during the war, and the loose habits and morals as easily acquired at the same time, were asserting themselves in the social life of the town, and when the illegal naturalization and colonization of voters on a scale previously undreamed of, was laying the foundations of the great and unscrupulous power known as the New York Ring.

It was an age of great crimes against life and property, when cracksmen and other criminals were pointed out as citizens of distinction and when the boast was openly made that "hanging was played out in New York"; an age of cowardly, unsolved murders, of a corrupt judiciary, of bank robberies, of enormous pilfering from the public treasury, of riotous excesses in downtown dives and uptown gambling and dance houses, of shameless obeisance to Tweed and Fisk and the robber bands of the ring and gold market; an age that witnessed the final passing of many ancient social customs—New Year's calling among others—as conservative, well-bred society retreated in the face of the invasion of those Goths and Vandals begotten of the Civil War, who formed the advance guard of the great army of pushers, boosters, climbers, and self-advertisers who are so much in evidence at the present day.

To conceive of New York as it was at the beginning of this exciting and pivotal moment of its history, we must imagine a city devoid of automobiles, hansom cabs, trolley cars, East River bridges, subway and elevated, and depending for uptown and downtown transit on clumsy omnibuses, slow moving horse cars and a fleet of steamboats that plied between Peck Slip and the Harlem River. The city practically stopped at Forty-second Street, north of which were a few dreary blocks

of brownstone houses, scattered through a region of sunken lots, rocky heights covered with squatters' shanties, in some of which could still be found bronze clocks, costly shawls, rings and laces and other remnants of the loot of the draft riots. Trains entering from the north stopped at the site of the present Grand Central Depot and were taken by horse power through the tunnel to the station at Twenty-seventh Street, where the Madison Square Garden now stands. The terminus of the horse railroad on Fourth Avenue was at Thirty-second Street, and the newspapers were clamoring for the paving of Madison Avenue above Forty-second Street and the opening up of the great region lying about that thoroughfare. Lexington Avenue stopped at Sixty-fifth Street; the entire postal business of the town was transacted in an old Dutch church on Nassau Street; the New York Hospital, with its five acres of green-sward shaded by noble forest trees, was a refreshing sight for tired eyes on Broadway at the head of Pearl Street, and there was a skating pond on Fifth Avenue where in later years stood the Windsor Hotel, the first of the strictly modern and ornate hostilities that have since become an integral part of the town and a truthful reflection of its spirit.

The finest hotels of that day were the St. Nicholas, Astor House, Metropolitan, New York, Fifth Avenue, Everett, Brevoort, Clarendon; not one of them gorgeous or luxurious according to latter-day standards, but all famous for generous fare, large rooms, cheerful open fires, and genuine comfort. Many of them could boast of an open court or garden, with a fountain and growing flowers, and each one possessed a landlord of distinct individuality, whose personal qualities attached guests to the house, just as nearly every newspaper of the day could boast of an editor, like Raymond of the *Times*, Bennett of the *Herald*, and Greeley of the *Tribune*, whose writings had a power and individuality that attracted thousands of readers. Nowadays both hotel and newspaper are conducted by corporations and the personal element has been eliminated from both.

And in trying to picture to ourselves the New York of this dead and gone age, we must remember that the history of the town is written in its domestic architecture, which, as the growth has always been in one direction, reveals itself in cross sections like the rings in a forest tree. Downtown, especially along the

water front, a few old Dutch gabled houses still stand. The merchants who made their fortunes by slow, legitimate means before the war, built for themselves plain solid houses of brick, with wide parlors, generous fireplaces, and deep windows, and, in many cases, with stables at the rear of their great back yards. Many of these houses still stand, notably in the neighborhood of Washington Square and lower Fifth Avenue, and not a few remain in the hands of the families that built them. The army contractors and speculators who appeared during and immediately after the war and who had previously lived in humbler quarters of the town, demanded that their new homes should be situated in the then magic circle of fashion, and they much preferred a thin veneering of brown stone to the unpretentious brick of the antebellum age. The new houses were narrower by from five to fifteen feet than the old ones, and were built a dozen or a score at a time in solid blocks, all precisely alike and without a shadow of individuality in any of them. As fast as they were built they were sold or rented and then filled at once with black walnut furniture, a great deal of which was graven with deep lines filled in with gold leaf. The day of solid mahogany doors and fine old furniture of the same incomparable wood, made by real cabinet makers, working with their hands, and not by immigrants treading machinery with their feet, had passed away and in its place had come that of brownstone and black walnut with which the Flash Age stamped its architectural and decorative spirit on the town.

But, like the fortunes which produced them, the "brownstone fronts," as they were called, began to crumble even before the sharp panic of 1873 brought the Flash Age to a sudden end and laid so many commercial reputations low. And now, if we walk up Fifth Avenue, we find innumerable old-fashioned, dignified brick dwellings still standing below Fourteenth Street just as they were before the war; but north of that are evidences of premature decay, followed by rebuilding in modern style. Great business blocks or sky scrapers stand where the sons and daughters of gold brokers, army contractors, and those fortunate Pennsylvania farmers who had "struck oil" once made merry behind their brownstone veneers and amid the splendors of black walnut picked out in gold. Comparatively few of the brownstone dwellings

that still remain enjoy the high estate that once was theirs. They have changed hands a dozen times and as a general thing are given over to lodging and boarding houses. On upper Fifth Avenue we find the costly, solidly built homes which represent the spirit of the present day, just as the brownstone blocks represent that of the more primitive age in which they were built. The new mansions are not built in blocks, as the enlightened domestic architecture of to-day has found it possible to give to each one a certain individuality of its own. As a general thing they have been built or altered by their owners, and the present indications are that both they and the fortunes to which they owe their being will have a long life in the town.

The year 1867 was notable in many ways. The final disbanding of the old Volunteer Fire Department, the year before, had stirred the real heart of the town to its innermost depth, and now two or three huge Broadway fires gave the newly organized paid department a chance to show its mettle and lay the foundation of its present world-wide fame. In February of this year, Peter Stuyvesant's pear tree, planted by the fiery old governor in 1647 at what is now the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street, succumbed to a high wind, as if foreseeing and unwilling to endure the six years of corruption, extravagance, and municipal disgrace that were coming upon the town. And it is quite reasonable to suppose that at the same moment the great Stuyvesant himself turned apprehensively in his grave in St. Mark's churchyard near by. In the same year plans for the Brooklyn Bridge were submitted by Engineer John A. Roebling and accepted; and about this time, too, William M. Tweed, erstwhile foreman of Big Six Engine Company, and an acknowledged power in local politics, was elected state senator and became the center of the group of unscrupulous rascals who subsequently looted the city of countless millions of money. Curiously enough, Tweed's career of robbery not only began with the Flash Age but ended with it, for it was in November, 1873, a very few weeks after the panic had put a sudden and tragic end to that period of extravagance and sin, that he began the expiation of his crimes in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

We of the present day who can view the happenings of the initial year of the Flash Age through the clearer glasses of subsequent history, know that it was in that year that the

widely discussed and greatly feared and fiercely attacked creature of modern high finance, the Trust, had its beginnings. For it was in the early winter of 1867 that Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the great plutocratic dynasty that bears his name, first obtained control of the Hudson River Railroad and a few months later locked horns with Daniel Drew—both men having then passed the age of three score and ten—in their historic struggle for the possession of Erie. And it was in the consolidation of railroad lines that followed, that Mr. Vanderbilt paved the way for the huge combinations of money and competing industries that dominate American commercial life to-day—presenting a problem that no economist has yet been able to solve.

In this connection it is at once instructive and interesting to read what Charles Francis Adams, Jr., had to say on the subject in "A Chapter of Erie" published in the *North American Review* as far back as July, 1869, and at a time when the great railroad man of that day was still building up the enormous system of consolidation and extension which stands as a monument to his ability:

"In this dangerous path of centralization," says Mr. Adams, in speaking of the nullifying of the competition between the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads by obtaining control of both lines, "Vanderbilt has taken the latest step in advance. He has combined the natural power of the individual with the factitious power of the corporation. The famous '*L'état, c'est moi*' of Louis XIV represents Vanderbilt's position in regard to his railroads. Unconsciously he has introduced Caesarism into corporate life. He has, however, but pointed out the way which others will tread. The individual will hereafter be engrafted on the corporation—democracy running its course, and resulting in imperialism; and Vanderbilt is but the precursor of a class of men who will wield within the state a power created by the state, but too great for its control. He is the founder of a dynasty."

There was, of course, a serious side to the Flash Age, one of great material progress, of the extension of old railroad lines and the overbuilding of new ones, of a harbor alive with a great merchant marine sailing to and coming from every corner of the earth and of an enormous expansion of the city itself by way of streets, avenues, and boulevards extending north toward the Harlem River and Westchester County. There were good citi-



THE GRAND DRIVE IN CENTRAL PARK FORTY YEARS AGO

zens in those days—merchants, professional men, publicists, and preachers—who were not without their influence, and there were good women, too, who gave liberally in charity, upheld a decent social standard, and reared their offspring in the fear of God and the law. But, sad as it is to relate it, these were not the ones who set their impress upon the fast-speeding years. I find it difficult to remember even the names of the many upright and just persons who flourished during that period, but I can easily recall fully a score of bank robbers, dive keepers, gamblers, murderers, and political criminals who were familiar figures in the life of the town and known by sight and by name to the whole community.

Tweed, Sweeny, Dick Connolly, and their associates were persons of great prominence, and if the list of those who gave wedding presents to Fanny Tweed or paid homage to the murdered Fisk, lying in state in the Grand Opera House, were published now it would prove a shock to some of the descendants of the men and women who were doing business in the town at that time. Gould never courted notoriety, but did his work like a mole, out of the sight of men. Fisk, however, never forgot

his old peddler days in Connecticut and loved to start his Fall River boats in person, wearing an admiral's uniform and screaming through a huge gilt trumpet. He was fond also of showing himself on Fifth Avenue on fine afternoons in a four-in-hand break, filled with painted and bedizened women, and followed, perhaps, by a quack druggist named Helmbold driving a five-in-hand, while a naïve and awe-struck city gaped and stared. At this time, it must be remembered, two men on the box of a carriage was an unusual sight, and when August Belmont put his servants into livery, *Harper's Weekly* printed their pictures.

It was essentially a gambling age, not only in Wall Street by day but in the uptown streets by night, where everything—saloons, dance houses, gambling halls, and other even more demoralizing resorts—was "wide open." John Morrissey, who had been a prize-fighter and always looked it, with his burly figure, bullet head, and broken nose, kept a house in Saratoga and another in New York, and faro was dealt at 818 Broadway and at the houses of John Daly, Charley Ransom, Charley Walsh, Charley Reed, and many others. Lotteries were conducted openly—I



Barnum's Museum. Trinity Church.

St Paul's Church.

Astor House.

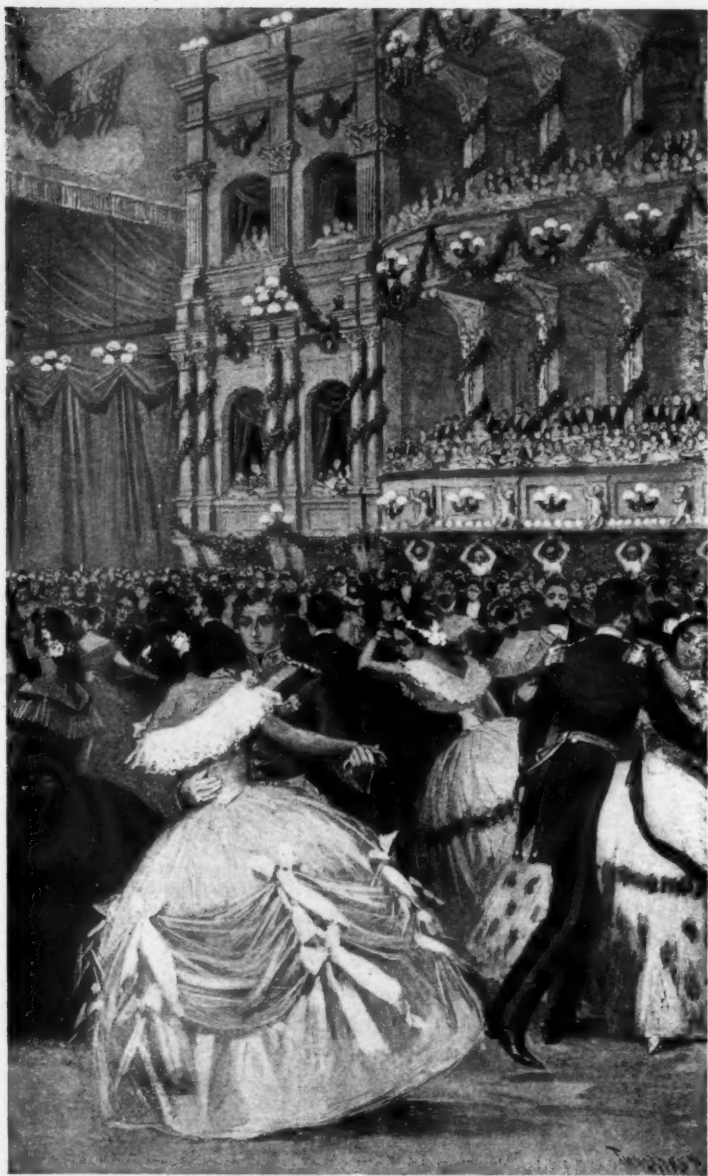
BROADWAY IN 1865, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE ASTOR HOUSE

recall one for a charitable purpose held in the hall of Cooper Union—and, even as late as the night of the Hayes-Tilden election in '76 when the success of the Democratic ticket had been generally conceded, I well remember how the sudden change in the odds in the pool room that stood with wide-open doors on, or near, the present site of the Hoffman House was our first intimation that something was wrong with the count.

Yet, in spite of all, people were not robbed in the name of sport as they are now. I will not say that gambling houses were run strictly on the level then any more than they are to-day, because I have always maintained that a belief in "square gambling" was a sign of either the peachy cheek of adolescence or paresis in its later stages, but I stoutly maintain that the town gained nothing when the

old-fashioned houses were closed and the Morrisseys, Ransoms, and Dalys were succeeded by the crafty bookmakers and crooked jockeys who are degrading the fine old sport of horse racing; the loud-voiced pugilists who would rather "quit" than fight as the old-time fighters fought, with bare knuckles in a twenty-four-foot ring; and the cormorants who fleece a "drunken kid" out of a quarter of a million or more at a sitting.

The boldness of criminal deeds in the Flash Age, the recklessness with which the great robbers courted notoriety even when they were "wanted" for some job, and the light esteem in which human life was held, is not easily understood by this more peaceful generation. It may be recorded that such bank robbers as John and James Hope, "Red" Leary, "Sheeny" Mike Neuman, Dutch Hein-



PRINCE OF WALES BALL IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC



BROADWAY IN 1870, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL

richs, Charley Bullard, Mark Shimburn, and a few more were robbing banks to the tune of more than a million dollars a year, while the most picturesque criminal of all, a stout, middle-aged Jewess named Mandelbaum, openly purchased and disposed of stolen goods in a Clinton Street store to which came every famous robber of the day.

It is no easy matter to arrange the many picturesque and startling crimes of the Flash Age in the exact order of their importance. That of Black Friday, however, ranks easily next to the long-continued speculation of the ring in point of shameless audacity, reckless disregard of all personal honor and commercial obligation, and the extent of its plunder, as well as in the number of persons who suffered by it and the extent of unhappiness that it entailed. It was followed by the long and

bitter fight between Fisk and Stokes—one whose acrimony was intensified a hundred-fold by the introduction of that charming and lovely element which is seldom absent when men war against each other with the knife—and which ended with the sensational murder of Fisk at the hands of his adversary. Other crimes of this period were the Merchants' Dispatch robbery, which enlisted the talent of some of the leading lights of the great fraternity of cracksmen; the Ocean Bank robbery; the murder, never yet explained, of Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy and highly respected Hebrew who lived directly opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Twenty-third Street; the murder of Rogers; the killing of Bob Dunn by William J. Sharkey, and the sensational escape of the murderer from the Tombs.

Harry Hill, square and courageous, a sur-

vival of the old-fashioned London sporting and boxing type, extinct now save in colored prints, drove a curiously misshapen horse up Broadway and Fifth Avenue on fine afternoons and was known, even to citizens of the better class, as the keeper of a Houston Street dance house that was one of the most notable of the city's many sights, and a place where many famous singers and pugilists of later

father after the exhorter, John Wesley, kept the "Mabille" in Bleeker Street; lower Broadway and the Bowery were full of underground dens, and Sixth Avenue boasted of the Argyle Rooms, the Cremorne, the Buckingham, and the Star and Garter.

And let us not forget that the Flash Age saw not only the beginnings of the commercial trust, but also that of the gold brick and saw-



FIFTH AVENUE ON A SUNDAY MORNING FORTY YEARS AGO

days were wont to sing or spar. Billy McGlory, who is still alive, kept the "Burnt Rag," and Owney Geoghegan ran a place on the Bowery that was a famous resort for thieves, thugs, and professional mendicants. Geoghegan died long ago and, like a good old-fashioned New York dive keeper, was followed to his grave in Calvary by two wives racing for the place of honor in the funeral procession. "The" Allen, the brother of the eminent pickpocket, named by a pious

dust-package industry which permeates our entire commercial fabric to-day.

It was Paris and not London that set the fashions for us in the late sixties, just as it had a decade earlier when Miss Flora McFlimsey of "Nothing to Wear" fame shopped there with her friend, Mrs. Harris, and brought back, among other novelties in dress, the hoop skirt. For those were the days of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie, when, with Offenbach leading the dance, Paris was whirling on



Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.

THE BODY OF COL. JAMES FISK LYING IN STATE IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE ERIE RAILROAD OFFICE, IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1872

to war, the siege, and the horrors of the Commune, just as New York was whirling on to the panic of 1873 and the lean years of hunger and repentance that followed.

But if we took our fashions from Paris in those days we had not yet reached the more sensible point of going to that famous capital for our plays, for, during the whole of the Flash Age, Lester Wallack was the dominant figure in theatricals of the higher class, producing nothing but English plays and employing scarcely any save British actors. That his theater was British to its very core is indicated by the fact that even when its manager so far forsook his allegiance to the mother country (in which, by the way, he was not born) as to produce an adaptation from the French, he insisted upon an English locale, and when Bronson Howard offered him his first version of "Shenandoah" he advised him to make it over with the scene laid in the Crimea. It was not until the very close of the Flash Age that A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly appeared on the scene and paved the way for emancipation from English rule. In later years American adaptations from the German at Daly's, French plays like "The

Two Orphans" and "A Celebrated Case" at the Union Square, and finally real native dramas—"The Banker's Daughter" and "My Partner" at the Union Square, for example—began to make easy the stony road of the American playwright.

But other influences besides the Wallackian were at work during the Flash Age. Over on the Bowery, Tony Pastor was raising the variety stage from ignominy and obscurity to a place of well-deserved importance as a cradle of native talent; Harrigan and Hart were forming the partnership which was to result in the best school of local farce that the town has ever seen; Sam Bernard and Weber and Fields were comedians in rival juvenile theaters downtown; French opera bouffe, in Fourteenth Street and later at the Grand Opera House, was going a step farther in the way of suggestiveness than the "Black Crook" and the British Blondes; Edwin Booth was sinking his fortune in the noblest playhouse that the town had ever seen; Howells and James were looming up in the East and Bret Harte and Mark Twain in the West; Pfaff's beer cellar was declining in favor as a gathering place for "bohemians"—the term was

still an honest one in these simple days—and Morretti, Martinetti, and Murillo were attracting to their table d'hôtes many of the best writers, artists, players, and singers of the day.

Such, in brief, was that Flash Age to which old-time publicans, gamesters, and politicians are wont to hark back on the willing pinions of fond memory as to a golden era of corruption in high places, general tolerance of evil, and reckless scattering of ill-gotten gains. Above all was it a dive-keeping age; for those who felt the promptings of easily acquired money were without the restraint that comes from a knowledge of the difference between cider and champagne; nor had that Martin Luther of American bar-keeping, the inventor of the cash register, made his appearance on the scene.

The Flash Age ended in a single night in the awful panic of 1873, and was followed by a period of commercial depression and disaster that brought about economy, sobriety, and

serious reflection, sowed the seeds of repentance in our hearts, and finally brought us down to our knees in the dust and ashes of the great Moody and Sankey revival of 1876. We who know the town only as it is in this money-making, pleasure-seeking era will find it difficult to conceive of the sorrowful and repentant city of thirty-one years ago, that waited hour after hour, morning after morning, and night after night, oftentimes in the cold, the snow, and the rain, and then crowded Madison Square Garden to its utmost capacity to seek salvation for its lost souls.

And, if the fires of hate and love, of money-making and money-burning, that lit up the Flash Age with their lurid glare were finally choked in the ashes of bitter repentance and contrite prayer, what will be the journey's end of a generation like our own that follows a hysterical press by day and the electric lights of Broadway by night?

GENIUS

By FREDERICK TRUESDELL

OH some there are with beauty bright
 And they are lust of eyes,
 And some who blind us with the mind
 Our spirit deifies,
 But genius is the great white light
 Nor mind nor beauty buys.

And some will play a wanton air
 To catch the vagrant soul;
 Some find it sweet with dancing feet
 To foot it toward the goal;
 But he who hears the whirling spheres
 Can ne'er again be whole.

Oh he who hears the whirling spheres
 Where'er his steps have trod,
 Has reached the end of human trend;
 With wings his feet are shod,
 For he has seen, beyond the screen,
 Into the face of God.



"Near the entrance stands the altar."

SCHLARAFFIA: A WORLD SOCIETY

BY SIGMUND KRAUSZ

ILLUSTRATED BY HY MAYER



ROAST sucking pigs, with knives and forks conveniently growing in their sides, bask and grunt contentedly in Schlaraffia. In Schlaraffia the streams flow with milk and honey—or other beverages to the taste. In Schlaraffia there is only one law: that everybody must and shall be happy. In fact, the Schlaraffian police arrest anybody who frowns or is the cause of a frown in another. Schlaraffia is the mother country of various colonies throughout the not-too-civilized world. These colonies endeavor to plant, amid the grind and worry of our big cities, certain small oases of rest where the spirit of fun shall reign unquestioned and unresisted.

Somewhere in his writings Washington Irving says that "humor is the oil and wine

of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are small and the laughter abundant." Mr. Irving died in November, 1859, about four weeks after the foundation of the Schlaraffia in Prague, and, therefore, could not have heard of its doings, its aims, or even its existence. But, for that matter, how many Americans have heard of it even to-day—nearly fifty years after its merry birth? Yet many of its lusty offspring have reached our shores, and are scattered between Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate.

This is rather remarkable, for a humorous society is, by the nature of things, localized.

Like many similar institutions, the Schlaraffia had its precursors in humorous societies, such as the "Grüne Insel" (Green Island) and the "Ludlamshöhle" (Ludlam's Cave), which recruited their members from the most intellectual circles, and flourished in Vienna until the turbulent times that followed the

political events in Europe of 1848, when everything in the nature of societies or meetings met with suspicion on the part of the authorities, and was subjected to such rigorous supervision as to prevent the achievement of the most innocent object.

In fact, Schlaraffia is the indirect outcome of the great reaction which came in the wake of these events, and was created by its founders with the idea of giving the members a chance of assembling for the purpose of innocent amusement, without exciting distrust in the eyes of the Austrian Government, whose spies scented political crime and treason in every gathering of men.

The earliest history of the society is, however, intimately connected with that of the German Theater in Prague, in which city it first saw the light of day, or rather night.

At that time, in 1859, there existed in the capital of Bohemia a society of artists and art lovers, called the Arcadia, consisting of the cream of German intellect, among the members of which, however, the so-called "Protzenthum" (money-proud class) was numerously represented.

It was at one of the meetings of the Arcadia, in the spring of 1859, that Director Thomé of the German Theater proposed one of his foremost actors, a notoriously poor man, for membership. In the discussion which preceded his ultimate rejection the word "Proletarian" was uttered in connection with this actor, and Director Thomé, indignant at the epithet and the result of his proposal, immediately resigned his membership, which example was followed by the few actors of his company who belonged to the society.

Thomé and his friends, at that time, were also in the habit of attending, in a certain restaurant, the informal meetings of a group of intellectual men, inclined to Bohemianism; and when at one of these gatherings the story of the blackballing of one of Prague's most famous artists was told, the indignation was so general that the same evening saw, as a protest against the action of the Arcadia, the metamorphosis of the round table, until then nameless, into the "Proletarian Club."

This club proved to be the original germ of the Schlaraffia, and its caliber may fairly be judged when the fact is stated that the same evening also saw the writing of the words and music of the "Proletarian Song" by one of its members, Albert Eilers, a noted opera basso, and the singing of it by an improvised quartet.

In the meetings of the Proletarian Club everyone contributed his share toward the entertainment, and there were no drones, for even the members outside the arts and professions were men of various talents, the principal requisites of membership being brains and appreciation of humor and art.

When conditions, in the fall of 1859, made a change of the club name desirable, the choice fell upon "Schlaraffia," the name of a mythical country where everyone is happy. In mockery of feudal customs and the ridiculous claims of the aristocracy of birth and money, an oligarchy and a ceremonial for the meetings was established which, in its paradoxical quaintness, proved irresistibly amusing.

From the start, the principal object of the Schlaraffia was to create a true democracy of mind, and the qualifications for membership were confined to unblemished reputation and ability to contribute an equitable share to the entertainments, or, at least, to fully appreciate the efforts of others. Birth, social standing, wealth, religion, politics, and nationality carried no weight whatever in the applications for membership, the cardinal requirement only being considered, and an educated or talented cab driver had the same chance of admittance as a prince of the royal blood. In the Schlaraffia all were alike, and on its ban-



"The signal for entry."



"A supposed helmet of satin or velvet."

ner were placed the words "Brotherly Love and Friendship among Men" in addition to the device of the Proletarian Club, which was "For Art and Humor."

In order to avoid the possibility of disagreements and heated discussions, all topics of conversation which might give rise to them, such as religion, nationality, business, politics, etc., were tabooed in the meetings. Card playing and the reading of newspapers also were prohibited. As the official language of the Schlaraffia, German was naturally adopted. In fact, the Schlaraffia came in time to be looked upon as a stronghold of German culture and ideas, especially after the society had spread to foreign countries, where, in many cases, it served as the only intellectual refuge for its members.

In Prague itself, with a surrounding hostile Czechish element, the mother society frequently labored under difficulties which, some ten years ago, and shortly after the Schlaraffia had moved into a home of its own, culminated, during an anti-German riot, in an attack on the Schlaraffen Castle by a Czechish mob. In consequence of this attack, the doors and windows of the house are now protected by heavy iron gratings and shutters, which give it, more or less, the aspect of a medieval fortress.

In spite of the early vicissitudes, the Schlaraffia in Prague continued to develop. In its meetings the vanities and follies of the outer world were mocked by means of a ridiculously

solemn cult, for which a strictly observed ceremonial was devised. From the moment a Schlaraffe entered the castle, he was supposed to leave behind him all the profane cares of existence, to step, for the time being, out of his mortal shell, and to live solely for the enjoyment of humor, art, and friendship among men. To aid in this imagination, the members pretended to live in the middle ages, and adopted humorous armorial bearings, wooden swords and a supposed helmet of satin or velvet which resembled a fool's cap with bells and ears. They applied ancient and obsolete names to every-day actions and things, greeted and drank each other's health in a different manner from usual, and adopted, for exclusive use during the meetings, odd individual names which generally bore some humorous reference to their vocations or to certain characteristic peculiarities.

Out of all this developed a grotesque knighthood with gradations of nobility, and an infallible despotism, conceded to the elected rulers, to which the knights bowed in submissive reverence. The three "Oberschlaraffen" (Supreme Schlaraffs) were supposed to be endowed with special virtues by "Uhu" (the horned owl), which bird of



"Uttering at the same time a solemn 'Uhu.'"

Minerva had been chosen as tutelary deity. They took turns presiding over the meetings, and the one who was temporarily chairman was recognized as being directly inspired by Uhu, and therefore infallible.

Uhu, the protector of the Schlaraffia, was worshiped in two forms; as "Aha" in moments of unruffled enjoyment, when everything was harmony and love, and as "Oho" at times when discord threatened the peace of the meeting. In both cases libations were offered to the deity in form of mighty steins of beer, called "Quell," or bumpers of wine, called "Lethe," which found their way to the right spot in the anatomy of the knights, and created that feeling of good-fellowship to attain which the German needs his native drink and pipe.

It must be said though that, while, according to German custom, drink is a necessary adjunct to jovial companionship, in the meetings of the Schlaraffia all excess is tabooed, and that, in spite of the respectable capacity of the average Teuton, cases of over-indulgence are unknown. A still more remarkable thing in relation to the Schlaraffia may be quoted in the fact that the members are bound to refrain absolutely from lewdness of speech, immoral language, and questionable jokes, all of which are punished by cash fines for the benefit of the treasury, or by cruel confinement in the castle dungeon.

As a further satire against the weaknesses and foibles of the outer world, the Schlaraffia established high-sounding titles and glittering decorations which were conferred for fidelity to the society, regular attendance at the meetings, special brilliancy and other meritorious conduct. Blue blood was infused into the members by conceding to those who deserved it ancestors in the shape of small stamped metal plates, to be worn on the helmet or the bandolier, and some of the knights are thus enabled to show an ancestry against which that of a scion of the Wittelsbachs or Colonnas sinks into insignificance.

From 1859 to 1865 the Schlaraffia in Prague preserved a local character, but the latter year witnessed an event which had a momentous effect on its future development as



"A hint of cutting it short."

a world society. Some time before that, one of its members, the well-known author Schmidt-Weissenfels, known in the Schlaraffia as Knight Plato, had moved to Berlin. His attachment to the society was, however, so strong that he kept in constant touch with Prague, and at last his longing for a similar institution in Berlin induced him to seek suitable material among the men of art and letters in the Prussian capital, with which he founded a society which, like the Praga, called itself Schlaraffia, but, while following in principle the example of the original institution, adopted a dual form of government and was ruled by a "Mikado" and a "Taikoon." The event was greeted by the mother society with acclamation, and in 1867 the branch was recognized as a legitimate daughter of the Praga.

Again seven years passed before another altar of Uhu was erected. This time it was in Leipsic where a knight of the Praga and one of the Berolina jointly founded a new Schlaraffia under conditions similar to those of the first branch. One year later, in 1873, Uhu spread its wings over Graz, in Austria, and up to 1875 in Vienna and Hamburg preliminary work was done toward the establishment of further branches.

During all these years a lively intercourse, by correspondence and mutual visits, was



"The guests are 'dragged' before the throne."

kept up between the different societies, and the desire to get in closer contact with each other grew apace until, in 1876, it resulted in the first great Schlaraffen Council of Leipsic. All four societies, which then numbered together one hundred and eighty-nine members, were well represented, and it was at this council that, after the Berolina had graciously relinquished its special form of government, the great idea of "Allschlaraffia" (Pan-Schlaraffia) was born, and the Praga unanimously recognized as the "Allmutter" (All-mother), which honor she bears since then.

It was here too that the "Spiegel" (Mirror), the guiding law code of Allschlaraffia, was formulated and the ceremonial revised. This, with a few changes at later councils, is to-day the code of the world society. It was further decided to hold periodical councils of Allschlaraffia every five years. The Schlaraffen era was put back just three hundred years, and the duration of the Schlaraffen year made to begin officially in October and end in May. The festivals were divided into movable and immovable. To the first belonged the Ladies' Evenings, the Festival of the Orders, and those given in honor of dead heroes of literature and art; to the latter, the

Foundation Anniversary, the "Schlaraffiad," or monthly business meeting, Christmas, and the last evening of the calendar year.

Shortly after the Leipsic Council, Schlaraffia began to develop in a most unexpected manner. The idea was carried by enthusiastic errant members all over Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Russia, and Hungary, and at the next council, which was held in Prague, Allschlaraffia was represented by thirty-six "realms," as the full-fledged individual societies were now called, and by several

colonies, by which name those were known which still were in a period of probation. The approximate number of Schlaraffs at this time was over one thousand.

It is not to be inferred though from this rapid growth that Schlaraffen colonies could be created indiscriminately. The Spiegel provides that only members of knightly rank in good standing, who have lived over one year in an Uhu-forsaken town, may, with the help of at least ten native citizens, found a new colony, for which the sanction of the Praga has to be gained before it is recognized by the realms and sister colonies. A period of probation, generally from one to two years, during which it is strictly supervised by the mother realm to which the founding knight belongs, is imperative for the colony before it is created by the Allmutter a full-fledged society and receives its bull of sanction.

Neither can a Schlaraffe visit societies other than his own without being provided with a regular passport, signed and visé by an Oberschlaraffe and the chancellor of his realm, in which his visit is recorded by the chancellor of the realm whose guest he was.

In the years following the second council of Allschlaraffia up to the present, the number

of branch societies increased to nearly one hundred and sixty, with a membership of approximately five thousand, and efforts were made to establish colonies in such out-of-the-way places as Singapore, Auckland, New Zealand, and Alexandria, Egypt, all of which, however, soon disappeared again on account of lack of closer geographical connections. Some ten years ago the Russian societies too disappeared, being suppressed by the Muscovite authorities, and one or two Austrian realms were stricken from the list of All-schlaraffia on account of political meddling and religious intolerance, but all occurring breaches are soon filled up by newly founded colonies.

In 1883 Uhu took its first flight across the Atlantic, when Knight Columbus the Pathfinder, an actor member of the Berolina, founded the Schlaraffia in San Francisco. This is known as the Franziscana California. It may be stated here, by the way, that the custom of giving the realms Latinized names has become general, and whenever a city in which a Schlaraffia is located has an ancient historic name this is adopted in lieu of its modern one. Thus, for example, Vienna bears its former Roman appellation, Vindobona, Cologne that of Colonia Agripina, London becomes Londinium, etc.

While, in the nature of things, Uhu's advance on this side of the Atlantic has not been so rapid as abroad, altogether a dozen Schlaraffias have been founded in the United States since 1883. San Francisco was followed by the Nova Yorkia, Milwaukia, Chicagoana, Ludovica Missouriia (St. Louis), Cincinnatia, Newarka, Sylvana (Cleveland), Brooklynia, Filadelfia, Caesarea (Jersey City), Bostonia, and Novus Portus (New Haven).

These American societies are mostly in flourishing condition, but whatever increase there is to come is naturally confined to the larger cities of the East and Middle West, as only there can the proper material for the make-up of new realms be found. It may be remarked in this connection that, while the American members are fully as loyal to the Allschlaraffia as the others, they exhibit a certain pride in their newly adopted country, and some years ago there was a slight tendency, in view of the different conditions of life, manners, and customs

in the United States, to form a coalition of the American societies which, while acknowledging allegiance to Allschlaraffia, was to govern itself according to local conditions. This tendency has, however, absolutely vanished.

The Schlaraffias in America keep in even closer touch with each other than those abroad and their meetings are better attended for the reason that German intellectual club life is much rarer here, and that in the sea of Yankee materialism and tremendous business activity a society of this kind is often the sole isle of refuge of the members, to whom jovial companionship is a necessity.

The mental caliber of the American Schlaraffs compares favorably with that of their European brethren, and is, perhaps, slightly superior; at least it would seem so from the quality and number of their contributions to the society organ, the "Schlaraffia Zeyttungen" (*Schlaraffen Gazette*), a periodical published during the active months of the Schlaraffen year, and exclusively edited, written, and illustrated by members. Its existence dates back more than a quarter of a century, and it receives an annual subsidy from all realms through the treasury of the Allmutter



"Mighty steins which found their way to the right spot."



"The valiant challenger."

Praga. Aside from literary contributions, it prints all official proclamations and other news of schlaraffic interest.

While the Franziscana California, on account of the distance, remains somewhat isolated, the groups of Eastern and Middle Western Schlaraffias in the United States frequently visit each other and arrange the so-called "Summer Festivals" which are attended by delegations from the various realms and during which the rigor of the ceremonial is relaxed to give the members and their ladies, if possible, a better time.

It may interest the reader to pay an imaginary visit to one of the "Sippungen," as the official weekly meetings are called, and get a closer view of the doings of the jolly crowd. The Sippung to which the reader is to be taken is typical of any of the American societies.

The Schlaraffia is chary with its invitations to outsiders, and "Pilgrims" (guests) can be introduced only, after previous notice, by members of the highest grade, the knights; but once within the walls of the castle the stranger feels that the hospitality extended to him is hearty and genuine.

Arrived in the "Vorburg" (the anteroom) before the Sippung begins, the visitor generally encounters the members in the act of exchanging their street garb for helmet, bandolier and sword, to which, on special occasions, are added a knightly flowing cloak and such orders and decorations as the wearer

may possess, and be inclined to wear.

The sound of a tomtom is the signal for entry into the castle proper. Near the entrance stands the altar with a stuffed image of the bird of Minerva. Before it members and guests bow deeply, uttering at the same time a solemn "Uhu." Then everyone bows before the throne on which are seated the three "Oberschlaraffs" with the insignia of their office, after which the Sippung begins.

The castle is quite remarkable in its arrangement and furnishings. At one end of the spacious hall extends a carpet-covered platform, surmounted by a canopy of rich hangings, and backed by the coat of arms of the realm. On the table, in front of three high-backed chairs, are scattered books, a silver box containing "ancestors," and a couple of large candlesticks. This is the throne.

On the opposite side of the hall is Uhu's altar, on which rest the sword of the realm, the challenging gauntlet, and several elaborate mugs, each of which is destined for use on certain special occasions. The "Aha" mug



"Presided over by the Younkermester."



"Out of all this developed a grotesque knighthood."

is used only by knights at the reception of visiting knights—members of the lower grades are only permitted to smell at this. The "Lulu" mug is used for greeting the Pilgrims, the "Dudu" for exchanging brotherly vows.

Near the altar hang the large portraits of Schlaraffs who are resting in "Ahalla," the schlaraffic heaven; in one corner threaten the heavy gates of the dark and grewsome dungeon; in another rises the "Periculum," the rostrum from which flows the wit, humor, and wisdom of the members. In its vicinity the "clavicymbalum" (piano) generally finds its place. The walls are covered with pictures of poets and composers, photographs and armorial bearings of the knights, etc.

Two long tables with rows of chairs, patterned after the German fashion of the sixteenth century, extend on two sides through the whole length of the hall. One of these is for the knights, the other for the "Younkers" and "Knappen," the lower grades of membership. The latter are known only by num-

bers, and theirs is the first rung of the ladder reached by the "Prüfling" (probationer) after he has proven, during a hard trial of at least six weeks, his mental caliber and worthiness of becoming a Schlaraff. Their table is presided over by the "Younkermeister," who, with his heavy cat-o'-nine-tails, keeps order among the unruly youngsters (some of whom are sixty or seventy years old), and teaches them the Spiegel and the ceremonial.

At the head of the knights' table sits the "Reichsmarschall." He only, at the command of the throne, is entitled to sound the tomtom, at the tones of which absolute stillness has to reign in the castle. Between the Reichsmarschall and the throne is the desk of the "Kantzellar," the chief of all departments, who, next to the Oberschlaraffs, is the most important of Schlaraffia's oligarchy.

The meeting is always opened with a short speech by the presiding Oberschlaraffe, who is addressed as "Eure Herrlichkeit" (Your Magnificence). The clavicymbalum master

touches the keys of his instrument, and the strains of the "Opening Song," an inspiring melody, sung by all members, fill the hall. It should be mentioned here that the schlaraffic song book, consisting of two big volumes, contains almost exclusively original songs and compositions of members, some of which are works of the highest artistic merit.

The song finished, cigars and pipes are lit, the mugs are filled, and the "Protocollant" is called upon to read the minutes of the last meeting. This is done in humorous verse or prose, according to the choice or ability of the man, and gives the best chance for good-natured satire. Variation is secured by a weekly change of this official, who is appointed by the throne.

After the reading of the protocol, the chancellor reads the letters which have been received during the week from the various realms and colonies abroad and in America. Meanwhile the Reichsmarschall has handed the throne a list of those members who have volunteered or may be commanded to deliver speeches, poems, essays, or musical selections for the entertainment of the evening. Such a command has to be cheerfully responded to with the words "With pleasure and at once."

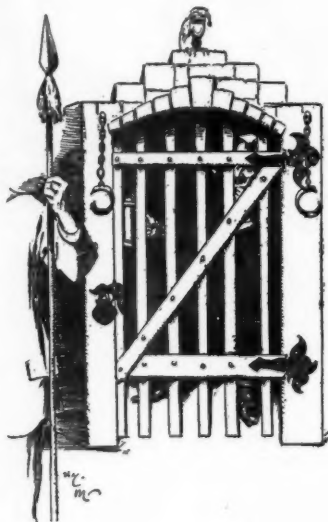
The chancellor having finished, the guests are "dragged" before the throne, where they are welcomed by a humorously impressive speech and the tender of a huge bumper, to which, if they feel so inclined, they may "stutter" a humble response.

The Reichsmarschall now reads the list of the members in their schlaraffic names, to which, if present, they respond with a loud "Here." Absentees have to furnish a plausible excuse, as four weeks' truancy may be punished with loss of membership. After the roll call the real entertainment begins. Speeches, repartee, songs and instrumental

productions follow each other in rapid and brilliant succession. These are generally greeted with vociferous "Lulus," as signs of acclamation, though, sometimes, an ominous "Ul-ul" is heard, which means disapprobation.

Such an Ul-ul is often followed by a challenge to mortal combat. The duello may be fought out in two ways. One is called the "mental," the other the "material duel." The mental duel may be "plain" or "with sharp weapons." In the first case the duelists choose a theme for themselves, generally

suiting to their own individual abilities. The theme may consist of prose, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, or other artistic work. Thus one of the combatants may produce in the next meeting an original poem, the other one an original musical composition or a sketch on canvas, on the relative merits of which the knights are called upon to vote. The vote is secret, and the combatants must remain in the anteroom during the ballot. A majority of the votes constitutes a victory. In a duel with sharp weapons, the throne gives out the subjects to be treated, all other conditions remaining the same as in the plain duel. The victor receives, in ac-



"Dismal bowls for 'Quell.'"

knowledge of his valor, an ancestor.

The material duel is rarely chosen. It is a bout between the two combatants and three seconds on each side, in which the party who empties a stein of beer in the shortest time and without spilling a drop is declared victor. This form of duel is considered a sign of cowardice when chosen by the challenged party.

At times passion runs so high that no delay is brooked, and the valiant challenger and his adversary insist on immediate satisfaction. This action involves rare ability, as the duelist must be prepared to deliver his blow on the

spot either in prose or poetry, as the challenged party may desire, and, in case of sharp weapons, on any theme given by the throne. To the honor of the Schlaraffia it may be said that these impromptu duels are by no means rare, and often result in the most brilliant efforts.

Sometimes it will happen, though, that in the course of the evening a member may speak uninterestingly, or too long, on a subject, in which case a warning may be given him by shoving under his nose a huge extension pair of wooden scissors as a hint of cutting it short. If the hint is not taken within a reasonable time, the ambulance may be called in service, when the offender is bodily removed from the Periculum by several stout Younkens and Knappen, and carried on a stretcher into the Vorburg. Hardened sinners will be put in the dungeon, from where their dismal howls for "Quell" can be heard through the heavily grated window. In extreme cases even decapitation may be inflicted, after which punishment the victim appears only as ghost during the balance of the evening, his presence being ignored, though he may exercise his privilege as specter to play all sorts of pranks, until, by the supreme power of the infallible Oberschlaraffe, he is brought back to life again.

Twice during the evening the entertainment is interrupted by a "Schmuspause," a short recess during which the Schlaraffs leave

their seats, and stand around in groups, laughing and joking, smoking, and eating or drinking.

After the second recess, the closing part of the Sippung begins, and the humor of the members reaches its climax. Witty speeches tend to increase the general hilarity, and this is the time when slight infractions of the rules give the "Kneifer" (Pincher), an important official with an alms-bag at the end of a long rod, a chance to shove his instrument before the face of the offenders, and gather in a lot of nickels and dimes, which go to swell the treasury of the realm, or a charity fund to be distributed at Christmas time. Frequently special contributions are requested, for the Schlaraffia, although not of the character of masonic lodges or mutual benefit societies, having for its aim solely the mutual entertainment and mental improvement of its members, contributes its obolus toward any worthy object.

At last, about midnight or a little later, the time for closing the Sippung arrives. The music of the beautiful "Farewell Song" fills the castle, members and guests pass in single file before the throne, shaking hands with the three Oberschlaraffs, and, amidst general handshaking and hearty Lulus, the Sippung is declared closed. The Schlaraffs and their guests bow once more before Uhu's altar, and the castle is deserted until one week later, when joy and hilarity again reign supreme.



"Aba! Aba! Aba!"

KONOR

BY FREMONT RIDER

I STOOD on a spit of barren land—a gift of the gray sea's store,
Where the dunes were black 'gainst the sea at their back and white 'gainst the land before.
And a boat beat out through the gloom and the glow to meet the rush of the tides:
Sorry her sails to meet the sea, and the foul hung green on her sides;
Her spars tore jagged against the sky and she left no wake behind;
And her grim-faced crew were gaunt and glad, and the man at her helm was blind.

And lo, on the spit were many men, and they mocked at the boat I saw;
They jeered at its rows of rotten spars and its crew that knew no law:
For the speech of that crew was of alien growth and none might understand,
And the ship was fraught with foreign freight and bore to an unknown land.
I watched her slip through the gray tide-rip to the toss of the tumbling sea
And lose herself in the fairway mist which hid her sails from me.

And lo, in that mist that her crew saw not rose the loom and awful weight
Of a wall—impassable, grim and dark, and pierced by a thrice-barred gate:
Its sheer-cut base felt the tug of the tides; its crest was the lightning's lair;
Its age was the age of the sins of men which had laid its bastions there:
And the boat of the blind beat against that gate and shivered in dire distress;
And its yawning timbers shattered and choked in the salt sea's bitterness;
And the gate swung ajar in seeming pity to them who knew no law;
And the moil of the boat showed black and green.—*I knew that the helmsman saw.*

The wreckage tumbled in with the surf, churned by the changing spray;
And lo, the men who had mocked were eager to carry the wrack away:
Diligent long did they pace the beach and fashion the foam with their feet,
Treating as gold the broken spars they had scoffed with sullen heat;
Until of the pieces, and other pieces numberless through long years,
The men of the beaches built a temple peerless among its peers.
But they veiled the god in whose honor they wrought in the slight of a thin pretense,
And the name they gave on the high-arched nave was the word "Experience."

And I knew that the spit where I stood was Life and the sea around was Fate,
And Death was the scroll deep cut in the scarp above the thrice-barred gate:
The ship bore the legend Peradventure, her crew were the heroes and seers,
The great far-eyed of earth who fall pierced by a thousand spears.
The cargo she bore was all men's hopes; her charts God's hand pricked out;
Her anchors were wrought of the sins of men, and the foul of her hull was Doubt;
The men of the spit were the men of the world—mockery, sneers and lies—
Afterwards glad to use the wrack of the men they would fain despise.

And I blest the crew and the boat they manned, and lo, as I rose from the ground
Yet another ship groped out through the gloom to tempt the set of the sound.

MA WILSON

BY WOLCOTT LECLÉAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



HE train crawled and joggled; the engine grunted and wheezed. Trains always went so on this, the only Philippine railway.

Cary, the Supervisor of Pangasinán, had but lately recovered from illness, and also he was overworked, for an epidemic had been stamped out, only to return to the province with redoubled force. He was very tired. For many slowly passing hours he had watched the landscape that dawdled by—bamboo huts, paddy fields, and stretches of grass higher than the head of a mounted man, with the sun blazing pitilessly, save once when a flight of locusts cast a shadow as a cloud might have done. So Cary leaned back and closed his eyes. Soon he had fallen into a troubled sleep, which left him still subconsciously aware of the dust, the heat, and the buzzing flies. He felt the sharp edge of the seat back cutting more and more deeply into his scalp; he knew that soon it would wake him, and he fought against waking. Then something soft was deftly slipped under his head. Cary woke, and sat up, blinking.

"Oh! now I made you wake up," said a regretful voice. "Can't you lie back an' try once more? You look like you needed the sleep, you poor boy."

Cary looked, then rubbed his eyes and looked again. The woman who had spoken was an American—was from New England, if appearance and speech went for anything. She was plump and motherly, with white hair drawn straight back to a little knot behind, and steel-bowed spectacles, with kindly brown eyes behind them. In her hand she held a folded shawl that she had placed

between the seat back and the troubled head that had rested upon it.

Under any circumstances this wholesome woman from home would have been a pleasant sight, but there—at that time, and on that train, empty but for those two—her presence was astounding. Cary stared, too amazed even to smile back at her.

"How did you get here? How did they come to let you through? Do you know where you're going?" he gasped.

"Yes," she replied, nodding composedly. "I can't speak the name the way these folks do, but in English it means St. Charles. Don't this train stop there?"

"Stop at San Carlos?" cried Cary. "Yes. It's the only place it does stop. It's a special, sent to take me there from Manila. But why do you want to go there? Don't you know that the people of the town are dying like flies? That the worst kind of cholera is raging there?"

"Yes," she answered. "They told me all that when they made me get off the reg'lar train back there at Tarlac. Then this train come along an' stopped for water, so I jus' got on. I *had* to come, you see, to this town. My boy's there. He's a perffessor there," she added proudly.

"A what?" asked Cary, puzzled for a moment, as visions of frontier dance halls with male performers sitting behind jingling pianos, rose before him.

"A perffessor," repeated the old lady. "He's principal of the High School there."

Cary tried hard not to smile. He knew what the High School of San Carlos was like. Evidently the son of this old lady had not underrated his importance when writing home.

"He was always dreadful smart," the "per-

fessor's" mother went on, beaming at Cary through her spectacles. "He took the speakin' prize at school when he wa'n't more'n ten year old. Prob'ly that's why the Gov'ment got jealous of him, an' poked him 'way off some place the other end o' nowhere. But the boy's uncle—he's a congressman—'tended to that, an' he got me a pass to come here, so's it didn't cost me anything but my victuals. I *hed* to come—why, ther's a baby I ain't never see yet. An' this baby an' his pa is all I got—though 'bout half the town, back where I come from, calls me 'Ma Wilson,'" she ended, with a little laugh.

Cary smiled sympathetically, then became grave again. "I understand," he said. "But I'm troubled to think what is to become of you. You're through the quarantine lines now, so I can't very well send you back. Well, we must do the best we can, I suppose. We're nearly there."

"*I'll* git along all right," she declared confidently. "But you c'n see how 'twas that I had to come. Why, s'pose my boy—or the baby—was took, an' me away! My! What's that? Are they fightin'?"

While speaking she had been gathering, with Cary's help, the multitudinous bags and parcels without which no woman of her age and class, it seems, is able to travel. But her face paled, and she dropped some of the bundles as a popping, as of distant shots, met her ear.

Cary laughed a little. "It's only burning bamboo," he said reassuringly. "The air inside the sticks burst out as it gets heated. But the sound has deceived people far more experienced than you, Mrs. Wilson."

A whiff of acrid smoke swept through the car, the popping became closer, and in another moment they came in sight of a large Filipino house, built on stilts as all such houses are, one wing of which was burning fiercely. Near by stood a group of Americans, armed with rifles, and back of them was a crowd of sullen natives, one white man among them.

The old lady's cheeks flushed with excitement. "Look! Look at them standin' there an' not doin' a thing to put it out," she cried. "It ain't too late yet, if they'd only set to work. An' there's my boy with 'em, too. What can they be thinkin' of? Are they crazy?"

"They don't want to put it out. There's been cholera in that house, and a pint of ker-

osene and a match are good disinfectants," explained the Supervisor. "And about the only ones we have, too," he added bitterly to himself.

Ma Wilson sat down weakly. The scene was grim enough in its suggestions, and seemed to bring the situation home to her understanding more clearly than any number of words could have done. She sat watching it as though fascinated, and the color left her face.

One of the Americans mounted hastily, and, followed by a native orderly, galloped in the same direction as that in which the train was going. "That's the doctor—the Provincial Physician," said Cary. "He's seen the train, and is going to the station to meet us."

Ma Wilson did not seem to hear him. Mechanically she gathered again her various parcels, and as the train stopped, she rose to leave it, but with eyes and ears only for the new surroundings in which she found herself.

An indefinable air of desolation seemed to hang over the stricken town. Here and there an inspector from the Board of Health hurried from house to house, and a funeral procession passed, two men bearing the mat-wrapped body lashed to a bamboo pole, followed by a sorrowing woman, carrying a child in her arms, while another clung to her skirts as it toddled alongside. Otherwise the streets were grass-grown and empty. They were silent, too; no children cried or shouted, and no gamecocks crowed. That station itself, roofless and with blackened walls, though its condition dated from the time of Aguinaldo, still added to the effect.

The doctor's face was beaming as, dismounting, he came toward Cary. Few things could quench the indomitable good humor of this medico, and a cholera epidemic was not one of them.

"Hello, old man. Glad to see you again," said he. "Got the stuff?"

"Pint of chlorodyne, an ounce or two of opium, and a half dozen brandy. Did you expect more? Yes? Then you were an ass. There wasn't any more, and there won't be, until a torpedo-boat destroyer or a mud scow or something that they've sent to Hong-kong gets back."

The doctor's face fell. "We had 380 deaths yesterday," said he. "Three hundred and eighty in one day, out of the 26,000 inhabitants of this town."

"And Manila had 260 out of 350,000, or thereabout. That's why they cornered the available medicine supply, I suppose, poor dears. But look here, Jack——"

"What on earth——" began the doctor, interrupting, a look of utter astonishment coming over his face. Cary glanced back and saw that Ma Wilson had come around the corner of the station. For the moment he had forgotten her.

"Hush—she'll hear you. She was through the quarantine lines before I saw her. Would come. Got a son here," Cary whispered hurriedly. "Oh, Mrs. Wilson," he called aloud. "This is the doctor of whom I spoke to you—the doctor who takes care of us all. Jack——" Turning, he saw that the medico had gone, and was speaking to the native orderly, who galloped off as fast as his tiny pony would carry him. Then the doctor returned and was introduced.

The ceremony was hardly completed when an ambulance drove quickly up to the platform, and from it there got out a young man, dressed like a native, who promptly was in-folded to Ma Wilson's capacious bosom. Cary caught sight of his face over her shoulder, and with an expression of utter loathing on his own face, Cary turned away.

For it came as a shock to the Supervisor that he had seen this man before, and had known him as one who had committed what, to an American in the Philippines, is considered an unpardonable—the unpardonable—crime. He had married a native, he had thrown in his lot with natives, and, as far as he could, had become one of them. Also, though he was without proof, Cary was certain that this person had guilty knowledge of the theft of some Government money. But even this crime paled to insignificance by the side of the other.

Ma Wilson's son returned her greetings affectionately enough, then gently released himself from her arms. He waved his hand toward the ambulance, from which a woman was just emerging.

"My—my wife, mother," he said, rather uncertainly.

Cary looked at the woman as she straightened upon reaching the platform and turned to speak to some one still inside the covered vehicle. He saw that, though heavy, she still was graceful, but that the lines of her face, through their thick coating of powder, were coarse and hard. In her arms she carried a

bundle. A man of her own race, young and not ill-looking, followed her out of the ambulance, giving her a look as he did so that made Cary stare in surprise at Ma Wilson's son, who appeared to notice nothing. The doctor stood smiling quietly and tugging at his pointed beard as he watched Cary.

"My wife, Mother," repeated Ma Wilson's son.

Before, the old woman had not seemed to comprehend, but now the words forced themselves upon her. She started back, with a little piteous cry, and with one hand clutched at her throat, as though her breath would not come. For a moment she stood there, gazing first at this woman, then at her son. Whereupon her daughter-in-law sniffed audibly, and, tossing her head, flung a few words in the vernacular to her companion, which made Cary frown fiercely, for he understood the words, and they were not nice ones. Wilson laid his hand on his mother's arm.

"Don't mind, Mother," he said, not unkindly. "She don't mean anything—she's a little strange, that's all. She can't talk English, you know."

With an effort Ma Wilson pulled herself together. New England stock does not easily give way for long in times of stress.

"I know, Perfessor-boy, I know," she panted. "'Tain't the way she acted; that was my fault, likely. Only—only you'd ought to 'a' told me. It all come so—so sudden."

"Mother," said the school teacher, with a theatrical dignity that made the Supervisor long to kick him, "is it not fitting that I, who have devoted my life to these people, should choose a wife from among them?"

"But you didn't tell me, so how was I to know?" The old woman sobbed hysterically, but again she pulled herself together. "Don't feel bad, Sonny-boy," she said. "'Course I knew she was Spanish or somehow furren. The name said that. But I didn't expect—and—an' I don't care anyhow! No, I don't! So long es she's a good woman, an' makes you happy, I'll love her like she was my own. Bring her to me, Sonny, an' tell her what I say."

Wilson caught his wife by her shoulder as she stood with her back to him, talking with the man who had accompanied them. She shrugged the shoulder, but yielded to his hand, and came toward the older woman. Then the bundle in her arms stirred, wrig-

gled, and a little hand flapped aimlessly in the air. It was a baby. With a cry of delight Ma Wilson snatched it. For a moment it regarded her critically with its inscrutable black eyes; then it smiled, disclosing two white teeth. Oblivious of all else, its grandmother stood there, with the squirming little ivory-colored creature pressed to her cheek, talking to it by means of those low, inarticulate sounds which seem to be the language of babyhood the world over. The baby's mother turned away indifferently and continued the interrupted conversation with her Filipino friend, whose eyes had never left her.

Looking up, Ma Wilson caught Cary's eye, and smiled at him. "My first gran'son," she said, holding out the baby. "Ain't he—?" She did not finish the question, but left it for Cary to do.

"He is, indeed. All that. Wonderfully so," the poor fellow managed to stammer in reply, painfully aware of his lack of that technical vocabulary of infantile praise which is every woman's birthright. He was spared any further effort, however. With a glance of dislike at Cary, Wilson stepped forward and addressed his mother.

"Come," he said. "It is not far to my house, and we will walk there. I do not care to avail myself of Government transportation—at all events while the Government is represented here as it now is."

The old woman said nothing, but looked from Cary to the doctor with an air of hurt astonishment. She was about to comply, when the doctor stopped her.

"Look here, Wilson," he snapped. "You and your wife can walk till you're both black in the face, if you want to. But your mother isn't going to hike that distance in this sun—and that's settled and flat."

Before Ma Wilson could object, the medico had bundled her rather unceremoniously into the ambulance. For a moment Wilson hesitated, but his wife and her friend already were inside, and even he could not help seeing that his mother's bonnet, though doubtless a proud creation of the local milliner somewhere, was but an indifferent protection from the torrid Philippine heat. So he, last of all, got in, and they drove away.

The doctor heaved a deep sigh as they disappeared. "Now, what in God's name do you think of it?" he said to his friend. "What do you think of it? Did you ever see such a Comedy of Errors? That good, clean, de-

cent old American woman in such a household. Or a tragedy of errors seems more probable."

"A tragedy of errors, like enough," agreed the Supervisor gravely. Then he looked at the face of his friend, worn and haggard in spite of the good humor it always showed. "Oh, well, Jack, we must do the best we can," he said, trying to speak lightly. "After all, it's no fault of ours. But do you know, one end of it reminds me of a serial story I saw advertised before I left the States—God bless them!—as coming out in some Chambermaid's Delight weekly paper. 'She Was Wedded, but Loved Another,' it was called. Now, who is 'Another,' Jack? I mean, who is that beast of a yellow-faced gu-gu who was throwing the languishing eyes into Wilson's wife? And how did Wilson get here, anyway?"

"Wilson got here on account of political influence; some hayseed congressman, who never saw these islands, even on the map, probably. 'Another' is about the worst we breed here, and that's quite bad enough. He's the man, unless I'm mistaken—and I'm not—that's getting the natives with their backs up. It's hard to do, but he's doing it—blast his soul!"

They had reached the headquarters of the Board of Health. The doctor had appropriated the big convent for this purpose. Approaching it, one was smitten with the smell of carbolic acid. Everything reeked with it—walls, floors, furniture, and even the clothing of the American guards, mostly old soldiers, who stood or lounged about the doorway, awaiting an assignment to duty. Cary turned up his nose at it.

"Never mind, you'll wish for that same smell before long, and won't find it. There's mighty little carbolic left, and no more coming, it seems. But, as you say, we must do the best we can, but the natives are getting ugly about our burning their houses. They don't see the necessity for it, of course. I've taken the city hall—how d'ye call it now?—*presidencia*—for a detention camp and the schoolhouse for the hospital. Wilson didn't like it, but he's behaved very well, on the whole. He has the rudiments of an education, and can see why we're doing things, and he tells the natives, and is getting himself disliked in consequence, I hear. But he keeps right on, I'll say that for him. I must make an inspection now. So long."

The doctor waddled off, and Cary threw himself into his work. There was much to do. The doctor, good physician as he was, had but little executive head, and a campaign, with all its myriad details, had to be planned and organized. All of the following days, and most of the nights, Cary was on horseback. In those days his frame grew thinner, as did those of his horses; his head was spinning for want of sleep. He had not seen Ma Wilson. Not only had there been no opportunity, but he felt that, with Wilson's obvious dislike of him, such a visit would be painful to the old lady, and, moreover, there was no occasion. Cholera, as yet, had not reached their part of the town. Both he and the doctor had used special efforts that it should not.

In the infected districts things were going from bad to worse. Daily the number of those doleful little funerals increased, in spite of all they could do. As the doctor had said, the smell of carbolic no longer was perceptible in the convent. All that was left was issued only to the inspectors who went from house to house, and finally there came a day when they carried forth the last of it.

On the evening of this day, Cary, booted and spurred as he had dismounted a few minutes before, had fallen asleep in his chair, when he was roused by footsteps on the polished mahogany floor. It was Clancy, chief inspector, and Cary's right-hand man.

"Well, what is it now?" snapped Clancy's master.

"Cases, sorr, two av thim, in Buldueg. The docthor's gone there already. I didn't want to wake you, sorr, but you gev arrders that you should be let know if—"

Cary sprang to his feet. This was the *barrio*—a village having much the same relation to a town that a ward has to a city—where the Wilsons lived.

"Have one of my horses saddled at once," he ordered, then asked: "Was there any trouble?"

"'Tis already done, sorr. The natives is ugly, an' gettin' uglier, I fear, but there was little trouble. Wan man ran at me wid a bolo," replied Clancy, with a reminiscent grin.

"And you? Did you shoot him? You mustn't unless you have to; you know."

"I did not. I was scatterin' carbolic on the flure, an' some of it got on the bare shanks of the naygur. He'll be runnin' yet. I think,

sorr. I cudden't stop him," said Clancy, as he followed the Supervisor out of the room and down the stairs.

"Do you know this man?"

"I do, sorr, but not be name. 'Tis the man what's always hangin' round the house av that schoolmaster."

"Follow me with a dozen men, mounted, as soon as you can get them," called Cary, and swinging into his saddle, he galloped away.

The road was lined with cocoanut palms, through which the bright moonlight filtered, casting weird shadows that raced over the engineer as he galloped along. A breeze, gratefully cool, came from the sea, and rattled the fronds with a noise like pattering rain. This, and the soft thud of hoofs on the grassy road, were the only sounds. Once a man sprang out from a deep shadow at the horse's head. Cary struck downward with his heavy crop; the blow fell on a basket hat, smashing it. The man reeled back, and the horse galloped on. Evidently, as Clancy had said, the natives were getting ugly. This was the first time such a thing had happened.

From the direction of the cemetery there came the popping of rifles, and a red glow rose in the sky. A moment or two later, another glow, nearer at hand, grew rapidly until it fairly disputed the sway of the moonbeams, and as it shone down the straight road, colored everything as though with blood. By this Cary knew that the doctor already was at work, and that the infected house was becoming harmless by means of the only disinfectant they then had at command.

A little farther along the road, and the burning house was in sight. Standing full in the glare, leaning on a rickety bamboo fence and watching the fire, stood a woman. There was no mistaking the form of Ma Wilson. Cary pulled up and dismounted. She started when she saw who it was, and half turned away, but then turned back again, and held out her hand.

"I'm awful glad to see you," she said simply. "I s'pose I'd ought not to be, but I am, for I know my boy must 'a' made a mistake. It stan's to reason that you wouldn't be a-workin' for these people of his, as he calls 'em, and a-reskin' your life for 'em if you hated an' despised 'em like he thinks you do. But never mind," she added reassuringly. "It'll come out all right. He's too good not to see a mistake when it is a mistake. And

I was dreadful lonesome, an' did need some-buddy to talk to," she finished.

"Where is your son?" asked Cary, shaking hands.

"Over there, talkin' to them people," she replied, with a motion of her head toward the burning house.

Cary looked. A group of sullen natives stood listening with but half an ear to the school teacher who, dressed like themselves, was haranguing them. Near by, the doctor stood by his horse, with a couple of inspectors.

"Your son doesn't seem to be pleasing 'his people' just now; at least they don't seem to approve particularly of what he's saying."

"No," agreed Ma Wilson, with a sigh. "I don't know jest what it is thet he's sayin'. I can't understand that talk; but I think it's about the doctor. He only has three men with him, an' those folks, poor, igner'nt things, do' know what he's tryin' to do for 'em. So they're mad becus he burns the houses. But my boy'll fix all that. It's mighty noble, what he's doin', tryin' to up-lift them downtrodden folks, an' has married the woman of his choice, 'stead of lookin' down upon 'em an' despisin' 'em like the other Americans do. It's a glorious life work. Yet——"

Cary had turned his head to conceal a smile, but it vanished quickly of its own accord as something very like a sob broke from the poor old woman. He could think of nothing to say; he nodded sympathetically.

"Some ways I can't help wishin' thet he— he'd thought differ'nt, an' that *she* was more like what we're used to. I can't talk to her. It's dreadful hard to bear. An' she don't act 's though she wanted to talk to me. If she was makin' him happy, 'twould be all right; I could stand anythin' then. But she ain't. He ain't happy, though he won't say so. She don't care for him like she should. The boy says thet it's just her manner, becus her raisin' has been what it was, and her folks is differ'nt, but it ain't so. No woman, no matter where she was born, is so unlike any other woman thet the other woman can't tell such things. It's terrible—*terrible*—to see what I see, an' not be able to do a thing or say a word. An' now if anythin' should happen to the little feller, I jus' don't know what I'd do."

She broke down completely, and buried her face in her arms, which were folded on the fence top, while her shoulders shook.

Cary's every instinct was roused in sympathy, therefore he was stricken dumb, after the manner of his kind.

"I hope nothing has gone very far wrong with the little chap," he ventured, after a while.

Ma Wilson raised her head. "No, I guess not," said she. "But he's ailin'. He's asleep now. I'd like to have the doctor look at him if he would. My boy thought he wouldn't care to, seein' whose son it was, but mebbe—since he's right here——"

"Of course he'll come. Gladly," interrupted Cary, with some indignation, as the old woman hesitated. "What do you take him for, anyway?" He stopped in order to step out and meet Clancy and his men, who came sweeping down the road.

"Don't stop," shouted Cary, as the men slowed. "Go down where you see those natives, and then stand by. Ask the doctor if he'll please come here." Clancy saluted, and put spurs to his horse.

Ma Wilson looked her gratitude, but said nothing, and there was a long pause. Again came the sound of rifles from the graveyard.

"Did you hear that?" asked Cary.

"Yes," she answered, with a brave attempt to smile. "That noise can't fool me no more, though. I've heard too much bamboo a-burnin'. Besides, I can see the fire in the sky there."

"There's no bamboo in that fire," rejoined the engineer. "What you heard was rifles. We're burning bodies *on* consecrated ground because we can't any longer bury them *in* it. The cemetery's full. But I don't tell you this to frighten you. I want you to understand. The people are resisting this—and you hear the result. I want you to come to the convent, where it is safe, and bring the baby—your son, too, for that matter."

"My boy wouldn't go away from the place where he thinks his duty is," said the old woman proudly. "An' do you s'pose I'd leave him? Why, if anythin' was to happen, I'd— Listen!" A feeble wail came from the house. "It's the baby; I must go." And she hurried away.

Cary lighted a cigarette and waited. There was absolutely nothing he could do for this woman, and his inability to aid made him sick at heart. In a little while the doctor came, rolling out of his saddle with a word of explanation on his lips.

"I had to wait and see that the house was



"With a cry of delight Ma Wilson snatched it."

burning so that no one could go inside it before I left. What's wrong here? Not Mrs. Wilson!"

"No. Oh, no. The kiddy; she wanted you to have a look at him, but there's nothing much the matter, she thinks."

"God grant there's not, for her sake," said the doctor fervently. "But I don't think there's any cholera in this *barrio*."

"But what of those two cases that were in that house up there? I don't understand," cried Cary. "Have you sent 'em to the hospital?"

The doctor shook his head. "No. There was no need. They're in the house yet."

"Dead! Already? Heavens, but that's bad! Why, Jack, the cholera hasn't acted as quickly as that since it first came. And

now that the germ has grown weaker, or whatever it is, it takes lots longer. Some of the beggars get well, and the rest don't——"

"I know. Did you ever hear of *El Punto de Flecha*?"

"It's a plant the natives make poison of."

"A tasteless vegetable alkaloid, that acts so like cholera that one can tell it only by a microscopical examination. It's played a considerable part already in this epidemic, I fear. Just now I hadn't my microscope; and if I'd had it, it wouldn't have served to convict any one person. But those two dead men were followers of Wilson, and consequently it is supposable that our little friend 'Another'—who was in the house, you will remember—wouldn't be sorry to get them out of the way. Here comes Clancy back,

with his men. I'm going in to see that child."

Clancy came up. There was no further need of him and the party by the burning house, he said, as the natives had "scattered

been settled before the lighted doorway was again filled by the doctor's burly form.

"The boy's all right enough," said he cheerily, anticipating Cary's question. "Little feverish, that's all. Teeth."



"There was no mistaking the form of Ma Wilson."

an' skydoodled," to use his expression, at the sight of potential force. So he suggested that he and his men, leaving a couple at the Wilson house, should go back to headquarters as the central point, there to be ready for whatever might occur. But Cary decided that for the present, at least, they should stop where they were, so they did. The point had

"Thank God! Thank God for that at least!" said a tremulous voice from the shadows behind.

With a rush, the doctor stumbled down the steps and flashed his electric torch. The circle of light fell on the face of Wilson, haggard and twitching. His body swayed, and he clutched at a gatepost for support.

"What's up with you? Speak, can't you?" snapped the doctor, springing forward. But there was no need to ask, and already he decided in his mind what the answer should be; the face before him was enough for that.

doctor again. "Here, Cary, grab hold, and help me get him into the house."

"Clancy!" barked the Supervisor, gathering Wilson bodily into his arms.

"Here, sorr."



"The woman was smiling triumphantly."

Straightening with an effort, Wilson waved the doctor away, then spoke.

"I am—I'm sick, doctor. Very," he gasped. "I know you—you don't like me. I know what you think of—of me, and I of you—of you. But I thought that perhaps on account—account of my mother, you—"

"Rot, man! Cut that out!" snapped the

"Surround this place. Let no man, woman, or child leave it without orders." Then he carried the limp body of the school teacher into the house and laid it on the bed.

Ma Wilson, from the doorway, had seen and heard it all. From the first she had uttered no sound; there were things to be done, and after the manner of her kind, she was



"Cary could not speak. Leaning down, he kissed her forehead."

doing them. Now she swiftly undressed her son, as she might have undressed a child, but Cary saw, by the light of the smoky kerosene lamp, that her face, usually so rosy, was as white as the hair that framed it.

In its little hammock, slung across a corner, the child was sleeping; in a second corner, "Another" squatted on his heels, his eyes turned on the floor. The child's mother stood near the table supporting the lamp, drawn to her full, graceful height, her arms folded, her face expressionless, and her black eyes seeing everything.

Only once did Wilson show any signs of consciousness. Then he opened his eyes and smiled up at his mother, who smiled bravely in return; then turned away as though to place on a chair the clothes she had removed, and quickly brushed her eyes with the back of her hand. Cary turned, and stared hard out of a window, cursing under his breath.

"Water," said the sick man faintly.

The doctor was dropping some medicine. Lifting quickly from the table a glass, half filled, Wilson's wife swept between his mother and the bed. Raising his head, she held the glass to his lips, and he drank greedily. The doctor raised his eyes, but too late. Before he could interfere, she laid her husband's head back on the pillow and let the glass fall from her hand, so that it broke, and the remainder of its contents ran through the floor of split bamboo, and was lost. The woman brushed by him, and for the first time there was an expression on her face. She was smiling triumphantly.

Instantly the doctor poured his medicine down Wilson's throat, and grasping his wrist, felt for the pulse there. Her hands clinched, and whiter if possible than before, Ma Wilson stood and watched them both. Then she sank heavily into a chair, for the doctor re-

leased his hold and reverently pulled the sheet over the face of her son.

"Get them out of here!" commanded the doctor hoarsely. "Do it now. Send a man for my microscope, and tell him to *ride*."

Before the doctor finished, "Another" and the new-made widow already had passed down the steps. Ma Wilson's body seemed to understand, even though her mind did not. Mechanically taking up the child, she deftly folded a blanket around him, and followed the others. The doctor handed down a chair.

Cary gave the order. In a little while the ambulance drove up at a gallop, and a man got out with the microscope case, which was passed to the doctor. In the interval that followed Cary paced furiously up and down the road, as though his speed could hasten the time. Ma Wilson sat, silent and motionless, in her chair. When at last the doctor came out of the house, he went to her.

"There's no fear of contagion, Mrs. Wilson," he said. "There'll be no quarantine, therefore. I'm sorry to say it—we shall miss you—but don't you think you'd better go away from this place? No good can come of staying, it seems to me."

She slowly shook her head. "No, no good can come. No good—no good," she said. It was the first time she had spoken since she went into the house to hush the crying child. Her two hearers fairly started at the sound of her voice; it was like that of some one else, hard and dry and mechanical.

"The train leaves at three; it's nearly two now," the doctor went on. "So, if you want to—to get your things together, or anything, you know, perhaps you'd better—"

Nodding her acquiescence, Ma Wilson rose, and moved toward the house.

"Call us when you're ready," finished the doctor.

"I won't be long," replied the mechanical voice. "No good of staying now."

She went into the house. The doctor mopped his forehead. "Thank heaven, she didn't see, and didn't understand," he said to Cary. "You did, of course."

"Of course. I never doubted from the first what the cause of death was," replied the Supervisor. "That was why I ordered the ambulance. But, Jack, *can't* we cinch those two brutes some way? Legally, I mean. I'd *rather* do it that way—if I can."

"No. We can't. There's not one atom of legal proof against anyone," answered the

doctor mournfully. "Wilson was ill when he came into the house. God only knows where he got his first dose. But these two people mustn't stay here, where that poor old woman can see them when she comes out." He turned to the woman. "Go!" he said in Spanish, pointing. She rose, and with an insolent leer, sauntered past him.

Cary wasted no words, but stalking to where "Another" squatted, caught that little brown brother by the collar of his shirt and jerked him to his feet. The big Supervisor had played football not so very long before. He took a couple of quick steps and kicked—once. With outstretched arms "Another" soared through the air, crashed through the rickety fence, and fell prone outside. Darting a glance of hatred at the Supervisor, the woman helped her lover to his feet, and together they hurried down the road.

Cary sighed. "Well," said he, "they'll try to run the guards and get away from the town. That's a certainty. And the guards have orders to be especially quick on the trigger to-night. *That's* a comfort."

Ma Wilson came down, dressed for the journey. "This house—an' the things in it—who do they belong to?" she asked.

"Nobody will ever use them again. Don't fear," replied the doctor, with quick intuition, and a shadow of relief passed over her face.

Her bundles were carefully packed around her by Clancy, who then rode ahead to hold the train by force, if necessary, while the ambulance followed at a walk by Cary's orders, in order that the baby might not be wakened. It was waiting when they reached the station. It was in motion again when they had settled the old lady in her seat.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand. Her voice was shaking, but it was her own voice now. "Good-by. I can't thank you. I can't think what to say. I can't even feel it—ner nothin' else—yet. But I'll never ferget how good you've be'n."

Cary could not speak. Leaning down, he kissed her forehead, then bolted from the car. The doctor had gone before.

For the third time that day, as the two men stood watching the train as it dwindled in the distance, a red glow rose, and they knew that it was Wilson's house that burned, lighting his mother toward the sea and her own country. The train vanished around a curve, and the two Americans wearily mounted and rode back to their work.

THE IMPRESARIO OF MILTON

By EDWIN BLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON



UPREMEST satisfaction reposed on Joe's face as he closed the door of the Milton Hotel behind him and meditatively drew a coat sleeve across his mouth.

"Relief wagon!" the old man muttered softly to himself. "Wa-al, I'm dummed! Relief wagon fer Joe Milton," and his withered form was doubled up in gales of silent laughter.

Slowly the old man walked up the crooked street with its ramshackle little frame dwellings leaning toward their counterparts across the way. Down the long, narrow grass-grown street running from the hotel to the foothills not a vestige of life was visible. Not a sound broke the stillness of the little mountain village; not a sign of human activity anywhere in the whole town—with its huts all broken in the joinery; jagged holes where windows had been, and the joints of tin that answered for chimneys lying with drunken gayety

at all sorts of crazy angles. Not a dog trotted down the thoroughfare, not a wagon rumbled in the distance. Everywhere was solitude so intense as to be awful.

Yet the old man seemed to walk straighter as he progressed and to look about more and more carefully as with intense satisfaction he pointed his cane at something in the distance.

"Most mail time," he cheerily sang out, as though to some one across the street. The sturdy tones came hurtling back from the hills with a hollow, mocking sound, "Most mail—time—mail—time—time," and like a skipping pebble fell spent in the bottomless waters of Infinity. But Joe was not thinking of any such intangible things at the present moment, as he keenly scrutinized the speck of dust visible down the road.

He was a man of not much over fifty who looked seventy—albeit a hale and hearty seventy, with his snow-white hair gracefully framing a gentle, determined face. All the spirit of the untamed West



"All the spirit of the untamed West was in that face."



"Hank gave the cheery old man a hearty hand-grip."

was in that face plus the refinement of the man who knows things and moreover knows that he knows them. His form was sturdy—yet not so rugged as it should have been to endure the hardships his solitude had forced upon him. For Joseph Milton was the sole inhabitant of Milton, Wyoming.

Twenty years before, he—then a prospector young at the game—had struck a pocket of nigh free gold. It was a rare fine vein and the farther he went the more it broadened and smiled at him. Not being a Western man, he immediately hoofed it to the nearest town and invited his friends back East to share the bonanza. But even telegraph wires forsake the inane dash and dot system when loaded with messages of this sort and the magic word G-O-L-D fairly sizzled from the ticker, so that all might hear. Suffice it, that immediately upon sending the message, the Fremont operator forsook his keys and toilsomely led the procession to Milton. Led

the way—for he was followed by a vast concourse from all over the West. How they knew no one can say, but GOLD is written on men's foreheads in that country, and their boot nails spell out the magic word on the very ground they tread. By the time the Easterners arrived, Milton—named for its discoverer—was a booming hell-hole of 10,000 souls, working like mad by day and playing like mad at night. Shanties were speedily erected; a hotel was built; stores went up; then came the local newspaper—*The Thunderer*; but all followed the gambling houses and saloons. Enterprise was in the very air, and danced its merry way to the music of dynamite blasts, and cradles and hammers and the click of little ivory balls. It was a real boom—not one of the made-to-order kind. The gold was there—everywhere in paying quantities fairly beckoning the hungry man animal.

That was Milton's big day. It always is

in a mining town—the time before the greed fever is satiated. Then an era of prosperity set in. Men talked of building decent

farther than talk; Joe was made postmaster. The editor was killed; Joe took his place—and a right smart sheet did he get out. So,



"Cross country, ignoring the roads, dashed the mad cavalcade."

dwellings—and never did it. A movement was on foot to have it raised from a fourth-class to a third-rate post office—and got no

on and on through all the endless changes every mining town makes, until his pride in Milton was like a father for his child. He

sold his claim, everything he gave up to the one idea. Roundly he rated public men editorially for the slipshod dwellings they occupied; "Civic pride," he thundered, "civic pride," but his voice was as a whisper in the ears of the gold-lustful men. Mines—mines—mines. The money fairly shrieked on its way to Milton. Everyone wanted a bit of the bonanza, so the Mining Exchange was built. Now all these changes took years. Then came the reaction. The fever was on again. Mines thinned; veins mysteriously disappeared; always a foot from where the toilers stopped, discouraged, did they reappear. Disappointment followed disappointment. Glade, twenty miles east, was booming. The gambling houses were thinning out. Then men began to move to later strikes—leaving good claims behind. The exodus of the few became the panic of the many, and the line at the post office, which of a Sunday had strung out clear to the foothills, now could easily get within the little building.

Old Joe noticed the change and vaguely it piqued him, as a child. But he went on the even tenor of his way, marking the difference in the mail time, saw the time when only one man answered his booming bass—"All ready"; remembered the time when all alone he dug that man's grave and went back to town—his town—to sadly sort over the mail the others had left, and to wait the few odd letters that still arrived. Some went as they came, hurriedly, madly, convulsively; others moved the very roofs over their heads; a few took their stock and provisions; but most had left all things absolutely and gone away with no ties or impedimenta save the glitter lust in their eyes to hunt—and hunt—and hunt, leaving everything, anything, just as they had deserted some other place to come.

For a long time Joe Milton failed to realize the change—so sudden had the shock been. When he did, there was no brooding; only a mighty yearning to get them back, and a terrible hatred for the town that had called them. He set about his work in a slow, plodding way, getting out *The Thunderer* once a month now, instead of weekly; swung open the post-office window just half as often, but fully as religiously; regularly went to the Mining Exchange, and, clanging the big gong over the clerk's desk, solemnly announced the suspension of business for the day; prepared his breakfast at the hotel, and cere-

moniously ate it in the big dining room; bought all his goods from the deserted stocks, entered the purchase in the books, and deposited its value in the cash drawer. Never for one moment did he allow himself to regard his old townspeople as other than away on a visit. He had made Milton once; now he would remake it. So with pick and hammer every day the old man prospected. A rare diviner he was too. Gold he found—gold in paying quantities; gold in old deserted claims, just a little bit farther on. But never the big strike. These were just mere claims; only an item in *The Thunderer*.

And then one wonderful day—marvelously like another twenty years ago—he lit on a beautiful bit of rock, and that same day—irony of fate!—the relief wagon called on the crazy inhabitant of Milton—for crazy, Joe had been dubbed for years. Frank Peters drove the wagon clear from Glade, and Joe received him, radiantly happy at his assay, on the steps of the hotel. Courteous as ever, he prepared a hospitable dinner for the man who had come to relieve his want; showed him over the old town with childish glee—the Exchange, stores, the latest copy of *The Thunderer*, and gently saw him on his way back to Glade nonplused.

"He moight be crazy an' then ag'in he moightn't, but he's sure queer," was Frank's sage comment on returning.

So the matter was dropped temporarily. He had food, raiment, and lodging, and was happy. Al Rankin voiced the sentiment of the camp when he said:

"We're all loco, an' if Joe thinks thar's gold thar, we're a hell of er lot ter take him away."

The next day—the one on which this story opens—Joe Milton, attired in his best Sunday raimenting, in honor of his strike, was going to receive the mail. Long and steadfastly he gazed at the tiny speck of dust in the distance drawing nearer and nearer until a man on horseback could be distinguished. Then it was possible to make out the features, and finally Hank Ayres, swinging his heavy mail pouch to the ground, followed it and gave the cheery old man a hearty hand grip.

"Couple er letters to-day, Joe."

A flitting expression of delight crossed the old man's features.

"Hev a drink, Hank. Dusty ridin'?"

"Thanks! 'Tis dusty. Donkeer ef I do."

Solemnly the two linked arms and slowly

paced across the deserted street to the hospitably open door of Danny Callahan's old place. The old man stooped painfully under the counter at one end of the bar and deposited a bottle of "rye" before the mail carrier. With a hearty "How," and a hasty swipe of lips with coat sleeves, the two drank. "Danny's away," the old man finally vouchsafed.

"Thasso?" Hank shuffled his feet uneasily as Joe threw a half dollar into the cash drawer.

"Ya-as. Been gone some time now. Orter be back this week."

"Thasso?" more uneasily than before.

"Business goin' ter hell ef he stays gone. I alluz liked Danny, but he hadn't orter stay so long ter onct," he continued.

This conversation was too one-sided for the dusty rider, much too queer for him to enjoy, so he broke the monotony by judiciously tilting the bottle toward the old man's glass. "Say when," he remarked sententiously. Another guttural "How" and a half dollar went jingling across the bar. The old man quickly shoved it back.

"Cyan't nobody pay hyar to-day, Hank, but me. I struck it rich."

Incredulously he gazed at the barkeeper, but the look of quiet assurance he received in return gave him a start.

"What!"

Had Hank been closely observant he would have noticed a look of cunning, altogether alien, on the open countenance opposite him. The old man turned his back, apparently busying himself with the bottles, while his eyes were fixed on the reflection of the mail carrier's features in the bar glass.

"Wa-al, Hank, I jest can't natcherly say I struck it rich lately. I seemed to know gold 'us all over these hyar diggin's. Ye see I've been alone hyar fer nigh on five years, an' a man's got a lot er time ter think whar gold is, then."

"But ye said ye'd struck it!"

This time Joe did not attempt to suppress a look of extravagant trickery as he carefully unfolded a copy of *The Thunderer* laying among the multifarious bottles, and spread it before the eager man.

Hank regarded the paper carelessly, disgust overshadowing his features. "Joe," he finally drawled, as he disdainfully tossed the paper back, "my literairy persoot o' totin' mail ain't eddicated me up ter *The Thunderer*.

Not sayin'," he hastily interposed as he saw a hurt look steal over the old man's face, "as 'tain't th' best sheet in Idyho—but I likes ter read it slow an' kerful-like goin' hum, so's I don't miss nothin'. Now, speakin' o' strikes. Didn't I hear tell somethin' 'bout er strike? As you wus a-sayin'—"

The old man with a look of speedy good nature—almost childish in its blandness—handed the paper back to the man. "Jest take it to the boys when ye go back. It's sorter a letter to 'em. I been here nigh onter five years all alone now, an' I'm gittin' lonesome. I want 'em to come back. They's gold hyar—heaps er gold. Don't seem right fer the boys ter leave me so long. I want 'em ter come back. Milton's a good town, an' there's gold hyar. Take it to 'em, Hank, an' tell 'em to read it all through. Tell 'em there's gold hyar. Tell 'em for me." Eagerly the old man clutched his companion's sleeve—"Tell 'em I'm lonesome—ole Joe. Tell 'em that. Won't yer, Hank?"

The rough fellow looked pityingly at the man behind the bar.

"Joe, yer hadn't orter be hyar this-a-way. Donno wat's goin' ter happen ter yer. Come along with me."

The man who a moment before had seemed about to burst into tears became convulsed with an eager fury.

"Damn yer pity! I ain't a askin' no favors of ye! I tell yer thar's gold hyar. Gold! Hell! Gold ter burn!"

"I ain't never ar'sd nobody ter come ter Milton. Milton don't need nobody. I didn't ax nobody ter come ter Milton twenty years ago. I managed ter keep her goin' then thouten no passel o' fools that 'ud live in a measly little hole like Glade. They jes' natcherly cum. Whatta ye got at Glade?" His voice rose with all the disgust of a world. "Ye got a six-dollar mine 'at petered on ye! Mebbe ye'll find th' vein ag'in! Mebbe! Sure, ye might; an' mebbe it'll turn up an' assay *five* dollars—why it might make *six*! Ye can't never tell 'bout these hyar rich veins over ter *Glade*. Cose I ain't a axing nobody ter leave Glade for *Milton*. Milton's worked out! When a *fifty-dollar* vein gets lost they ain't no chance o' ever findin' it ag'in! Ye only finds yer *rich six-dollar* uns. You know that, Hank. Ye've been livin' in Glade long 'nuff ter know that. But ole Joe Milton—he's been a-lookin' so long fer th' *fifty-dollar* boy 'at he's loco. Sure; plumb loco!"

"Now thar's a boy as believes in Milton." Unfolding the newspaper Joe proudly indicated the large cut of a man. "Dr. Bartle by name, who asked the world to come and be cured of rheumatism and catarrh by sending fifty cents mailing charges and receiving a free bottle of Bartle's Tanya Elixir in return. That man"—again he rested his withered finger on the advertisement—"that man's run this hyar ad. fer ten year thouten stopping; cose he ain't paid nothin' las' five, but he showed his *faith*, an' he's a frien' o' mine. Have a drink, Hank?"

An hour later a sorely perplexed man rode slowly out of Milton, an empty mail pouch hanging from the horn of his saddle. He was puzzling over the four-sheet copy of *The Thunderer* filled with foolish little items concerning the absence of certain prominent citizens from town, and remarks regarding prospecting tours made by one "Joe Milton, Postmaster of Milton," and "Joseph Milton, Editor of this paper," and "Joe Milton, clerk of the Mining Exchange," etc., etc. Here and there a scare head chronicled improvements made in divers buildings of the town. And Dr. Bartle, in the solemn dignity of frock coat and spectacles, flamboyantly proclaimed his message of joy to a rheumatic populace.

There was much mirth in Pete's that night as Hank told of his experience—mirth mixed with sadness as they thought of the plight of their erstwhile comrade. A hush fell over the rough crowd as they gazed at Joe's message to them. Crazy or sane—something in the very word "Gold" in that far Western region has a power to send a chill over men's hearts and numb their brains. Gold—gold—gold—gold—gold—they had given their lives to the cabalistic word. A feeling of pity akin to awe swept over the assemblage as they saw the effect this tireless devotion had had upon one of their comrades. He was not the first they had known to go mad in the elusive chase.

"Reckon we'd orter made him jine us," sadly ruminated Danny Callahan, which remark seemed to sum up the general sentiment.

"Wa-al, I dunno," said the chagrined man who had met such a polite rebuff only a few days before when driving the relief wagon. "He's a purty hard costumer ter handle."

"Boys, it's up to us," broke in Pete, the proprietor of the house. "We'll jest go round thar, leisure like, next week and take

keer o', the old man. He ain't got no business bein' alone, ef he's crazy."

"Crazy! Crazy hell!" burst in a wrinkled old gold hunter by the stove. "Ain't we all crazy? None o' our business ef a man 'at's crazy wants ter prospect 'ith a lot o' type, stid of er pick. Ain't I right, Hank?" But Hank vouchsafed no answer. He didn't know what to think. Somehow he didn't believe the old man was crazy. There was something almost wise in his conversation; something that wasn't insane in his tirade of sarcasm. Hank Ayres was puzzled, but Hank alone, and it was readily agreed the relief wagon should set out again next Sunday, take the old man by surprise, and bring him in by force if necessary. And many a heart ached under its rough red shirt as they realized the utter dreariness of his life for the last five years.

The week passed rapidly—all too quickly for the arrangements to be made before they could bring their comrade back. A doctor must be obtained and Sid Johnson was dispatched to the nearest town to bring him. Then a shack should be comfortably fixed up to shelter the old man. Nothing was spared to cure his malady. They would make amends for their cruel neglect—and eagerly they set to work. At the end of the week all arrangements had been completed and there only remained a choice of who was to accompany the relief wagon. It was dangerous work. Joe must not be hurt at any cost—chances were, some one else would be. It was not a question of volunteers—rather one of making a choice. They should be old friends, and tact was first to be employed; they must be men of fighting ability—and these two qualities were almost incompatible in the township, where "Shoot first an' talk arter" was from long usage popularly supposed to be biblical writ. Sim Peters, Jake Brown, "Slim" Hawkins, and Tom Hart were the chosen ones.

True "Slim" was not much of a fighter and Jake a bit too hasty on the trigger, but it was the best selection they could make, and Saturday night the town devoutly prayed the two might equalize each other.

Sunday morning broke bright and clear and a thousand or more men cheered them off on their errand of mercy. Slowly the rumbling old wagon rattled over the rough road while the four men with set, determined faces stood unsteadily on their feet in the

bed and waved their hats to the rapidly receding throng.

The crowd adjourned to Pete's to await developments. It was a nasty job those four were going on and the probabilities were they would not all return. Death by the trigger is a matter of no great consequence out there, but deliberately sending men to that death—ah—that is another matter.

Al Drummond sat at the table where the paper that had caused all the mischief lay, idly glancing now and then at its tiresome repetitions. Suddenly he became as stone. "Boys!" he huskily called. A few men glanced from the bar in his direction, then turned away. Eagerly he traced some words out with his finger, then jumping from his seat, waved the paper aloft. A few idly speculated as to how Al had managed to acquire such an early drunk. He jumped upon the table and held the paper over his head. "Boys," he fairly yelled—"look, boys, am I plumb loco?" Such actions were unprecedented and the gang set down their glasses and gazed inquiringly. "Boys, didn't Hank say this hyar was a letter to us?"

"You shore am *plumb* loco," testily remarked the wrinkled old prospector as he swallowed his whisky.

"Boys, did ye ever know ole Joe ter lie?"

Drummond seemed choking with excitement. His mouth opened and shut in a most alarming manner. Finally he fairly burst forth. "*Look at ole Doc Bartle!*"

He threw the paper in their midst and lo!

Do you suffer from rheumatism? Do not be discouraged because—

Joe Milton assayed his strike of last Monday in Lone Gulch at sixty-nine a ton.

Dr. Bartle will cure you.

Twice they read. A moment they looked at each other in dismay and chagrin.

The relief wagon! With a wild yell the place was evacuated. Pellmell, helter-skelter they made for the door. No interchange of courtesies now. The gold thirst was upon them all and they fairly fought their way out. Only one man used the back entrance, and that was Pete, the boss, and in a trice he was saddling his pony for its long dash. Crack—crack—went revolvers as men, balked in their efforts to find their ponies, quickly shot off their guns as an outlet to their spleen. Clickety, clickety, clickety, clickety sounded a lone pony's hoofs as one solitary man dashed across country first at the start. The

sounds grew louder. There was a buzz—the noise, deafening noise of a thousand men's intense silence. Then clickety—clickety—clickety, rum—pedidum—pedidum, louder—louder—beat the hoof on the hard ground until a fair riot of thundering hoof beats shook the earth. 'Cross country, ignoring the road, dashed the mad cavalcade—'cross country—short cuts, anything to be first, on—on—on—while the sweat of horse and man blended in an indescribable steam. Did the animal lag, ready spurs were fiercely driven into his sides, but not more bloody were the poor beasts' flanks than the eyes of their riders. Fiercely—madly they rode, nor stopped to help the man who fell. Cursing—panting fiends they rode. Now a neigh of distress as a pony stumbled—oaths and the reports of revolvers—flashes of light in the clear air. Mad—mad—mad, every one of them on the way to Milton. At last the town was in sight. The ponies were flecked with bloody foam and still they plied the quirt. Men dismounted and ran—ran like sprinters, notwithstanding their clumsy boots, up the grass-covered street of the town.

An old man stood in his shirt sleeves before the post office—the only placid figure in the world that day. Steadfastly he watched the crazy mob dashing up the street, some afoot, some horseback. They caught sight of him and a roar of joy went up to the heavens. Thank God! The relief wagon had been anticipated! An odd smile curved the corners of his mouth as he slowly withdrew within the building and double barred the doors. The first man sprang forward and threw his weight against them, but not an iota of give was in their solid portals. Old Joe was not in sight, but peacefully sorting over the mail within the inclosure, just as he had sorted that same mail for five years. The whole mad mob was outside. Again and again they tested the door. It would not give. Boom! Crash, and it flew off its hinges under the mighty impact of their concerted weight. A mad surge forward and then—the mob halted under the muzzles of two nasty-looking revolvers. Like a bit of steel came the old man's tones, every word distinct as the crack of a whip.

"Consarn ye, what'd ye bust my door fer? This yer post office ain't never opened till three o'clock an' it ain't agoin' ter be."

"Come out, Joe! Come on out!" a lone man in the rear called.

"Ye've waited five years fer yer mail; reckon ye can wait till three o'clock," and *click* went the shutter right in the face of the nonplused mob.

Every second an hour, they stood. Waited when gold was in the very air about them. At last the shutter flew open with a snap and again the men sprang forward. "Where's the strike?" pleadingly. "Where's the strike, Joe?"

"Hold yer hosses an' get in line."

This man was trifling with them. Maybe he was lying about the strike after all. Pete sprang forward, an ugly look on his face.

"Joe, ye're all right, but we want ter know 'bout that strike. Wuz ye joshin' us?"

A threatening murmur at the very suggestion arose.

"Pete Browning, git in line, damn ye! Ye git in line now. I'm postmaster hyar, an' ye'll get yer mail fust er I'll know the reason why. They hain't agoin' ter be no disorderly conduct in my post office 'cordin' to the Rules and Regulations er the United States er Ameriky. Git in line!"

Sullenly the mob aligned itself before the little window and again it stretched its serpentine length through the building, down the street clear to the foothills. Silently they received their mail or asked for it, and sulkily ignored his pleasantries. Finally the last man was through and he emerged from his shelter.

"Naow, boys, come along. Postmaster fust, miner arter! Come along an' I'll show ye somethin' that'll— Hello! Hello, Slim! Hello, Jake! Come fer yer mail? No! Wa-al, ye'll *git* it!"

"Tell him, quick," fiercely hissed Pete, and they looked in amaze at the lowering faces about them. "Tell him wat yer cum fer," repeated Pete, and Slim, the pacificator of the relief-wagon expedition, confusedly spoke up.

"Wa-al, Joe, reckon we uns wuz wrong. But we 'lowed as you 'uz loco."

The old man regarded them silently a moment, then chuckled gleefully.

"Loco, eh? Wa-al, mebbe I be. But I ain't never lived in Glade, an' I struck it twist. Loco! Wa-al, I'm dummed!"

And the procession slowly followed his chuckling lead down the grass-grown main street of the town of Milton out into the foothills.

All that day did Joe show them his strike and help them stake claims around him. Merrily he showed them assays he had taken of deserted claims that now looked extremely good.

But at night when the tired, glad men assembled in Danny Callahan's, the old man seemed to lose his gayety. The eager throng, pressing about, could drag from him nothing save monosyllables. Finally he looked up and said very softly, so that only those immediately around heard:

"Waal, boys, it's tough work for an ole man—this hyar minin'. Jes' let me watch ye, an' tend post office." A moment he paused at the door. "Don' ye reckon ye'd better sen' yer relief waggin back ter Glade? If ye stays a little while, ye won't need it no more."

And as he slowly left the room, not a man but knew what he meant.

THE COLD POOR

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

HIGH crucified on every winter's night,
Bound to the cross of every wind that blows,
Frost on my lips that leaves a kiss of blue,
And on my head the thorns of driven snows.

Sleep may not lay her hand in that of Pain
Or Hope trail silver garments through the dust,
For Fate decrees the lines I have to read,
Hell is what is and Heaven but a crust.

THE PRETORIAN GUARD OF "FLOATERS"

BY R. H. FULLER



IN the days of Roman decadence it was the custom of the Pretorian Guard to sell the Empire to the highest bidder and the imperial purple was awarded to the aspirant who had the longest purse. In these days of strength and prosperity in the United States there has sprung up a Pretorian Guard of venal voters who are seeking to dispose of the offices which are filled by election on the same sordid principle.

Encouraged at first by the political "machines" of both parties they have grown beyond the power of the "machines" to suppress them. They exist in greater or less numbers in every State and in every political division which is capable of being contested by both parties with hope of success. Immunity from punishment has increased their exactions until in many localities they now hold the balance of power and are able to cry "Stand and deliver!" to both the party organizations. The political leaders know that in many cities, counties, and even States, refusal of their demands will entail defeat. Both sides are compelled to yield and to suffer spoliation in silence, since by yielding they make themselves the accomplices of the vote sellers, and both being equally guilty, neither is in a position to complain.

Long-continued bribery has deadened the conscience of many communities. Sons have followed the example of their fathers and the sale of votes has become a recognized and permanent family asset. The contagion has spread even to partisan voters, who, while refusing to sell their votes, decline to vote at all unless paid by their party organization.

No State in the Union is entirely free from vote-selling mercenaries, and in some of the States their strength has reached enormous proportions. Once established, the practice of bribery is tolerated and even shielded by public opinion. The disgrace which originally attached to it ceases to exist. The legal penalties against it are either not enforced at all, or if prosecutions take place, the prosecuting officials connive at acquittal or permit the lightest possible penalties to be imposed.

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of dollars are paid to the modern Pretorian Guard in every general election. Nobody knows what the precise expenditure is. The amount is not measured in any single fund, no matter how large it may seem. It is made up of an undefined proportion of all the various funds—national, State, county, district.

When Abraham Lincoln ran for Congress his friends raised a fund of \$200 to promote his election. He returned \$199.75 after the campaign, explaining that on one occasion he had been "cornered" and had been compelled to buy cider. It is said to have cost W. A. Clark \$431,000 to have himself elected to the United States Senate from Montana.

In the debate in the last session of Congress on the bill providing for the publication of the campaign expenses of nominees for federal office, which failed to pass, Representative William Sulzer, of New York, read to the House a statement of the funds raised by the Republican and Democratic National Committees in Presidential contests since 1860. Mr. Sulzer assured the House that the statement had been prepared by "competent and experienced men," and that he was convinced

of its approximate correctness. This statement was as follows:

Year	Republican	Democratic
1860.....	\$100,000	\$50,000
1864.....	125,000	50,000
1868.....	150,000	75,000
1872.....	250,000	50,000
1876.....	950,000	900,000
1880.....	1,100,000	355,000
1884.....	1,300,000	1,400,000
1888.....	1,350,000	855,000
1892.....	1,850,000	2,350,000
1896.....	16,500,000	675,000
1900.....	9,500,000	425,000
1904.....	3,500,000	1,250,000

Considering the magnitude of the evil of vote buying in the United States the public papers of executive officials and the records of legislative bodies are astonishingly free from allusions to it. Yet the allusions that have been made reveal with sufficient clearness the actual conditions that exist. President Roosevelt said in his message to Congress in 1904:

"The power of the government to protect the integrity of the election of its own officials is inherent and has been recognized and affirmed by repeated declarations of the Supreme Court. There is no enemy of free government more dangerous and none so insidious as the corruption of the electorate. No one defends or excuses corruption and it would seem to follow that none would oppose vigorous measures to eradicate it. I recommend the enactment of a law directed against bribery and corruption in federal elections. The details of such a law may be safely left to the wise discretion of the Congress, but it should go as far as under the Constitution it is possible to go, and should include severe penalties against him who gives or receives a bribe intended to influence his act or opinion as an elector; and provide for the publication, not only of the expenditures for nominations and elections of all candidates, but also of all contributions received and expenditures made by political committees."

Familiar as he was with the conditions which exist in "practical politics" in his own State of New York, President Roosevelt's recommendations were not idly made. These conditions were set forth in the annual message to the Legislature of one of his Democratic predecessors in the office of Governor

of the State—David B. Hill—for many years leader of his party and fully informed of the minutest details of political management. As long ago as 1889, Governor Hill's message to the Legislature contained the following:

"Large sums of money are expended at each election, especially in the rural districts, for the ostensible and avowed purpose of getting the vote out. This alleged purpose in most cases is a mere pretense, however, and a transparent excuse for bribery and corruption. Money is disbursed under a thinly disguised claim that it is paid and exacted for teams, time of men, and other services in getting the electors to the polls, when in fact its real design or effect is to influence the man whose team or services are nominally employed, and thereby secure his vote and the votes of his neighbors who accompany or assist him. The political committees of both parties report that all over the State many electors, for the purpose of exacting money, assume a disinclination to vote, and oftentimes assert that they will not vote unless they are paid for their time and expenses of getting to the polls; and both political parties are thus compelled to hire their own adherents to come out and vote their own party ticket."

Official testimony that the bribery of voters prevails in other States is not lacking. Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin, of Rhode Island, in a special message to the Legislature of that State in 1903, depicted the prevalence of bribery there. He said:

"That bribery exists to a great extent in the elections of this State is a matter of common knowledge. No general election passes without, in some sections of the State, the purchase of votes by one or both the great political parties. It is true that the results of the election may not often be changed so far as the candidates on the State ticket are concerned, but many assemblymen occupy the seats they do by means of purchased votes.

"In a considerable number of our towns bribery is so common and has existed for so many years that the awful nature of the crime has ceased to impress. In some towns the bribery takes place openly; is not called bribery, nor considered a serious matter. The money paid to the voter, whether \$2, \$5, or \$20, is spoken of as 'payment for his time.' The claim that the money given to the elector is not for the purpose of influencing

his vote, but is compensation for time lost in visiting the polls, is the merest sophistry, and should not deceive any adult citizen of ordinary intelligence. It is well known that in such towns, when one political party is supplied with a corruption fund and the other is without, the party so provided invariably elects its assembly ticket, thus affording positive proof that the votes are bought and the voters bribed."

In Rhode Island, according to former Governor Garvin, a favorite method of bribing the voter is through what is known as "the Tasmanian dodge," because it was first practiced in Tasmania when the Australian ballot was adopted there. This "dodge" consists of giving the voter whose vote is to be purchased a ballot prepared in advance by the men who do the bribing. The voter obtains his ballot in the usual way from the election officials, but he votes the ballot which has been prepared for him and delivers the ballot which he has obtained at the polls to the bribers, who take it from him and pay him his bribe. The new ballot is then marked and the operation is repeated with another voter, who, in turn, delivers a fresh ballot, and so the bribery is continued.

The purchasable vote in Rhode Island is estimated at ten per cent of the total vote, and the same proportion exists in New Hampshire. In Connecticut it is sixteen per cent and in New York fifteen per cent.

In New York, Massachusetts, and other States which have adopted the main features of the Australian ballot law, the "Tasmanian dodge" is prevented by numbering all the official ballots on the stub, noting the number of the ballot delivered to each voter, and again noting the number of the ballot which he offers to deposit in the ballot box.

It is rare that the man who negotiates the bribe is the man who actually pays it. Various tokens are given to the voter to be "cashed" at some designated place. In a recent bribery case in Brooklyn testimony was given on the trial that the voter who was bribed received a card bearing the inscription "Christmas Dinner." This card was exchangeable for \$2 in a certain saloon.

In a town in the interior of the State containing 900 voters, the canvass lists of the Republican and Democratic committees showed that 446 of them were purchasable. The system in this town is for the voter to hold up his fingers to indicate the number of

dollars that he wants for his vote. The purchaser gives the voter a card of a certain color and this card is afterwards cashed. The paymaster stands with his back to the voter, receives the card, and makes the payment called for without turning his head, so that, if necessary, he can truthfully say that he does not know who received the bribe. The entire transaction is carried through without the exchange of a word on the subject.

In Delaware one of the tokens used a few years ago was a celluloid button of a peculiar form. Another was a tin tag stamped "O. K."

David B. Hill's reference to the hiring of teams and payments for time lost in going to the polls in the rural districts of New York State was an allusion to a practice which has prevailed for years in nearly all the rural counties of the State. Another method is to hire an unlimited number of "workers" on pretense of getting out the reluctant voters. Expenditures for these purposes are specifically authorized by the law. There are many gradations between these semilegitimate forms of influencing voters and the outright purchase of votes. In many districts in the State, especially in the northern counties, large numbers of voters, from fifteen to thirty per cent of the entire body, will not go to the polls unless they are paid. The majority of these voters cannot be induced to vote any other ticket than that nominated by their own party, and they would feel insulted if it should be suggested to them that they had been bribed. Their attitude is virtually that of the blackmailer.

It is extremely difficult to break up this custom when it has prevailed in a locality for years, because it is not regarded as in any sense dishonorable. In Livingston County, in the western part of the State, it had prevailed for a considerable period when James W. Wadsworth, Jr., speaker of the Assembly, was nominated in 1905. It is the custom of the county to leave to the nominee for the Assembly the management of the campaign in his own town. Mr. Wadsworth determined to expend no money for votes. The "floaters" were incensed by this decision, and in his first campaign they cast their votes for his opponent and he lost the town. To intensify their disappointment, some strategist of the enemy spread the rumor that the Republicans had a large fund to be expended for vote-buying. This rumor reached a band of 160 Italian voters who were em-

ployed in the town, and they came to the polling place in a body before the polls were opened, demanding through their spokesmen \$1,600 for their votes. This demand was refused, and they waited near the polling place until four o'clock in the afternoon and then went away without voting at all.

This is by no means the only instance in the State of the revenge taken by floaters whose demands have been refused. The city of Ogdensburg in St. Lawrence County, a Republican stronghold, is practically governed by its mercenary voters. The struggle between the party managers for the control of the city created a corps of "floaters" which A. B. Gray, a member of the Assembly from St. Lawrence, in the course of a debate in the Legislature last winter upon a bill of local importance, estimated at 1,400 in a voting population of 4,000. The demands of these "floaters" became so exacting that a few years ago the party managers on both sides agreed to try the experiment of purchasing no votes. To teach them a lesson, the "floaters" banded together and elected the Prohibition nominee for Mayor over both the Republican and the Democratic candidates. The normal Prohibition vote in the city is about 200.

In some localities in the State, to avoid angering the "floaters," the party managers on both sides have been accustomed to divide the purchasable vote between them before the election, agreeing upon a price for votes and purchasing only the voters whose names appeared upon their respective lists.

In the smaller cities in the interior of the State, where the purchase of votes has been the custom for many years, it has reached almost incredible proportions. In one election district in such a city 157 Republican votes were cast in a recent election, and the Republican leader of the district admitted afterwards that he had personally paid for 143 of them.

In Delaware the chances of bribery with impunity are increased by the constitutional provision in the State that the Attorney-General shall have sole power to bring prosecutions. The persistent efforts of J. Edward Addicks to have himself elected to the United States Senate from Delaware brought about a reign of election debauchery in the State which was described in detail by George Kennan after an investigation of the campaign of 1902. He found that in one Kent

County voting precinct, 175 Union Republicans out of 225 had been paid. In the second precinct of the Second Representative District in Sussex County, the Addicks men spent between \$9,000 and \$10,000, and bought 307 of their 401 votes. In the northern part of Nanticoke Hundred, in Sussex County, they polled 158 votes, of which 140 were purchased. In the Fifth District of Sussex they spent \$5,700 for 407 votes; in the Fourth District \$4,500 was expended for 240.

Similar conditions were brought about in Montana by the Clark-Daly fight.

Most people no doubt still remember the sensation that was caused in the Presidential campaign of 1888 by the publication of the famous "blocks of five" letter, written by Colonel Dudley, manager of the Republican campaign in Indiana, to the chairman of a Republican County Committee in that State. There were from 20,000 to 30,000 purchasable voters in Indiana and the State was close.

"Divide the floaters into blocks of five," Colonel Dudley wrote to his lieutenant, "and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away and that all vote our ticket. . . . There will be no doubt of your receiving the necessary financial assistance through the national, State, and county committees, and only see that it is husbanded and made to produce results."

Matthew Stanley Quay was chairman of the Republican National Committee in that campaign, and while the "floaters" were being taken care of in Indiana in the manner indicated by Colonel Dudley, he prevented Tammany Hall from casting its usual fraudulent vote in New York City. The Tammany method has always differed from the method employed in the rural districts. Tammany pays comparatively little attention to the actual purchase of voters. Gangs of repeaters are hired to go from one election district to another on the days of registration and register under assumed names from fictitious addresses. These fictitious names are preserved upon slips of paper which are supplied to other gangs of repeaters on election day to be voted upon at a fixed price for each fraudulent vote cast. Successful repeaters are sometimes able to vote as many as twenty or thirty times in one day upon these names. This was also the Philadelphia method under the rule of the Republican ring in that city,

and thousands of votes were cast annually upon the names of men who never existed.

In the campaign of 1888 Senator Quay hired a large number of private detectives, who obtained employment from Tammany as repeaters and got possession of the lists of fraudulent names registered. On the eve of the election Senator Quay sent for the Tammany managers and showed them the evidence in his hands, telling them that if any attempt was made to vote the repeaters, they would all go to prison. The result was that comparatively few fraudulent votes were cast in the city that year.

Instances of the existence of a widespread and persistent system of vote buying might be multiplied. The evil has existed over a long series of years in every contested State, and it still exists. William H. Jackson, who was elected a Representative in Congress in the last election from the First District of Maryland, which is made up of the counties comprising the Eastern Shore of the State, was accused by the Democrats after election day of having purchased votes. He startled the campaign managers of both parties by frankly admitting it.

"It is useless to pretend," he was quoted as saying, "that elections can be carried on the Eastern Shore without the use of money. They are out for the boodle, and they must get it or they don't vote. If you buy a man, you buy him; it matters not whether you give him whisky or a \$5 note. No whisky was given to any man who cast his ballot for me with my knowledge or consent. The Democrats used whisky and \$2 a man as a vote getter. They got beaten at their own game. I am one of those fellows who fight to the last ditch, but I don't squeal if I get licked. The Democrats are squealing.

"It takes money to win an election on the Eastern Shore. The precedent of spending it was not established by me. Years ago, when the Democrats had the votes anyway, they bought them. This spoiled the voters and made them so that they wouldn't go to the polls unless they were paid to do so. No man without money need run for Congress in the First District of Maryland, and a poor man has no chance against a wealthy man."

This frank declaration was made in the face of the Maryland law, which provides that any person who attempts to influence any voter by bribery may be punished by imprisonment.

What means can be found for breaking

up the army of "floaters" which has fastened itself upon the election system? In nearly every State in the Union there are laws upon the statute books imposing drastic penalties for the purchase and sale of votes. For all the effect that they have had, they might as well never have been passed at all. They are null and void in practice. No serious attempt is made to enforce them because each party knows that it is as bad as the other, and that if it permits its representatives in office to bring prosecutions in one part of the State, there will be retaliation in another where the opposing party succeeded in electing its candidates. The purchase of votes is a game at which both parties are compelled to play, and, as Representative Jackson intimated in his observations relating to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, "squealing" is not sportsmanlike.

Admitting the failure of the laws which seek to punish the bribe giver and the bribe taker, many of the States are trying the experiment of enforcing publicity in the collection and expenditure of campaign funds. These statutes are based on the theory that if a full accounting is made, the disbursement of any considerable sum for the purchase of votes must be betrayed in the report. They direct that campaign expenditures shall be made by specified party officials only, and that a sworn statement shall be made after each election of every contribution received and of every expenditure made.

It will be noted that the purpose of the publicity laws is to restrain parties and their agents from giving bribes to voters, by making it easier to obtain evidence of the violation of the unenforced penal provisions of the laws against bribe giving and bribe taking. In other words, they are supplementary laws. They make it more difficult for the vote purchaser and the vote seller to strike their bargain and that is all.

Of the same nature are the laws which seek to limit the available supply of money for vote buying by forbidding contributions for political purposes from corporations and the laws which have been passed in some of the States limiting the amount of money that a nominee may spend, either to a certain proportion of the salary attached to the office for which he is a candidate, as in California, or otherwise.

These laws, like the original penal statutes, leave the party organizations still at the mercy

and under the domination of the "floaters." They are valuable so far as they go, but they do not strike at the root of the evil.

It is probable that the army of mercenary voters will be routed, if it is routed at all, by the party "machines" which brought it into existence and have now become its victims. A beginning in this direction which has attracted much attention is found in the "Elmira Compact," which was devised by the party managers in the city of Elmira, in Chemung County, New York, in 1905. Both the city and the county have been politically "close" for many years, and both sides have usually been able to command large sums of money. The inevitable result followed and a strong band of "floaters" came into existence. They cornered the vote market and in some elections succeeded in raising the price of votes as high as \$40 each.

After meeting the exactions of the "floaters" as long as they could, the organization managers of both the Republican and the Democratic parties in Chemung resolved to join in making common cause against them. The "Elmira Compact" was made with this end in view in October, 1905. It read:

"We, the undersigned representatives of the Republican and Democratic organizations and candidates upon the party tickets of the Democratic and Republican parties in the present campaign, hereby mutually agree as follows:

"First. That the amount of money to be placed by each of said organizations, or their candidates, in each of the election districts of the city of Elmira and the county of Chemung, shall not exceed the sum of \$40 to a district in each of the country districts of said county, nor the sum of \$40 in each of the election districts of the city of Elmira, and no more.

"Second. That no expenditure of money or promise of money shall be made on election day or prior to or after said election day or by either party or its representatives for the purpose of purchasing or influencing votes, nor for any purpose other than the legitimate expenditures for the legitimate organization and educational work of the campaign as set out in the preceding paragraph; and all agreements heretofore made in violation of this paragraph are hereby canceled.

"Third. We further agree to unite in an effort to bring about the arrest, prosecution, and conviction of any person or persons who

engage in the violation of the law and its provisions in reference to bribery at the polls.

"Fourth. We further hereby mutually agree that a reward of \$100 will be paid in each case for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person or persons guilty of any violation of the provisions of the election laws.

"And we hereby jointly and severally pledge ourselves to do all in our power to secure the renewal and continuation of this agreement for the future."

This "Compact" was signed by Representative J. Sloat Fassett, chairman of the Republican County Committee of Chemung County, and by W. H. Lovell, chairman of the Democratic County Committee.

The "floaters," as usual, resented this attempt to destroy the market for their votes. Holding Representative Fassett chiefly responsible for it, most of them voted the Democratic ticket in 1905 and the Republicans lost the city of Elmira, although they saved the county by a narrow margin. The "Compact" was renewed in the last election. In describing its effect on the second trial, Representative Fassett said:

"It worked satisfactorily. There were no accusations of money being used that I know of. The election was free and clean from bribery so far as I know. This thing did happen: that scores and scores of men came to the polls, demanded pay, and when pay was refused to them, went home without voting. In one election district there were about one hundred; in another district, forty to fifty."

Under the New York law, an election district contains about five hundred voters. W. R. Hearst carried both the city of Elmira and Chemung County in the last election, over Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee.

Several other counties in the State in addition to Chemung were induced to try the "Elmira Compact," or some modification of it, in the last election, and as a rule it had a marked deterrent effect upon vote buying.

It goes without saying that the enforcement of such agreements as the "Elmira Compact" presupposes good faith between the party organizations and that strict adherence to the terms of the pledges given is essential. The election banditti are too firmly entrenched to be dispersed by a half-hearted or unsustained attack.

There is nothing at present in the laws of

the various States to compel the party organizations to join forces against the vote-selling blackmailers. If they do so at all, it must be of their own volition and to escape the heavy burden of expense which the purchase of voters entails. This arises from the fact that the American laws lack the most effective feature of the British Corrupt Practices Act, which has all but put an end to the selling of votes in Great Britain and Canada. The British law declares that when it can be shown that bribery has been resorted to in the campaign for the election of a successful candidate, he shall forfeit his office. In extreme cases entire electorates are disfranchised for stated periods for permitting bribery.

In the United States the laws against bribery in elections are aimed at the punishment of individual offenders, but they leave the party and the candidates in whose behalf the corruption has been practiced in possession of its fruits. The British law punishes the party, and by compelling the nullification of an election tainted by bribery, destroys the incentive to corruption.

To understand how efficacious this penalty has been it is necessary to glance at the conditions which existed in Great Britain before it was imposed. Lord Chesterfield wrote in 1767 that he had offered \$12,500 for a seat in Parliament for his son, but that the borough jobbers told him safe seats cost \$15,000 at the least; many of them \$20,000, and that they knew of three seats that brought \$25,000 each. "This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal," wrote Lord Chesterfield in telling of his disappointment.

The famous "Spendthrift Election" occurred in 1768. The Earls of Spencer, Halifax, and Northampton each nominated a candidate for the County of Northampton, which contained less than one thousand voters. Spencer expended \$500,000, Halifax \$750,000, and Northampton as much more. The result was a tie which was decided by the toss of a coin. Spencer won the seat for his candidate. Halifax was ruined. Northampton was forced to cut the trees on his estate and to sell his furniture to meet his expenses, after which he went to Switzerland to die.

In the Parliamentary elections of 1880 about \$15,000,000 was spent, or an average of \$25,000 for each seat. Ninety-five petitions were brought after the elections to unseat candidates on the ground of bribery,

and many of them were sustained. The cost of similar elections after the passage of the Corrupt Practices Act fell to \$3,900,000.

Professor Huxley bore witness that four fifths of the seats in the House of Commons were sold more or less openly, and that votes sometimes brought in his time as much as \$150 each. So great has been the revulsion of public feeling against the corruption of voters since the enactment of the Corrupt Practices Act that a writer describing the "corruption" of the elections of 1906 could find nothing worse to rebuke than some vestiges of the "treating" system in one or two boroughs and the practice on the part of some of the candidates of making generous subscriptions to local public institutions.

It would be more difficult to apply the forfeiture principle for bribery in the United States than it is in Great Britain, because there the contest is waged only for the seat in Parliament, while here a dozen different offices, ranging from that of governor to that of county clerk, are often filled in one election and it would be difficult to determine in behalf of exactly which of the nominees the bribery had been perpetrated. Nevertheless, the British plan of depriving the party and its nominee of the fruits of a victory tainted by fraud is the only plan yet devised to compel the party managers themselves to brave the displeasure of the "floaters" by refusing to purchase their votes.

No doubt a long step in advance will be made when Congress at last yields, as it seems certain to do, to the repeated recommendations of President Roosevelt for the passage of an adequate Corrupt Practices Act to apply to all elections in which members of Congress and other federal officials are chosen. Such a national law would be enforced by the agents of the national Government, who are usually removed from the temptations to inaction or leniency which have paralyzed the enforcement of the penal laws passed by the States for the punishment of bribery. It would apply to all the elections every two years, since members of Congress are chosen on the same ticket with local and State officials, and the enforcement of its penalties would tend to awaken the public in general to the prevalence and enormity of bribery, thus arousing a healthy sentiment for its suppression and directing against the vote seller the scorn and contempt of the community in which he lived.

THE REDUCTION OF THE HOUSE OF THE VIRTUES

BY FRANKLIN CLARKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WELDON



UCH is the supernal clearness of the air that moon and stars swing very low. The light that lies spectrally white upon this Manchurian plain has a searching character—as if to enjoin that between the battle lines no unseen movement shall take place this night.

Here and there rises a compact adobe innocent farming village; but for the rest, stretching on one side to the horizon, on the other to those rugged mountains that toss like hurricane waves against the sky, stand stacks and stacks of gigantic millet—the limit to them your eye cannot reach. Sheaves of peace!

Hidden by them, along ten miles, lies a whole corps of the Mikado's army—100,000 men—with two other invisible corps up and beyond the hills for thirty miles more.

Out of one walled village issues a small file of soldiers, preceded by a short-legged, blunt, Malay-like figure, his saber dragging, and with him on either side two tall persons of Caucasian build—one a British captain, there for his war office; one an American geodest and map maker, known, for his solitary wanderings, as the Great Blue Heron.

They go silently, challenged from millet stacks now and then, to the outpost of the battalion. It is an outpost marked by twin pillars of stone. Around the corner of one a hooded soldier is steadily peering north across the Sha River. Back of the other his comrade, through the slit between the monoliths, immovably gazes north also.

Two of the relief go forward to replace them. They question, "What news?" and the sentries answer in low voice:

"We have seen the glow of their camp fires; we have heard the sound of their songs. They have raised a Red Cross flag over that village beyond."

"Here," remarks the stumpy major to the two foreigners, waving his hand toward the tall stones, "is the tomb of two 'faithful and filial' Manchu maidens! Very good now for Japanese sentry box!"

"What did they do? - Who were they?"

"Nothing—peasant girls who were faithful to lost lovers, good daughters to their fathers!" He laughs—at the wrong time, as Japanese do; and all move on.

Not a fleck is in the night sky; there is not a sound save the clink of spurred heels and the major's dragging saber on the frozen furrows.

To come upon a solitary, motionless, silhouetted armed figure no more than reminds the Blue Heron of a soldier's monument in some New England village common. Even those pink flares, he meditates, might be merely an indication that just beyond the new-turned fighting trenches are some tidy farmers burning the dry stalks of their threshed-out crop. The tranquillity is exquisite.

"Do you," he breaks forth to his British companion as they follow, lagging, to camp, "measure a people by their attitude toward women?"

"Rather!" replies the Britisher in his native way of speaking.

I

It was, you remember, a terrific seven days' battle—the one that placed the Sun-flag on the farther bank of the Sha-ho. "Take the

village ahead of you and continue on," was the command telephoned to the stumpy major by division headquarters from a lone tree a mile back. The dun sheaves of peace became well spattered with crimson from the veins of white and yellow; and many pastoral Manchus, like the flowers the reaper cuts when he mows his grain, were caught between.

"What does it say, Kinshu—that Japanese army placard?" asks the long, spare Blue Heron on the shaggy pony, at the gate of the house which had upheld the Red Cross flag.

The interpreter lights a match, half illuminating his villainous countenance. "It say," he reports, "'This the house of Russia—friends. Troops shall quarter themselves upon them.'"

The escorting orderly rides close to the oaken gate and kicks with one boot just where the impossibly fierce protecting war gods of the Chinese Confucius are affixed like circus posters, gutturally demanding, "Please open! To wo aketi Kudasai!"

"And that sign on the lintel?" inquires the British attaché, pointing. Kinshu studies it; for the Japanese can read Chinese characters when they cannot speak the tongue. He reads it to himself, then with an indrawn breath, "It say, 'Praise be to gentleness and goodness'; and the house name is," he spells it out, "'House Which Regard the Virtues.'"

"Good old virtues!" comments the bluff Britisher.

Bolts are drawn; the gate swings. A Manchu appears, holding a tiny iron lamp, Greek shape, its flaming wick extending over the lip. He has the chastened face of a student; deep soft eyes with the absorbed burning look of a poet. As the party enters he stands aside, nonresistant.

An inner gate, and within that a quadrangle: the master's house facing, the servants' on the left, the women folks' on the right.

Some overcoated soldiers are gathered round a bonfire of dried stalks, and others are boiling rice in the great kettle by the open kitchen door. These have removed their unaccustomed European brogans and leggings and have put on their accustomed rope sandals; and they have laid aside their Hungarian overcoats, keeping against the settling night cold those goatskin corselets that remind you vaguely of De Neuville's military pictures of the French in 1870.

Quong Yu takes the horses to a shelter

where the family millet mill is set up—trusty Quong Yu, who had come to the captain and the Heron at Liaoyang, after the looting which accompanied the climax—one army retreating and reckless; the other dashing in with the intoxication of victory and forceful sovereignty. Strong, tender, somber, with brown eyes like those of a nice-dispositioned work horse, you have seldom or never seen in America a Manchu of the caste of Quong Yu. He had joined the group of foreign "military observers" with the army just as smaller boys at home trail after a circus. He had come to "belong" to the Heron and the British attaché, who found him a retainer, a real *ronin*, a champion.

Within the house some petty officers are already asleep; others sit crosslegged on their blankets, smoking cigarettes round a Manchu urn, which they have filled with fire and ashes, made in the likeness of Fuji mountain.

The smell of burnt human flesh and of Shimose powder is in the room. An immense new jagged hole in the roof tree shows the quiet stars.

The white men wearily roll up in their blankets. Presently the sound of women's excited voices comes through the paper panes of a back window, punched with holes by the mischievous fingers of children, and they rise. "I'd jolly well like to look things over," the Britisher remarks.

They feel their way out in the darkness and circle round to the back garden. There is a mound there covered with millet stalks. From one end of it glows a dim light, in which stand corseleted Japanese soldiers, who laugh and suddenly withdraw abjectly, as if caught in a mean act.

Within, beneath the bombproof, what a piteous gathering! The women of the village are there huddled in fright of the uncouth soldiers who have been threatening to pounce upon them. Some in the bombproof are maidens, some widows since morning, some lone mothers with children at breast. The cruelty of war, to those neither in it nor of it!

During the battle which surged about the village for a night and a day, these had been in this protected dugout which the Russians had made for them—which some Russians had stayed to make till too late to maintain their own safety!

"He's a fool about women, this big enemy

in front, isn't he?" the Blue Heron remarks, "but this makes a hit with me!"

"Oh, woman is a Russian's natural idol," comes brusquely from the British captain; "to ruin himself for her is his natural fate."

When the one candle shows white faces at the opening, the gentle refugees grow quiet and placid. They murmur melliflously like doves and stare out round-eyed from their miserable cote. One is rather pretty, for a Manchu, and flutteringly snuggles against her mother's shoulder.

Quong Yu regards them with eyes alight. "Taiyen," he entreats the Blue Heron, "my—please—sleep—?" and for lack of the word "here" the young Manchu puts his palm against his cheek, tips his head toward it, and points appealingly to the ground before the bombproof. It is Quong Yu's nature to be a guardian and defender.

In the morning all the forlorn ones are removed to the house next door, beyond the wall. They are invisible for days. Then, timid as fawns, they are driven by hunger to reenter the white men's compound. For in it are the only two little asses that wore through the battle: they have absurd, outrageous ears, but the daintiest feet in the animal kingdom. The women hitch them—blindfolded, so they won't be tempted to eat—to a rolling stone log and drive them round and round the grinder. The feminine chatter in Pekingese, the soft and muffled pronunciation, bring out tones like those of flutes. Last of all came the pretty youngster, smoking a very long slim pipe with a jade mouthpiece. Quong Yu stood indifferently by while, with shy glances about, she rehitched the asses to the roller. That done, and the little workers started round and round on their tread, Quong Yu began to chop wood for the white men's fire. Upon this operation the pretty one gazed with fixed attention, as though it were a deep, devious mystery which she needed to think out.

"She'll soon be tame enough to feed out of Quong Yu's hand," said the Blue Heron.

He named her Blubber, she was so like a sleek little Eskimo. She had more of a developed nose than the others, and seemed less used up with the alarms of this battle-field existence. She was in trouserettes of faded blue jean, and a graceful thin, long coat—almost like the motor dustcoats which were the American fashion last year and

possibly this—and in her ears were jade rings and in her marvelous jetty stiff-curved hair, tin and silver ornaments.

Quite a belle she seemed, the smooth saffron skin of youth touched with artificial bloom, and her fine teeth like new corn on the cob. Over one eye there was a strange dent, which took all the coquettish effect of a dimple when she smiled.

It is a family of some standing. The torn paper in the windows, the dust on the teak chests, the ragged straw on the *kangs* are merely to deceive the ravaging, thieving Hunghutze and the predatory mandarin. The mother has a tranquil, superior face. The father, he of the vague air of a scholar, possesses drawings, Chinese novels, the "Siho Story," which resembles Robin Hood, and three-fourths of a vernacular dictionary, beside which the Century would be a mere thumb-nail record.

He and his boys have been crowded to a single *kang*, heated by the smoke from the cook fire at one end. From occupying this he rises now and then to sit at the door in the sun, viewing helplessly the feeding of his store of winter fodder to the army horses, the destruction of his winter cabbage patch by the voracious soldiery, and, saddest of all, the felling of the hallowed trees which stand about the house. They have bent their branches over this house in a way suggesting kind tenderness and care during numerous generations of Wongs—fending off the gales of winter, offering shade from the blistering sunny summer.

Trees are sacred. They are the symbol of that long living which somehow, to people with little to live for, seems to be desired; and the old scholar, smoking his long silver pipe, contemplates for hours at a time the sacrilege of turning them into charcoal for heating the Jap trenches at "the front."

He is centuries old. There is about him an inertia that appeals to you as a sort of highly philosophized heroism.

One evening, the door of the white men's dim room opens and the old man, for the first time, crosses their threshold. He comes with wan smiles, half-questioning looks, ingratiating obeisances, Quong Yu beside him.

His looks go roving about, and all at once rest on the duffel bag of their cook—a little, old-fashioned carpet gripsack which the cook had just left while he went into the village for beef. Quong Yu, by indifferent aid

from Kinshu, explains: "He say, your cook has stolen all his property and keep it in that bag. Deeds to this farm, money, and gems."

"How did cook come by them?"

"He find where the master hide treasure from sorjers—under ashes where he cook," Kinshu grinned.

Crosslegged on the *kang* like a pair of Buddhas, the Blue Heron and the Britisher sat "en banc," as the legal phrase is, and they had the claimant describe his treasures. When the bag was forced, there lay in sight a package, a tin box hammered out of a Standard Oil can. The claimant leaped for it. But the lynch judges took it into their own hands and questioned: "What is in this?"

"Deeds to this estate, my father's will, accounts of debt owing to me, promissory notes, money, jewels."

All were there. And when the old man was required to write his autograph in Chinese, it corresponded precisely with signatures to the mildewed papers.

Then, bearing his treasures, he retreated triumphantly to the other room, shutting the door.

Loud greetings met him, joyous confusion. Presently a knock, and the wife, the serene and superior, stepped in. She was beaming. By her side was Blubber, a cordial friendly radiance in her face at last; back of her a score of women stretching to see, while the wife was holding forth jewels made of the precious green sheeny parts of the wings of kingfishers.

The whilom judges were told:

"She, the wife in this home, beseeches you to receive these trinkets—her wedding hair ornaments. They were in the box which held the titles to three houses and a thousand acres. She wore the jewels when she came to this house a bride! She yields them to you in sovereign gratitude."

Her marriage jewels—kingfishers' feathers mounted in silver and jade! Her wedding ring, in effect, was what, eyes shining with grateful and profound emotion, the mistress of The House Which Regards the Virtues was offering to the Britisher and the Blue Heron.

An interval of silence on the bench. No sound except the desultory distant cracks of watchful rifles at the outposts came through the torn paper windows.

The American scratched a match for his

pipe. Then, belying the moist glisten of his eyes, he spoke jovially: "We're much complimented, and they are curiously beautiful, these jewels like polished malachite," he admitted. "But they are no decoration—are they, captain?—for our fresh and unstained ermine!"

II

NEXT day the Blue Heron is led to inquire of the interpreter:

"What's the matter with little Wong Sha to-day I wonder? What's he cutting up the door jamb for, and crying?"

There are three or four small Wongs, younger brothers and sisters of Blubber, in blue trouserettes and overdress, and narrow, wooden-soled shoes that turn up like a gondola; and Wong Sha, the next to the youngest, is the camp favorite. He has a patrician bearing. A trifle soiled for lack of care, he is none the less charming, for he is usually cheerful, though at the moment he is sobbing, sobbing miserably, yet making convulsive efforts at repression—while he whittles absently at the door jamb with an old razor.

"Oh, he very angry," Kinshu answers. "He sister, she have no care for him to-day; she sit very quiet, sad. And Wong Sha he no understand, and eat nothing, and cry."

"Why is the sister sad? What's the trouble?"

The Japanese regards the Blue Heron a moment as if hesitating what to answer, then says reluctantly, "I t'ink, sir, sorjers make sad."

Riotous with captured Harbin brandy, infantrymen had entered the women's house of sanctuary in the night. And the dainty doe-like Blubber had not got over her terror at their rough presence.

"Go to headquarters about this, Kinshu," insisted the British captain. "Soldiers must not disturb these women. They are not Russian. And true soldiers," the Heron heard him go on, "do not injure nor leave unaided any women of whatever rank. Manly character, in my country, begins with this."

Kinshu drew in a long Jap sibilant breath, and laughed submissively. Inwardly boiling, the Heron turned to the mess table and gathered up some chestnuts and a pear, a bit of native candy, and the remainder of a can of marmalade, and offered them to little Wong



"The cruelty of war, to those neither in it nor of it."

Sha. He hesitated to receive them. But the Heron rubbed him on his shaven head, and taking his pigtail tickled his ear with it.

The boy brightened like a sunrise, and accepted the gifts. "*Toshi, toshi, toshi,*" he thanked him, and ran to give part to the sad and harried sister.

That afternoon nothing was heard except

Wong Sha's childish, delightful laughter, as he related how the foreign devil had tickled his ear with his own pigtail. By the sudden confidence of the child, the confidence of the distraught family was itself restored; so much so that the women who belonged to it left their compound to come home.

As they came, Quong Yu was near the

door, placidly hammering out the now emptied marmalade tin, driving a nail through it to make holes. Nobody knew for what purpose.

There arose a south wind and the compound was so mild that in the morning Blubber attempted the family washing.

It is light work—so little that is worn is doffed till springtime. She scrubs both sides of the clothes with a wet brush, sitting on her heels; then with her slim graceful fingers she stretches the clothes taut on a board and lets the strong sun dry the wrinkles out.

Her feet are tiny and tidy and her dull green trouserettes are neatly bound with white at the ankles. There is a new ornament in her hair, a straight polished strip of tin, curled at the ends, full of holes. It glistens in the sun and throws rays like a mirror.

"Quong Yu's handiwork. And I thought he was making a carrot grater!" recalls the American, awed by his own simplicity.

Quong Yu is airing the furs in which his masters sleep. He spreads them upon the top of the wall, foxskin, marten, and wolf, where the sun will cure away some of the raw smell. He can reach the top with his hands, and his figure, as he stretches, makes itself evident under his loose blouse, tied with a Turkey-red sash—a splendid, lithe, masculine figure. His queue is wound about his head as a turban, shimmering like black-silk.

Him the girl observes keenly, with no one knows what thoughts, rubbing and rubbing meantime without interruption. So that when he turns and strides by her grandly she is, with downcast intimidated eyes, absorbed in her homely labor.

Few words have ever passed between them, unless it has been while Quong Yu, at night, was keeping ward before the *kang*, where she lies beside her mother and the small Wongs. He would never have seen her had not war, by invading this home, made seclusion impossible; and he takes not the slightest advantage of the shattered proprieties. Instead he almost pretends that she is invisible—just as a Manchu maid should be until her bridal is arranged for her.

An hour later Quong Yu enters where the two friends are busy with sketch maps and notebooks.

"Taiyen," he begins slowly, trying to marshal his words correctly, "my please go Liaoyang side?"

"Liaoyang? Liaoyang sixty *li*, Quong Yu. What for go?" the Blue Heron irritably inquires. "One day, two days—little while—big fight come again."

"Taiyen"—Quong Yu always starts thus, to give himself time to recall what English he will be needing—"taiyen no like?" He was turning his double-eared seal cap in his hands, embarrassed, disappointed.

"But why go, Quong Yu? Have got big pidgin?"—pidgin being the word for business.

"Taiyen—no—no have got big pidgin. No big pidgin," he repeated diffidently. "Taiyen, Quong Yu appagee (father) he catch Quong Yu one piece wifie. My—please want take look-see!"

The Great Blue Heron started up. "Look-see! My dear pal and brother," he shouted joyously. "Why, captain, he's going to get married! Look-see! I should think you would. Go on! Go!" He clapped a hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder and pressed him toward the door.

Then on second thought he pulled him back. "Quong Yu," he demanded gravely, "what about Blubber?"

The boy showed immediate distress. The Heron still held him by his tunic. "Taiyen," answered Quong Yu sadly, "Quong Yu no can do!"

"Why? What reason no can do? Kinshu, you ask Quong Yu why he can't marry Blubber! I suppose her eyes are not brown enough, or not slant enough, or her nails not long enough!"

The interpreter drew with a stick some characters in the dust. Quong Yu replied at once with others, and Kinshu studied them: "He say, 'In Manchuria, the father make choice of his boy's wife. Quong Yu must obediently obey,' and, Kinshu read on, 'Blubber, she been seen now by many. She has been gazed upon and her name has been in men's mouths before marriage.'"

"Gazed upon!" repeated the Heron to the captain. "Why, it's like a fastidious lady getting a gem at Tiffany's—she doesn't want what everybody is familiar with in the show-cases; she must go to the back room and choose from those in the safe! Well," he continued to the Manchu boy, "go on. But two days!" he cautioned him, holding up two fingers. "Two days is time enough to decide an affair like that, Quong Yu. It's only for life, you know!"

As the boy swings out the gate amidst confused calls and exclamations, Blubber intermits for a small eloquent fraction of time

"Come back? What, Quong Yu? Do you think he's a deserter?" The Heron picks up his cap. "Captain, I'm ashamed



"The wife, the serene and superior, stepped in."

her process at the tub. She watches him disappear, then her glance lifts dreamily to the distant heavens, and at last falls absently close to the work in hand.

"Will he, now, come back?" speculated the Britisher in dismay at having no horse-boy.

of you. I think I'll exercise The Parable," he announces. "Want anything from the canteen?"

The sun was striking aslant from the west against the mud walls of the compound. In its warmth three or four infantrymen were

taking their five-o'clock bath, squatting nude in tubs of heated water, or drying themselves with linen, and chaffering in rough peasant enjoyment of the exquisite chaste distress of the Manchu women grinding their millet with the small blindfolded asses.

The Heron galloped out across the plain to the fitful, occasional discharges of artillery, but discovered them only engaged in the same interminable duty of finding ranges and flushing up the enemy's whereabouts.

When he got back, at sunset, Blubber was outside the compound, leaning against its clay wall, staring with glistening eyes south across the plain, where the silent railway stretched toward Liaoyang.

The Heron pulled up. He could see in the distance, down by the double shaft of the two faithful and filial maidens, a blue speck walking.

"You simple heathen! I suppose it's all up with you!" he exclaimed to the girl. "You have been 'gazed upon,' and your name has been in men's mouths before marriage! Nothing ahead for you in this blessed pagan land—nothing but an honorable monument!" In a moment he added: "You don't know a thing about romance—or—" he challenged, "do you?"

She made a slow little obeisance, her arms folded in her wide sleeves, and smiled somberly, not knowing what he said.

III

Two days passed, and then came a night filled with commotions.

The earth began to tremble from the violence of once more renewed regular cannonading; the displacement of air when a big shell came near would rattle the paper lattices like a typhoon.

The Heron rolled over to ease his hip bone from the hard *kang*, and thought to himself in half-sleeping, absurd peevishness: "They'll bring on rain to-morrow with all that concussion, and my poor pony, Parable, will be worn out with knee-deep mud marching." The anger of a man who bumps his head against an inanimate object has but a pale, anæmic relation to the fierce snapping tenseness of the detestation he gets to feel toward the racking explosions of battling.

Three sets of sounds now disturbed his awakening nerves—the demonism of three-inch shells bursting nearer and nearer, weird chatter from

the next room, and strange outlandish shouts from the neighboring compound. The Heron got up to tell everybody to quit it and not add to the difficulty of sleep.

By light from an iron urn lamp like the classic lamp of literature—he saw severe and concerned looks upon the faces of the family. Little Wong Sha was weeping. The blankets of the soldiers lay smooth and un-



"Both bands lifted an impressive moment on high."



"His action was as solemn as if he were giving him the knighting accolade."

used on the earth floor. Blubber, he could not see.

"Captain," he hurriedly called, "up! There's something doing! Every soldier has disappeared! Kinshu, oh, Kinshu!" he halloed into the dark courtyard.

The captain sat up, listened, then reached for his puttees. "By Jorrock's!" he exclaimed gratefully, "it's either a new battle or the Japs are going to hook it!"

"Good. If it's a retreat couldn't we sit tight and see it go by? But what, in that case, will happen to Quong Yu? He ought to be here by now!"

While the ground convulsively shuddered, the sky overhead held steady, serene, and bland, as if the fact that a forty-mile strip of the planet earth was aflash and ablaze with fighting and sudden death was nothing at all. Mounting the bombproof to see better,

the Heron beheld to the north a different aspect—gorgeous stars shattering themselves riotously into brilliant golden splashes and atoms against the purple night.

His eye was caught by a dark figure in a tunic just topping the wall of the compound. It reached itself across—drew itself to the thatch of the women's roof beyond. Shadows were vaguely prodigious; the man seemed giantlike. Carefully the figure let itself slip down to the tiled jutting eaves, then stretched up and walked, both hands lifted an impressive moment on high, in the gesture of a vow—an oblation.

Suddenly there was nothing: the man had dropped off below sight.

Sounds from within the house stopped so quickly that it made a pause in the disturbed night. Uproar followed: a clamorous mingling of screams, guttural shouts, crack-

ing of wood. And over all the resounding cannon and the scrunching of great projectiles tearing through air.

The Heron threw up the back window of his quarters. "Come! Come out!" he shouted to the captain; "hurry——"

The captain scrambled silently after the Heron over the wall to the women's roof, along the eaves, to the ground by their door, which was open.

Within were a half-score Japanese soldiers, crowding savagely with beast cries upon some one in the center upon the floor. The women refugees, Blubber among them, clung fearfully to one another in a far corner.

"Hai!" The captain and the Heron strode in casually.

At once the moiling company, drink-excited because on the eve of battle, faced the newcomers. All "Buddha calm," all "Samurai politeness" was absent. Instead was primordial elemental fury, such as the two foreigners had seen once when a few Russians had been beset in a corner to be butchered. Yet the apparition of two cleanly chiseled white faces subdued every cry to a mere sullen murmur.

"Taiyen!" came a well-known voice. Quong Yu rose painfully from the floor. One hand pressed where the sash of his torn tunic was tied in front. With the other, soft brown eyes alight as from a fire, the Manchu youth took off his cap and respectfully let down his queue, which had been fastened up for safety.

His breath came in short, agonized gasps; he was bent like an old, old man. What had happened was plain. He had been overwhelmed into excruciating helplessness in the classic Japanese way—not with fists and honest blows, white-man fashion, above the belt—but with kicks and batterings below it.

"God, it makes me creep!" cried the Blue Heron through set teeth, aghast at the writhing, bitter suffering of his boy.

"Taiyen," the boy went on, straightening to indicate plaintively the huddled women, "Manchu people—Quong Yu all same belong." He doubled down again in torture: "Quong Yu go Liaoyang side two days. Japanee plenty bad—taiyen sabbee?" Another wave of the hand toward Blubber and the women. "Quong Yu back—Quong Yu he sabbee—and—make fight!" He sank exhausted where he stood, and curled up, all a-shiver.

The British captain leaned over him. "Quong Yu," he said simply, with more feeling than he had ever shown. The boy rose to a sort of attention, and the Britisher proceeded: "I want to shake your hand, man, I want to shake your hand!" His action was as solemn as if he were giving him the knighting accolade.

Dropping a blanket at the threshold of the women's sanctuary, Quong Yu inquired gently in a tired voice: "Taiyen, my—please—sleep?" They wrapped him up, and when the captain had gone for a surgeon, the Heron sat beside him and ventured: "Quong Yu wifie have got?"

Which produced a deprecating shy sign of disavowal. The boy raised his arm toward Blubber. Down from the inward corners of her slant eyes tears were streaming, but she was disregarding them, fixedly ignoring them as if they were not there. "Taiyen, family say," the boy brought out, "Quong Yu can do!"

This was about all that was saved from what war did to The House Which Regards the Virtues, for presently a bright steel six-inch shell plunged through the thatch next door and detonated its appalling battle-nose upon that innocent hearth.



THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY, MAIN BUILDING

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE ANTIPODES

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University



MOS WARNER once said that a Western man in America "is an Eastern man who has had some additional experiences." In similar fashion, Emerson declares, "the American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions more or less propitious." In the United States, in Canada, in Australia, and in New Zealand, we have essentially the same sort of people, the people of Great Britain, under all the varied conditions of pioneering and of empire building. Whatever the incidents of novel experience or of admiration of foreign blood, the dominant note is always English.

But in Australasia, as compared with the United States, certain differences are always conspicuous. The American regards himself as a member of his own country with traditions of his own. The Australian or the New Zealander, wherever born, always speaks of England as "Home," and however rebellious

in spirit or contemptuous of petty English conventions, he bows his head before all forms of English tradition. This is shown in governmental matters generally. It is very conspicuous in all details of the management of the universities, and this deference to England shows in the student life as well.

Australia is in itself a monstrous continent. It is as large as the United States; its four millions of people are scattered in a narrow fringe along the streams and shores of the southern and eastern seaboard. The vast interior—"the dead heart of Australia"—a region as large as the Mississippi Valley, is a trackless, rainless waste of sand and alkali, while the intervening hills, the bush and scrub, are scantily occupied by sheep stations and by mining camps. The vast north of Australia is in part a tropical jungle—in part a blistering Sahara. The Fates denied to Australia the gift of high mountains, to catch the snow and to hold the water, hence her rivers are few and precarious. Hence at too frequent intervals the great drought comes and the desert



STUDENT BAND IN COMMEMORATION DAY PROCESSION

University of Sydney.

spreads its smothering arms, crowding man and his dependents backward toward the sea. It is a monotonous country in its physical aspects; the forests on hill, valley, rock, and swamp are all of one pattern, Eucalyptus, Eucalyptus—the gray trunks of the gum trees of many species—as far as the eye can see. Without mountains and streams there is little room for variety. It is monotonous in its industries—cattle, sheep, horses; its one fine art the breeding of the perfect merino sheep. It is monotonous in its towns. One story, light brown, with unpainted roof of corrugated iron, is the description of nine tenths of the Australian homes. Corrugated iron means clean rain water, and Australia can afford to waste none of it. It is monotonous as to population. The Englishmen came first to Australia and they are still holding it against all comers. The way is made rough for immigrants who do not speak English, and for good or ill—in many ways for each—the ruling minority, the labor vote, is sternly set on “White Australia,” with all which it implies.

The history of Australia is monotonous. It contains the story of hard struggles, of bitter sufferings, deserved and undeserved, of lawless courage and of reckless bravery, but the causes served were individual. Australians never had a common enemy, and their records show no glorious war and no uprising of common feeling. The achievements of Australia belong to the category of individual deeds of peace.

With all this, the color of Australia is gray; the land, the towns, the spirit of her people. Her literature has a sober touch, and this difference in tone shows itself in its way in the life of the universities. In America, as in Browning's verse, “the flower of life is red.” The American student knows that “the world is his oyster.” He knows that “he can get what is coming to him,” that in proportion to his talents, his training, his sobriety, and persistency of purpose, will be his success in any affair he undertakes.

To the young Australian all this is not quite so clear. Enterprise differs from other forms

of gambling mainly in the larger odds against it. There is a slight drooping of spirit where the higher ambitions are concerned. He is not sure that Australia means opportunity. The youth does not educate himself as part of the adventure of his life; more likely he is sent to college because a university degree is proper or necessary to a man of his social class. Some part of his career is determined before he is born, and for the rest, Australia looms up huge, gray, and insurmountable. The near aims of athletics or of social success are likely to appear more important than the far ambitions which may very likely come to naught. In recognition of this same fact, near and petty goals, honors, prizes, scholarships, as in England, are used in the schools as substitutes for the real aims of education.

But though Australia may be gray and monotonous, she is vast, patient, fascinating. The mightiness of the land to be conquered, the huge roominess of the continent, the vistas of future national greatness, all these grow on one, and all these find their reflex in the student life, and in the rising literature of the com-

monwealth. That Australia will be the birthplace of great men in the future no one can doubt. Their coming will not be due to the lopsided political administration nor to state ownership nor to the coddling of the laborer, but to the persistence of her fine old English stock, under man-making and man-inspiring conditions.

The universities of Australia are four—those of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart. Of these that of Sydney is the oldest and the largest, and in some regards has set the pace for the others. All of these are urban institutions in the heart of the city. They are founded on a basis of private gifts and the state has duplicated these gifts, so that the general control is part in public, part in private hands. In general the students live with their parents in the neighborhood of the university, there being very few from the outside. As a result of this the "college spirit" and the "college atmosphere" as we know these in America are scantily developed. At Sydney and Melbourne different religious denominations (Presbyterians, Anglicans, Methodists, Cath-



STUDENT CHARACTERS IN THE ANNUAL "CORROBBOREE"

University of Melbourne.

olics) have established "colleges" on the university grounds. These colleges are for the use of the residential students, or students from the outside, and in them the students are under the direct influence of representatives of the religious denomination by whom the college was founded.

In the enabling act of 1854 establishing the residential colleges, it is specified that in them "systematic religious instruction and domestic supervision with efficient assistance in preparing for the university lectures and examinations" shall be provided. The universities have no relations with any religious bodies other than this. All religions and all classes of society meet on a common democratic footing, as in the State universities of the United States. At Sydney the fellows or teachers in the colleges give only general help or coaching. At Melbourne many of the university courses are duplicated by the collegiate staff.

It is generally agreed that the residential life is more expensive, that it is socially more valuable, than the ordinary life of the day student, but that in general, the student outside is likely to work harder than his more fa-

vored colleague. In the main, these residence colleges are picturesque—very picturesque—suggesting their prototypes, the colleges of Cambridge. But unlike Cambridge the majority of undergraduates in Sydney and Melbourne reside outside of the colleges. In all Australasian universities coeducation of men and women is the unquestioned rule, and at Melbourne and Sydney there is a residential college for women. At Sydney there are about 900 students, 100 women; at Melbourne about 800. The other universities of Australasia are much smaller. Usually the women in these universities are those who look forward to being obliged to teach. Girls from well-to-do homes seldom enter the universities, and in general, the feeling that a girl should not do anything remunerative unless she is obliged to by financial stress, is prevalent. To this feeling there are numerous exceptions, and both at Melbourne and at Sydney there are among the women excellent students who are in college because they want for their own intellectual satisfaction the help the college can give.

The standard of physical health seems lower among the women at Sydney than in the col-



STUDENTS IN SPORTIVE COSTUMES ON COMMEMORATION DAY

University of Sydney.



A FLOAT IN THE STUDENTS' PROCESSION, COMMEMORATION DAY
University of Sydney.

leges in the United States. This may be in part due to the lack of means for physical training, but more likely the trying sultry summers of New South Wales are responsible for the general lack of color among the Sydney people. In the colder climate of Melbourne rosy cheeks are common enough, and among the young women of New Zealand and Tasmania they constitute the rule rather than the exception. This condition is recognized by Professor Anderson Stuart, who interprets it in the following clever fashion:

"Upon health and race, if the Australasian climate—excepting, of course, in the far north, where few if any settlements have been made—is not positively favorable, I know of no evidence to show that it is unfavorable. I know families in the fourth generation in New South Wales, and they are as fine specimens of the human race as I ever saw. We are told that Australian girls have not red cheeks; how can they, when they have not to encounter any of the vile cold winds that but widen and fill the blood vessels of the face? That is

what 'red cheeks' mean, and are they so very desirable after all? The Australian girl, according to Ethel Castilla of Melbourne,

'has a beauty of her own,
A beauty of a paler tone
Than English belles.
Yet Southern sun and Southern air
Have kissed her cheeks, until they wear
The dainty tints that oft appear
On rosy shells.'"

The model of organization for Australian institutions is found not in Oxford nor Cambridge, but in the provincial universities of England, as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, or Leeds. These have escaped some of the abuses of the English system, at the same time losing its chief strength, the close association of the students with their teachers.

To a large extent the Australian universities are free from the tyranny of the idea that an examination with the degree which follows it constitutes an end in itself. It is generally recognized that an "examining university," as distinguished from a teaching uni-



ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE (CHURCH OF ENGLAND,) UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

versity," is no university at all, and that an education is valuable in proportion to its effectiveness in human life and not for the social standing its degree may confer.

The idea that men who can be trusted to teach cannot also be trusted to confer degrees is one of the anomalies the Colonies have inherited from the mother country. The universities of Australia are for the most part emancipated from the two heaviest burdens borne by Oxford and Cambridge. These are, in my judgment, the sinecure and the examination. In spite of recent reforms, the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge still devote a discouragingly large part of the income to the support of "dons" who do no effective teaching and who make no contributions to scholarship. There are no sinecures in the Australian universities, and the professors live, as they should, in an atmosphere of work.

The fees of the universities are high, and those of the secondary schools are also burdensome. There is no "well-trodden path from the cottage to the college." For the student without money, the only path leads through competitive scholarships and bursaries, and to gain these in succession he must set out as a prize-winner very early. Naturally the passing of honor examinations becomes a fine art, while in Australia, as elsewhere, there are many who can cram a text-book, with no great talent for anything higher.

The entrance requirements in Australia are much as in the United States, with a little

more insistence on Latin and much less on science and history. The undergraduate course is three years in length. The undergraduate work is known as "university" work, the name college being applied to the residential halls, and to secondary schools of one sort or another. Graduate students, except in law and medicine, are very few, and outside of the professional courses, which are in general strong, most of the courses given in the university are elementary.

Much stress is laid on final examinations; more instruction is given by lectures than in American colleges, and less use is made of reference books and of seminary methods. Idle students are sometimes "plucked," that is, rejected on examination, but no degree of failure excludes a student from the university. Many lectures are given in the evening to accommodate students who act as clerks through the day, but, so far as I know, no student pays his way by manual labor. In general, the work in science, English, philosophy, and mathematics is very well done in Australia, the medical schools are admirable, and there is good work done in law and in engineering. The subjects most neglected are those bearing on modern social and economic history and political science.

Ordinarily, the professors in Australia receive generous salaries (\$3,500 to \$4,500 or more). There are few assistants and these are scantily paid. Most of the professors are chosen while young from the honor lists of

Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh. They are thus "able to exert personal and social influence" while still in the prime of life, a matter not easy to accomplish in England. The candidates make formal application for the position sought, and the one with the longest series of scholastic honors is usually chosen.

Student life differs from that in America mainly as the surrounding conditions differ. The affairs of the student body are less in the calcium light than is usual in America. There are no fraternities in Australian universities.

kind of football they play. No fair-minded university authorities, seeing the Rugby game at its best, could tolerate the rough battle between coaches into which we have perverted football in America. The Rugby game is a real play, severe, strenuous, but manly and sportsmanlike in all its phases. In Australia men play on the University team as long as they can maintain their supremacy. The present captain at Sydney University, Johnson, is in his seventh year of university football. To neglect work in favor of athletics incurs no penalty if the examinations are duly



GREAT HALL, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

College yells are unknown, although the boys of Dr. Empson's College at Waganui are making a fair start in that direction. There is in each university a "Christian Union," much like our college Y. M. C. A. There is an athletic association in each university, and Australia and New Zealand are the home of clean athletics. Games of Rugby football and of cricket are played against local clubs throughout the season. The university team has much less elaborate training than in America, but the Sydney team puts up a fine game, comparing most favorably with the best American teams after making allowance for the

passed. Boating is also a favored form of athletics in Sydney.

Of late years intercollegiate track meets similar to those held in America have come into favor. The chief difference a spectator may note is that in America the audience is close to the track and watches the races with keen interest. In Australia grand stands are far from the track, and the audience pours tea and enjoys its own society.

Outside of religion and athletics student clubs are little developed. At the close of each term occurs the granting of degrees. This is known as capping. At that time the



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE (PRESBYTERIAN), UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

undergraduate has his innings. It is his privilege there, as in England, to guy each person capped, and also to interrupt any speaker, and even cry him down.

The fine line between wit and rowdiness is not always strictly observed in Australia or in New Zealand. At commencement time the American student is at his best, so far as behavior is concerned. At the corresponding periods the Australian student is at his worst, not because he chooses to have it so, but because he is bound by the student traditions of England and Scotland. At Melbourne the capping ceremonies were recently broken up altogether by unruly undergraduates. This was going a little too far, and the repentant students asked as a special favor afterwards that the chancellor would repeat to them his suppressed address.

At Sydney at the recent capping ceremony, as the audience was waiting for the procession, two students elaborately dressed, the one as the honored chancellor, Sir Normand Mc-Lauren, the other as the dignified registrar, Mr. Barff, came on the stage, and with them a third dressed as a young woman. The degree was solemnly conferred on the supposed woman. With equal solemnity the chancellor and the registrar kissed her, and then she skipped gayly off the stage.

The mildest fate which can overtake speakers on commemoration day is shown by the following extracts from a report in the *New Zealand Graphic* (June 8) of the recent capping ceremonies in Auckland University College:

The chairman, Sir George O'Rorke, said: "I do not intend to speak at any great length. ('Hurrah!' said the students.) It is very creditable that students can obtain in New Zealand degrees which are entitled to rank and precedence in all parts of the British dominions. I must also congratulate the young ladies on being able to obtain degrees within the Colony, although I regret to have to add that those rights are still denied in the two great universities at home. ('Oh!' said the students.) I trust the time is approaching when the ladies will be entitled to the same privileges at home as the gentlemen are in respect to university degrees." ('Hurrah! let 'em all come,' said the students.) Professor Egerton, the next speaker, said that as accomplished orators were to speak he would not address them at any length. ('What about yourself?' said the students. 'Don't blush, good old Pro.," they continued, "don't blush.") The retirement of the registrar, Dr. Runciman, would be regretted by all. (In this the students concurred.) They would



UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE

also regret the retirement of the registrar's daughter. ("Oh! oh! you a married man, too," said the students.) The professor trusted that they would yet have new buildings of which the citizens might be proud. He had heard the present ones referred to in language he would not care to repeat in such an august assemblage. It might be a long time or a short time before they had the new building, but he hoped to see their college a building which looked like an abode of learning and not like a shirt factory. (In all this the students cheerfully acquiesced.)

The Anglican Bishop, Dr. Nelligan, also did not propose to speak at great length, a determination in which he was encouraged by the students. He wished to remind the ladies, with whom were his sympathies ("OH! that won't do, you know," said the students), that they could get their degrees at the University of Dublin. ("Good old Ireland," said the students.)

Dr. McDowell was announced by the students with an imitation of the noise of a motor car and a gong, followed by the cry, "He's coming." "I always enjoy these gatherings," he said, "as they renew the spirit and influence of student life." ("Hurrah!" said the students.)

A student speaker, Mr. Ziman, referred feelingly to the need of buildings. (Auckland

University College still occupies the wooden shed built for the parliament of the former province of Auckland.) While they might not have room on the grounds for football and cricket, they might at least have a tennis court and a gymnasium. ("And a bowling green," said the students.) "Facilities for students' boarding together are also needed. St. John's College supplies that want to some extent. ("That is not a boarding house; the bishop will rise to a point of order," said the students reproachfully.) What we want is an arrangement enabling all the students who desire to reside together. ("Yes, that would be nice," said the students.) Social life would give culture, while the university would give learning. The Easter tournament inaugurated by the students fosters that feeling of fellowship in university life which is better than sickly sentimental fads and affectation. ("Hurrah!" said the students.) The university should be a vital force in the community. Graduates of our university have already entered political life. ("There's our Freddie," said the students.) We look forward to the day when the whole political life of the Colony should be dominated by the University of New Zealand." (And to this hopeful sentiment the student body gave its cheerful acquiescence.)

The principal student festival is an evening

procession or tournament passing through the city streets, composed of students in all sorts of costumes, representing whatever kind of joke, good or bad, smart or inane, may come into the heads of the performers.

The accompanying photographs of the last Sydney procession will give some idea of this. It usually ends at a theater, when the play is punctuated in the time-honored fashion with which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is received in an American college town. In Melbourne a night performance is known as a "Corroboree," the name of the wild medicine dance of the black aborigines of Australia.

If the normal tone of Australia is gray and that of America is red, that of New Zealand is certainly green. It is a land of springtime, a land of hope, a land of gentle climate and fertile fields, a land of sturdy people, honest hearts, and generous hospitality. The charm of New Zealand lies in New Zealand herself, her people, her forests, and her fields. The much-vaunted and over-vaunted political experiments of New Zealand have no part in it, except in this way, that New Zealand is so sure of herself that she can play games which would bring disaster to an older and less joyous community. When a nation is tired it ceases to experiment.

The University of New Zealand is an alliance of the four colleges of the four principal provinces into which the two islands were once divided. These are: Otago College at Dunedin, Canterbury College at Christchurch,

these two the oldest and the largest; Victoria College at Wellington, and University College at Auckland. These separate colleges grant no degrees, but the graduates receive their degrees from the University of New Zealand, all papers being graded in London. This system is not very favorable to development of individuality, either in the colleges or in their faculties, but its purpose was to insure a New Zealand degree against accusations or suspicion of inferiority to the degrees granted in England. This function is no longer necessary, as the best evidence of New Zealand's equality is found in the character of her scholars.

The student life in these universities is essentially that in Australia. The financial stress of many students has led to the recognition of more outside book work than in Australia, and in Wellington and Auckland nearly all the lectures are given in the evening. In general, the sons of wealthy parents are sent "home," that is, to Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh, for their education, and the chief weakness of the university system of Australia is that in this pioneer period it does not reach one tenth of the students who need its help. This same condition existed in America forty years ago. The great growth of our American universities, confusing and overwhelming in its rapidity, began with their first clear realization of their duty to the pioneer man in the free State. A like change, expansion, and intensification is imminent in the universities of the Antipodes.



CANTERBURY COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS
Author of "The Moonlight Ship."



Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

"Joy be thine forever and ever."

—"The Kaiser's Cousin of Clausthal," page 717.